too sweet for me

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by CharlieDC

Summary

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Shane nods furiously, now desperate to get behind the privacy screen of the limousine.

"We are going to get in the car together, you are going to put your *filthy mouth* to work, and I am going to use your throat to keep my cock hard until we get back to the hotel." Shane makes the only echoing sound in the hallway: a pitchy whine that has Ilya's cock throbbing. "When we arrive, we are going straight to my room. Understood?"

Shane nods, but Ilya wants to test his teammate to see just how much he can push tonight.

Ilya swallows. "Answer me, Hollander."

"Y—yes," Shane rasps, quiet but determined as he looks at Ilya like he could break Shane in half and he would *thank him.* "Yes, Ilya."

Notes

HellooOoOoo! Welcome back from the cottage!!!

We're back with more Hollanov. Please read the tags, Ilya degrades and humiliates Shane a bit in this. It's all extremely consensual. I had a lot of fun writing this. Apologies in advance for any issues with the Russian (details at the end).

For Russian translations, hover over "link."

See the end of the work for more notes

All Star Game weekend always gets under the skin of any seasoned hockey player. Rookies are content to show off their skill, but anyone vying for the cup this season wants to be at *practice*, not goofing around for the league.

Being a face for the league comes with a lot of perks (like an all-expenses paid trip to play shinny in a new city every year), but there is a certain amount of responsibility that creeps in the background. Captains are the face of their *team* — and what does that say to everyone else that these two are missing practice to answer mind-numbing questions about a team that doesn't advance their standings? (Shane would never admit that, but Ilya seems close to snapping.)

It's true; Hollander and Rozanov have begun to resent their yearly ASG requirements. Of course, this means they still get to do the fun stuff together: event press, social media obligations, sharing a line… plus they get to fuck the whole weekend away in a nice hotel room.

Silver lining and all that.

"And Hollander, you have anything to say to that?" Shane snaps his head up from where his folded hands are taking up his attention. He is *bored* — is this the boredom Ilya complains about all the time? Shane empathizes with him.

Under the table, he feels a shoe nudge his.

"Hollander is busy thinking up plays to try and beat Western Division," Ilya gives him a friendly nudge with his shoulder. The room of reporters laughs and cameras flash.

Under the table, though, Shane feels Ilya's hand on his thigh.

"Right," Shane exhales. Warm eyes look at Rozanov. "We might need to get creative out on the ice, Rozy."

The room quiets and Shane feels his neck prickle in anxiety. Someone from the sea of faceless questions speaks up, "It seems like you two are getting along well."

Shane swallows a heavy lump in his throat. It feels tense, but the weight of the other's hand on his leg has him feeling… *grounded.* Ilya is phenomenally good at rooting Shane's body and mind back down to earth, no matter where his head takes him.

"I like Hollander," Ilya says with a squeeze on Shane's upper thigh. Shane looks at him with a blank, practiced expression. "When he is not in ugly blue sweater, though. Much better when we are on the same team."

Shoe tips tap again under the table. Shane exhales.

"I think what my teammate is saying is that it's nice to play on the *same* team for once." Teasingly, Ilya squeezes his hand where it rests and Shane is simply left to keep his cool and

continue his sentence, unaffected. “We have a common goal, a shared interest. It’s a fun break from how serious we take the regular season and the sport as a whole, I think.”

Shane almost chokes on his last words as that same hand moves higher, so *dangerously* close to his cock. At the weight and proximity, Shane’s prick twitches in curiosity at the familiar feeling of Ilya Rozanov’s hand.

“What?” Ilya laughs. “This is *most* serious, Hollander. Why would we be here if it wasn’t our top priority?” Ilya has the room laughing again, but daggers being stared at him from the league PR team in the corner. “Who cares about *Cup?*”

Shane is failing to stifle his smile when a lady from the side of the stage interrupts them, letting the room know *“that’s all the time we have for questions,”* which is corporate speak for *“I’m shutting this down before we’re a TSN headline.”*

Ilya and Shane are rushed off the stage and once they’re away from the prying eyes of sports journalists, they break into laughter. It echoes in the otherwise empty hallway. As they walk towards their guided exit, the PR team flutters past them and away. Half-hearted versions of *“good job, guys”* pass through them, unaffected and unaware that anyone else is talking to them.

“Geez, Rozy, tell them how you really feel.” Shane shoves his hands in his pockets as they walk together towards the exit. The duo are alone for what feels like the first time that day.

Save for Ilya waking up in Shane’s bed, but the schedule of the day got away from them quickly. They each seem to cherish the few final moments of privacy for their weekend.

Ilya scoffs. “If I wanted to *really* tell them, we would make national news.” He bumps Shane’s shoulder.

Shane bumps him back. “What is that?”

“Oh,” his sentence begins nonchalantly, which Shane knows is bound to be the opposite, “how I would rather *gouge my eyes out* than travel to *Utah* and talk about playing against my teammates. Seriously— they pick *Utah* of all places?”

Ilya lets Shane’s light laughter enable him:

“‘Thank you so much for *third* question about a pointless lineups for a nothing-prize!’ Fucking *boring*— and don’t lie, Hollander, I knew you were about to start sleeping.”

Shane shrugs, smile still widespread and he feels weightless at the easy conversation with his linemate. “You think our line is pointless?” He checks Rozanov’s shoulder again.

Ilya checks Hollander back. “Our line is the only thing people care about this year, just like *every* year. No one is coming for Scott Hunter’s slapshots anymore, I know that. Especially not traveling to *Fuck-Off Utah* to watch a fossil play.”

“He is *not* that old—!”

“Hollander, *please,*” the mock-begging voice is pulling more laughter out of Shane and he can’t help it, “do not lie to me. No more lies— I cannot stand when we fight.”

Shane stops and leans near the exit door. It’s a casual stance; hands in his suit pockets and head at a tilt as it rests on the frame. Ilya has had the privilege to see Hollander *this* relaxed, and he wonders who else has ever been so lucky.

No one else knows Hollander quite like Ilya Rozanov, though. No one else, he hopes, has *ever* been this lucky.

The contrast of the painted light blue frame against Hollander’s dark clothes has Ilya watching with a fondness in his eyes. He shouldn’t be here, Ilya thinks. Neither of them should be — there is a frustration at their time being taken from their *real* teams, but—

Ilya would be lying if he didn’t feel content to spend more time with Shane (especially on the ice, *especially* on the same line) while his big brown eyes are undressing him. Their weekend trip is almost over. A small, almost miniscule uptick in Shane’s lips tells Ilya exactly *what* he’s thinking. The expression gives way to heat rising in Rozanov’s chest, his gut.

“Pervert,” Ilya scoffs. The accusation is much quieter than his complaints not a moment prior. “You objectify me, Hollander— I know that look.”

Shane laughs and his eyes skate around the room. They’re alone in the hallway.

He ventures a step forward. “What look?”

Ilya squints at him. It’s a dangerous game, flirting in public — one Ilya is always excited to play, since he knows it riles Shane up and builds to that sweet release once they’re alone. He chances a look down the way they came; empty.

One freshly polished shoe touches the tip of Ilya’s. Hazel eyes snap back to look at a heated gaze.

“Like you want me *right now*,” he leans forward, backs of his fingers touching Shane’s sleeve *just enough* to leave the faintest feeling as he whispers, “like you would drop to your knees if I asked you to.”

The smile is gone from Shane’s face, his eyes a more serious shade of intensity. They flicker from side to side as if *triple* checking that they’re alone. Steady breaths contrast hurried eyes flickering over Ilya’s smug face.

Shane Hollander leans forward, so *very* close to Ilya that he thinks if he strains his ears enough, he can hear Shane’s heart thudding through his tailored suit. A beat, then two, and Shane’s answer to Ilya’s accusation begins (an evenkeeled hand reaches out and grabs at Ilya between them, on his belt right at the hip, teasing a pull closer).

“I w—”

Shane’s phone rings.

Only a breath's step away from Ilya, Shane fishes his phone out of his pocket to ignore it. Unfortunately for Ilya (for them both), Shane catches the caller ID before he can silence it.

"Hello?" Shane wonders if the other end can hear Ilya's breathing through the receiver. It's heavy, with predatory eyes tracking every freckle, every inch of Shane's face.

Ilya can make out the voice of Grace, the PR agent in charge of their interviews this weekend. She apologizes a few times, and while Shane is *mhming* and *uh-huhing* every other word, those eyes stay aimed at Ilya. Hollander licks his lips. Underneath his stoicism, Ilya's mind runs a million miles a minute at the thought of what Shane was about to say.

Would he have done it? And even worse, *would Ilya have let him?*

There's a spark igniting into a flame, deep in Ilya's gut, at the very thought that *yes*. Yes, Ilya would have let Shane drop to his knees in the dirty, well-lit and temporarily empty catacombs in the Utah arena. Shane makes him feel simultaneously untamed and docile; wild in his want and calm in his conduct.

"Yes, he's right here," Shane keeps his tone professional, but the molten expression he fixes Ilya with melts through the Russian's cold exterior as Shane puts the phone on speaker.

Is Shane thinking the same thing? Can he read Ilya's mind? Right now, his mind drifts to the thought that the PR rep has *no earthly idea* what they were just talking about, what their current contact is alluding to.

Grace explains that both of their drivers are delayed; a car accident on the highway has them at a full-stop, traffic both ways. While she speaks, Shane's fingertips move around the front of Ilya's belt, gliding on the top of the smooth leather with a curiosity. It makes it incredibly hard to hear Grace and her twenty or so apologies, but she eventually informs them that a *new* vehicle is already en-route to take them back to their hotel.

"Unfortunately, you'll have to ride together. I know that's probably not ideal—"

"Is not a problem," Ilya says quickly. "We are at the same hotel—"

That hand is back with a quick tug on his belt. Barely a tug, really — it was more of a flicker of his hand on the leather; a reminder that they were *still standing this close.* Hollander's Gripping Ilya By The Belt Close. Shane isn't looking at Ilya, though. Once again, he checks to make sure they're still alone. In the emptiness of the hallway, Shane has Ilya by the goddamn *belt* and anyone could intrude; Shane's soft hands and controlled breathing and the headiness all of this suggests.

It is a promise. Ilya prickles from his head to his hips.

"What kind of car should we look for?" Maybe Shane *can* read Ilya's mind.

"It's a black limousine, I have the license plate here…" Anything else Grace says fades into the background of the noisy tension between Hollander and Rozanov.

As they stand toe-to-toe, mere inches away from a brush of their lips. Shane's hand has Ilya's belt in a looser grip; is his mind wandering to the same place as Ilya's? A flash-bang of an idea pops into Ilya's head (his hand on Shane's restless thigh, these teasing ministrations *in public* of all places — how it's all swelling like a song Ilya's heard before). Hiding his smile at the idea forming proves to be difficult. Hollander's expression flickers, catching the minor change in Rozanov's.

There's a strange comfort that blooms in Ilya's chest. Shane is this close to him in proximity, but something tells Ilya he would have recognized the minutia of his features even from the other end of the hallway. To be known at this level is unusual— perhaps Svetlana would only equate. But even then, she's never had Ilya like *this*.

He feels naked. His suit suddenly feels a hundred pounds heavier. Where Shane's hand grounds him to earth, it is the only part of this weight that feels, oddly, *weightless*.

Shane hangs up the phone. Their hallway is completely silent.

A deep desire for Ilya to push Shane against the wall and have him *here* is tampered down quickly. He wants to play this in time with Shane; he wants to dance together in tension, like they're on ice and gliding as one line. He also wants to know what Shane wanted to confess, what Ilya missed. A small certainty in Ilya's mind that Shane would have said yes is clouded by the knowledge that Shane is rarely this bold.

Still. It thrills him.

"The car will be here soon," Shane whispers. Why he decided to converse with such delicacy has Ilya's ears ringing. They're alone, anyway. There's a softness to Shane that Ilya wants to wrap himself in. Shane is velvet, silk.

Ilya is rough like a diamond; sharp and cutting. He wonders if Shane could soften him if he held him long enough. A voice in his head tells him to nix the thought, but a rebelliousness inside Ilya wants to explore it more.

Ilya blinks and Shane gives his belt a smaller, gentler tug before he releases him. It's the smallest thing, but it snaps Rozanov out of his thoughts and back to the present. Here, in Utah. In the abandoned backways of the stadium. To Hollander.

"A limousine?" Ilya's throat feels raw as he asks. A cough, and he continues, but he can't look at Shane point-blank anymore without wanting to do something *incredibly* impulsive. "You ever ride in a limousine, Hollander?"

Shane laughs, seemingly unaffected by Ilya's internal struggle. The noise grounds Ilya again, and he can focus on the sheer heat that Shane gives him — physically and sexually. His body tunes back in with his mind and takes in the state of Shane:

Flushed cheeks, pupils wide. An intimate smile that could nevertheless light up a skyline. His suit jacket is unbuttoned and he—

He's half-hard. Ilya can see the delicious outline of his cock. If he was any less composed, *he* would be willing to drop to his knees. Rozanov has to fight the urge— nuzzling into Shane's dress pants and pawing at the hem, fingers slipping over the button and zipper to get him free.

"Yes, I've ridden in a limo," Shane says as if it's obvious. When Ilya looks back at him, Shane's gaze snaps up to meet Rozanov's a half-second too late. Ilya knows what he was looking at. At the realization, he realizes how hard he is too.

Ilya misses his proximity. He misses the tension; he steps closer, inching Shane back towards the exit door.

"Yes, but you have never ridden in a limo," he leans in to mimic Shane's teasing behavior from before and his lips brush against the outside curve of Hollander's ear, "*with me.*"

Shane closes his eyes and swears. "Rozanov, I don't—"

"Too late," Ilya quips. "You started this game, Hollander. Either you *finish*..." He steps back to take in Shane's expression: two parts horny to one part anxious. "...or you can wait for your car." Ilya reaches out, brushing the backs of his fingers against Shane's freckled cheek. "Your choice."

An out, as Ilya is always reluctant to provide. Shane is always reluctant to take it.

Hollander exhales, eyes fluttering and he leans into the tender contact. There's a beat, and Ilya thinks he can feel Shane's pulse under the barely-there touch of his fingers. Shane is still, contemplating the choice and simultaneously exalting in the contact that Ilya is giving him. Slowly, he opens his eyes and turns his cheek towards Ilya's hand.

Rozanov watches Hollander, who watches him with an intoxicating stare. Shane's tongue peeks out from his lips, licking Ilya's fingers and asking for more. Ilya obliges, grabbing Shane's chin with his thumb and his forefinger—

His forefinger that goes into the wet heat of Hollander's mouth. Ilya almost breaks there; the sight of Shane so wantonly sucking on his finger *here* of all *fucking places*. Lashes flutter over Hollander's eyes again as he luxuriates in the sensation (though it's not enough, it's nowhere *near* the weight and warmth and *perfection* of what Shane truly, more than anything, wants in his mouth *right now*).

A car horn honks outside.

Ilya can't handle it, he feels burned from the inside-out. The errant finger pops from Shane's filthy mouth and Ilya crowds him against the door; pressed against Ilya's body, but careful to not push it open for *anyone* to see. This sight is for Rozvanov and Roznov only.

"Listen to me, Hollander," Ilya's voice is commanding, intense. That same tone that he uses to make Shane turn liquid in his arms. "You are going to do *exactly* as I say—"

Shane nods furiously, now desperate to get behind the privacy screen of the limousine.

“We are going to get in the car together, you are going to put your *filthy mouth* to work, and I am going to use your throat to keep my cock hard until we get back to the hotel.” Shane makes the only echoing sound in the hallway: a pitchy whine that has Ilya’s cock throbbing. “When we arrive, we are going straight to my room. Understood?”

Shane nods, but Ilya wants to test his teammate to see just how much he can push tonight.

Ilya swallows. “Answer me, Hollander.”

“Y—yes,” Shane rasps, quiet but determined as he looks at Ilya like he could break Shane in half and he would *thank him*. “Yes, Ilya.”

Ilya swears and kisses him again. “Get in the car, let him know I am almost there.”

Rozanov steps away to free Hollander, but the other is still and watching as Ilya adjusts his fully-hard cock beneath his trouser pants. Shane looks at him, wonderstruck, and half-heartedly adjusts himself before leaving Ilya alone.

Three deep breaths. A hand through his hair. Ilya smooths down his clothes to try and seem as least-ruffled as possible. Composure settles on him and his shoulders square back. Ilya opens the exit door and calmly walks to the waiting car. He wants to push Shane, yes, but he knows how delicate it can be. His mind was chaos not a moment ago at the thought of Shane sucking him off in the hallway, of Shane’s adventurous hand on his belt, his eyes on his cock — his *soft* to Ilya’s *sharp*.

Ilya knows the fine, breakable line he is about to tightrope with Shane. Ilya worries, as he opens the backseat door, that he should have given Shane a more clear-cut out. Perhaps Shane should have a stop signal or something to better handle this tightrope *with* Ilya, rather than Ilya walking it alone for *both* of them.

As he settles in his seat, Ilya sees Shane across from him in the ridiculously large backseat of the limousine. Gentle music plays, and Shane watches Ilya with an all-consuming stare. The loud *thud* of the car door closing behind Ilya doesn’t startle him. Shane’s eyes are heavy; pupils still blown, but his gaze is fogging over.

Fuck. Ilya thought he would have had a moment with a clear-headed Hollander before he started coasting to subspace. Ilya divests himself of his jacket and folds it onto the seat next to him.

“Partition up, please,” Ilya says to the driver — icy eyes don’t leave Shane. Ilya wants to study him, make sure he can proceed and do so with caution. Once the divide is in place, Ilya turns up the music in the backseat, and waves a hand for Hollander to come closer.

Shane drops to his knees on the car floor and Ilya mindlessly spreads his legs open for the other to fit himself. Before Hollander’s hungry mouth can consume Rozanov (for more than just tonight; consume Ilya *entirely*, and his heart pangs once again), a hand stops Shane’s movement by gliding through his hair.

“Hollander,” Ilya says in a low voice. “I need you to look at me and listen to what I am about to say, yeah?” Shane looks up to Ilya and flickers his attention all over in keyed-up focus, tracking every detail of Ilya’s expression with intent. It’s a good sign, Ilya thinks, that he’s more present than he realized.

“Yes?” Shane’s mouth sounds full of cotton balls.

“You want this?” Ilya doesn’t make a lewd gesture like he normally would like to; it’s important to him that he gets Shane’s full approval before moving forward in any way that would hinder them.

“Yes,” Shane whispers. His eyes travel down Ilya’s chest to the joint of his spread legs; a hard, trapped cock is what he fixates on. “I want it.”

“Look at me,” Ilya tries to keep his voice gentler, “I need to make sure you’re okay with me taking over like this, yes?” To emphasize his point, Rozanov tightens his grip in Hollander’s hair. Shane nods and blinks, a little more clarity in his expression punches an exhale of relief out of Ilya. “You understand what I mean?”

“Yeah,” Shane’s words have an air of determination around them, though still caught in the heat of lust. “I—I want to do what you said, I’ll listen. I want it, Ilya—”

“I know, котенок,” Ilya reserves the pet name for Shane alone. It’s one of the few pleasures he allows himself. As the Russian ghosts over his lips, his other hand reaches out to touch Shane’s cheek as he did before. It’s *deeply* tender, and Ilya lets himself have this tiny pleasure, too, when Shane gets desperate like this.

Never *quite* like *this* before, though. On his knees in the limousine as they begin to pull away from the hockey arena.

“If you need to stop, you squeeze my thigh twice,” Ilya instructs. Shane gives him a single nod. “I’m about to get *very* mean.” And Shane’s eyes light up with a hellfire that Ilya wants to burn himself with. “You trust me?”

Shane’s eyes are that determined ferocity; Ilya has seen it countless times before on the ice, right before Shane crashes into him with a kiss. “Of course,” Hollander says, and Ilya believes him. Ilya leans down and Shane, fucking bless him, meets Ilya halfway.

There’s a soft kiss; Ilya’s hand moves to cup the back of Shane’s neck, his fingers trailing down to press around his throat teasingly. Ilya holds him there, gentle and caring before he lets himself turn icy and sharp.

“Okay.” Ilya lets go of him, sitting back in his seat, pressing his large hands against spread thighs. Shane brackets him to the seat, arms on either side of Ilya and he takes a deep breath. Ilya clocks it, praises him for it mentally, and watches Shane work.

A pink tongue slips out to wet his freshly-kissed lips. Shane kisses Ilya’s right pec, then his left. He moves south, nose brushing against Ilya’s stomach and his brown eyes disappear under long lashes. It’s like he’s praying; breath steady and face calm, gentle. Shane’s hands

move on top of Ilya's, guiding himself down (and Ilya wishes he were naked for this so he could see the ripples of any and all of Shane's muscles as he descends).

Ilya reaches over to the wet bar and fingers the cap loose on a screw-top of cheap vodka. He takes a generous gulp, watching Shane watch Ilya's throat bob at the swallow.

How Shane presses his nose, then his mouth and turns his cheek to nuzzle into Ilya's groin, is exquisite. Ilya groans, thanks the music for being loud and pop-y, and fights the urge to throw his head back in pleasure. One more swig of vodka eases Ilya's errant thoughts (allowing him to *solely* focus on the feeling and heat from Shane) and he discards the bottle back to its home in the bar. One hand moves to Ilya's belt (the opposite hand from before, Ilya notes, and it makes his cock throb for no particular reason) and undoes the clasp and button with ease.

Shane continues to supplicate at Ilya's feet. With focused precision, Hollander pulls Rozanov free from his briefs. Cold air-con makes Ilya hiss at the sensation, but it's not long before he's met with the velvet ardor of Hollander's mouth. They cry out praise in unison; Ilya's Russian is nonsense to Shane's ears. Where prayers would die on Shane's lips, instead there's Ilya's cock keeping his tongue busy.

"That's it, Hollander," Ilya whispers. A hand returns to Shane's messy hair and grips it, causing the other to moan again. Ilya feels it more than hears it as Shane takes him deeper, throat vibrating against Ilya's prick. "*Ебать!* You do that so well. Like you were made to take my cock."

Shane's eyes screw tight and he breathes in deep through his nose. He takes Ilya deeper, the messy slurping of his own spit sounds filthy to Ilya's ears.

"How long can you stay like this?" Ilya brushes his hair back like he's a pet, gentle and laggard while he mentally translates everything he wants to lay on Shane with harsh English. "How much longer can you keep your mouth on me, Hollander? I bet you could stay there all night if I told you to, we might have to. I don't know if you remember…" Ilya pulls Shane's head with him as he scoots back in his seat, bending forward to curl over Shane and whisper in his ear, "...there's lots of traffic tonight. Something about hockey All Stars, might be here for a while."

Shane moans again, body swaying as his mind begins to flutter under the surface of reality. It's like watching someone dive in real time — Shane's body relaxes by pieces the longer Ilya keeps him in this position.

Ilya can feel Shane move under his hand — and maybe it's an adjustment, or maybe it's an attempt to pull off, but Ilya takes offense to the motion. His hand curls in Shane's hair and he *presses—*

"*Stay,*" Ilya hisses, sitting up straight and holding him down, "*right there*." Shane sputters and squeezes his hand twice (where it still rests on top of Ilya's). Immediately, Rozanov releases him, and Hollander springs up as if electrocuted and gasps for air with tears in his eyes.

Panic rises. “Shane—”

“I’m good,” he chokes. “I just—” he takes a few gulping breaths and calms himself down. Shiny doe-eyes look up at Ilya. “Too long.”

Ilya has to take a deep breath as well; watching Shane’s chest heave and his eyes glisten with unshed tears makes Ilya’s heart catch a beat. “Too deep?”

“I think…” Shane’s hand is still on Ilya’s — there’s a distance in his gaze that’s unsurprising, but Ilya turns his hand over anyway and holds Shane’s in his until the other regains composure. A thumb mindlessly brushes across Shane’s knuckles. “Yeah,” he finally says after a thought, “too deep, too quick. Maybe I just—”

“Do what I told you?” Ilya’s tone turns stony again. He squeezes Shane’s hand once to communicate (*Can I keep going? Are you okay? Do you want to stop?*) and the slow blink from the man between Ilya’s legs makes him smile. “Get my cock back in your mouth.”

Shane smiles, nods, and does as he’s told. Mouth full again, he gives Ilya’s hand a single squeeze to relay back to him (*Yes, that’s perfect. I’m doing fine. I think I can do this all night, thank you for the kindness of letting me suck you hard—* or so, that’s how Ilya interprets it).

“Perfect fucking mouth,” Ilya says offhandedly. “Could keep you like this *all day*, Hollander. Keep you full and happy, yeah?”

Shane whines, and Ilya smiles.

“I know, котенок, you love it. Love being my fucking toy. Love having my cock inside you — in *any* hole.” Hollander makes an obscene noise in affirmation, and Ilya swears. “Fucking whore for it— *slut* for my cock. Cannot believe *I* get to put Shane fucking Hollander on his knees like *this*. I am the only one— you only do this for *me*, yeah?”

A single squeeze to Ilya’s hand shouldn't feel as tender as it does. It feels like a gentle kiss is placed on Ilya’s heart.

Minutes tick by as Hollander keeps Rozanov’s cock warm in the velvet heat of his mouth. Intermittent *slurps* are the only signs of life from between Ilya’s thick thighs. A gentle hand smoothes its way from Shane’s spine to his low-back, feeling the pliancy in loosening muscles that comes with such a task. “Task” is strong, Ilya thinks — too strong of a word to describe what this is. It’s a pleasure, it’s *enjoyment*. One of Ilya’s favorite things, he’s learned, is taking Shane apart and putting him back together again.

While Rozanov focuses his mind on Hollander’s soft mouth on his hard cock, his heart meanders to the thought of Shane’s warm tenderness thawing Ilya’s cold edges. The pleasant ordeal of dropping Shane to bring him back up to the surface is something Ilya takes seriously, but he realizes that he hasn’t quite dominated anyone to *this* degree before.

Shane is different, and Ilya knows it. Strings on his heart tug at him. Strings that pull him up from his lax position in the seat and *down*— tugging Ilya right to Shane, who worships at his

altar. No matter the task, no matter the moment. Shane is ready to drop to his knees for Ilya at a moment's notice.

Ilya realizes that he would do the same for Shane, and he has to overshadow that thought with one more sinister. Rozanov grabs Hollander by the hair again and *grips*— he lets the overwhelm of his emotions take shape as the words coming out of his mouth.

"*'Captain Shane Hollander',*" he starts, "soft hands, speed, puck handling— no one ever talks about your *real* qualities, is sad." Rozanov gets both hands in Hollander's hair as he's held in place. "*Wet* mouth, perfect for fucking," Shane moans on the words and Ilya, at a snail's pace, presses that wet mouth further and further onto his aching prick. "Loose hole, anytime you want—" and Shane's hips do a teasing wiggle that almost breaks Ilya out of the moment to laugh, but he regains composure to add, "and always easy to fuck, no matter where you are. I almost wish you could feel how good your slutty mouth feels."

His cock goes halfway down Shane's throat when he says, "I think you would have dropped to your knees in that hallway if I told you to. *I* think," he continues, his grammar fracturing alongside his resolve, "that maybe you wanted to be on knees for me during press, no?"

The sound that comes from Shane's throat ricochets onto Ilya, from his cock to his spine, all the way up to make the hair on the back of his neck stand up.

"Like that, Hollander. So easy, готова к моему члену— I could have had you under table waiting for *hours* to suck my cock while I answer boring questions about breakaway and— дерьмо, Ты потрясающий!— sp-speed skate, yeah? They ask— 'Rozanov, we talking about *speed*, where is Hollander?'" Shane has him nearly to the hilt, and there's no sign he's letting up. Ilya feels his measured breaths through his nose hit the sweaty skin of his groin.

"No one would know." Rozanov exhales, grip flexing as he mesmerizes the sight of Hollander's messy hair sticking between his fingers. "But *you,*" he tugs, "and *me*."

Ilya fears he's teetering dangerously close to a familiar edge if he keeps this up, because the fantasy is doing it just as much for him as it is for Shane. Rozanov tests his theory by wedging his oxford between Hollander's legs. The other immediately welcomes the friction and begins to hump, but Ilya's menace is not done. Sharply with both hands, he pulls Shane up by the hair.

Gasping, spit and pre-come drooling over pinked and swollen lips, Shane's wild eyes are glassy and darting around the backseat. He doesn't look *at* Ilya, but *through* him to the window behind. Ilya grabs Shane's jaw in one hand, hauling him close, grip tight.

Ilya's words are spat in mock-anger, "You try to rub it out on my shoe?"

Shane's still gasping, sweat showing through his white button-up shirt. His erratic breathing reminds Ilya of how he sounds right before he comes, and it's unbearable to not witness it *here*. What Ilya would give to see Shane walk out of this limo with come-stained underpants.

Shane closes his eyes and breathes, face contorted in pain— he was *so close*. Ilya's firm grip has him nearly there, but it's almost working him backwards. The grounding feeling of strong

hands on him (his hair, his neck, his *jaw*— tight and unforgiving and *solid*) slowly, *slowly* floats him back to earth.

“Answer me, Hollander.” Ilya’s icy glare has flames in the background, indelible if you didn’t know to look for it.

Shane considers lying, and the brief thought of what Ilya might do to him if he did something so bad runs a chill down his spine. There’s a handful of heavy breaths that fragment the tense silence (save for the radio, Shane realizes it’s louder than before when he got in the car). What *would* Ilya do to him, if given the chance to punish bad behavior?

For the first time in his life, Shane considers misbehaving on purpose.

“No,” he whispers.

Ilya squints, tightens his grip on Shane’s jaw. That icy stare melts, and as Hollander bores into Rozanov, he sees the question — *Okay?*

Shane gives a weak nod, head not allotted much movement in the current position Ilya has him in. “No,” he repeats with a morsel of confidence.

“Don’t lie to me, Hollander,” Ilya’s words are a threatening heat, one that Shane wants to get scorched by. “Might have to discipline.” One finger, close to his cheekbone, moves slightly back and forth as Ilya loosens his grip. It’s this fascinating balance that Shane is mesmerized by — Ilya is spitting vitriol at him, degrading him in the backseat of a limousine, and he still manages to keep Shane safe and comforted with the smallest, miniscule touches.

The car stops.

“Fuck—” Ilya immediately releases Shane from his grip. It’s quick work tucking himself back into his pants. Shane sits back on his haunches, not entirely understanding the situation, but sensing the urgency nonetheless.

“Roz—” Shane starts, weak and quiet. Music quiets and a voice speaks from a far distance.

“Here,” Ilya’s clipped with his words, hands moving in a frenzy and borderline frantic as he buttons Shane’s blazer closed and gives him a once-over. Ilya easily pulls Shane to his knees, still between his legs on the floor of the car. They’re so close, and Shane thinks he could sway enough to capture Ilya’s lips in a kiss. Ilya doesn’t meet his gaze, otherwise focused on touching up Shane’s hair and wiping up his spit-soaked mouth with his dress shirt sleeve as best he can.

“Rozy,” Shane whispers, eyes searching and Ilya stops his movements. Eyes focus, clear and unmoving.

“Okay?” Ilya whispers back. “We are here, at the hotel. We have to go inside now. Understand?”

Ilya squeezes Shane’s hand. Brown eyes look to the tinted window and see the front of the hotel that they’ve pulled up to. Blinking, Shane’s breath begins to quicken. His eyes go wide

at the realization. When Shane doesn't squeeze back, Ilya squeezes *again*, alongside a finger that hooks under Shane's chin to bring him back in Ilya's line of sight.

"Shane," he says the name with clarity and honey, oozing into every part of Shane that's beginning to panic at the sight of the hotel. "Look at me, котенок." Shane focuses his breathing, watching the rise and fall of Ilya's chest and matches the motion. Slowly he trails his gaze back upwards, to the sweet expression of Ilya looking down at him. "I have you, okay? We'll go up to my room and finish, okay?"

Shane nods, but Ilya holds his gaze.

"I need…" he stops himself, exhales. "I need you to say it."

"We'll go up to your room…" Shane sways forward and Ilya's stray finger keeping him upright turns into a hand cupping his cheek, rooting Shane in place. An exhale, and then, "And finish."

Shane smiles, and Ilya's expression immediately mimics him.

Ilya gets out first to inspect the area. It's not *too* late; he worries hockey fans are lingering for photos and that *cannot* happen right now. He puts on his mean Russian look out of precaution and glances back at the car. Shane is slowly easing himself out of the other side and as he rounds the end towards Ilya, there's something that catches Ilya's eye once again—

"Дерьмо," he swears under his breath. He stops in front of Shane before he can fully face the front of the hotel. "Take your coat off and put it in front of your crotch," he instructs, gesturing to his own jacket that he has in hand (ready to cover up his own obvious arousal). Shane looks at him and tries to hide his smile as he does so, which Ilya finds far too endearing for the situation they're in.

As they walk through the thankfully bare lobby, Ilya holds his breath and bee-lines them to the elevator. Shane is quick behind him, thankfully, but not before—

"Mister Rozanov?" The concierge stops him in his tracks. Ilya's body goes rigid, and he looks over his shoulder to Shane who is white as a sheet. Ilya glares daggers at the man and feels a *little* bad, but his priorities are far, *far* beyond mingling in the hotel lobby.

It would normally alarm him that Shane moves to stand by Ilya's shoulder. Tonight his heart makes a happy exception, welcoming the contact and the trust that Shane has put in Ilya once again.

The man seems nervous to have to address such an angry looking Russian hockey player. "A, um, call came to your room earlier. A few, actually—"

"Anyone leave message?" Short words with a *heavy* Russian accent usually deters anyone from furthering a conversation. This man seems reluctant to continue, though he does so anyway.

A bead of sweat drips down the man's brow. "No, but we wanted to offer—"

Ilya doubles down and brings out the big guns. He doesn't need to draw too much attention, so he keeps his voice a controlled volume as he rants, "Ты серьёзно? Разве ты не видишь, что я занят!? Чёрт возьми, какая непрофессиональность!" He turns to Shane, as if Hollander will understand *any* of what he's saying, "Никакой вежливости. Никакого профессионализма. *Мы* профессионалы. *Мы* понимаем, что это значит."

"Right," Concierge quickly steps away. "Sorry for bothering you, sir. Have a nice night—Mister Hollander," he greets and farewells Shane at the same time, who is so out of it that Ilya might worry.

If it wasn't for the vice-like grip Shane has on his coat and the fisted hand by his side, Ilya would worry Shane was dropping. Ilya turns to him, looks him up and down, and smirks.

When Ilya winks at him, Shane turns tail and bolts to the elevator. The second they're inside and the doors close, Ilya is backed against the farthest wall. Shane's on him, nose buried in the crook of Ilya's neck and the second Ilya touches his back, Shane begins to buckle and *whine*.

"Fuck, *shit*—" Ilya holds him up. "I got you, Hollander. You need to stand up—" as he comforts the other, Ilya stretches his arm towards the floor buttons and manages to strain enough to hit the right one. Shane is *gone*— he managed to pull through the surface enough to make it across the lobby floor and behind the privacy of the elevator doors, right into Ilya's arms the moment he could.

Ilya worries he overstepped, he did too much.

As the floor buttons overhead light up little by little, Shane's hands paw at Ilya's waistband. He's sluggish but desperate, trying to pull at any part of Ilya and see what the other will give back.

"No, not here," Ilya chastises him. "Hold on for a little longer, сладкий—"

The moment Russian pours over Ilya's lips like sugar onto Shane's ears, the other melts at the sound, mouthing at Ilya's neck in want. It dawns on Ilya— it isn't that Shane is freefalling into subdrop, it's that Ilya slipped into the cold Russian that has been edging Shane in the car for forty five minutes straight. He's begging for *more*, and the nonstop Russian must have knocked something loose in his brain that's sending him over the edge of *need, need, need*.

"Ilya," Shane begs, dragging out the sounds of the vowels as he tries to hold back from dry humping Ilya two floors away from his room. "Talk to me, *please*."

"На Русском?" Ilya knows Shane will get it, and when the other whines an affirmative, Ilya has to do the unbearable and push him away. There's a wild, pleading look in Shane's eyes, but Ilya knows how to fix it. "Inside, okay?" He touches Shane's cheek and revels in the puddle of a man that starts to form at his fingertips. "I'll say whatever you want."

The elevator dings and Shane sighs relief. Once they make it past the threshold of Ilya's room, Shane latches onto him. Rozanov presses Hollander against the wall and makes quick work of bending down to grab him by the thighs, lifting him effortlessly off the floor. Strong

legs wrap around Ilya; they're both straining against their suit pants and Ilya wishes he could snap his fingers to rid them of all the layers in an instant. Like a snake, Shane coils himself around Ilya tightly — desperate to cling himself to the other, trying to become *one* with him, instead of a single, floating thing in the midst of a submissive void.

Rozanov is right there with him, filling him up with salacious words that send Hollander off to space only to lasso him back down to earth with his touches and praise. At the thought (the trust and the *need*), Shane ruts against Ilya — his cock strains to make contact with *anything* and he whines low in his throat at the desperation.

"Я тебя поймал," Ilya coos. Shane can't make out the meaning of the words, but the soothing notion delivered from Ilya feels exquisite. There's a tightness to Ilya's hold on him that keeps Shane sane; it's the sureness that Ilya is *there*, hardly a breath away, like he's the bright sun after a dark night.

Ilya sits on his bed with Shane in his arms. Their kisses are frantic, messy and uncoordinated. Incrementally, Ilya slows their kissing to a much gentler pace. He lets the tension build again as he kisses Shane on his neck, moving his lips up to his ear.

"Котенок..." Brushing against the shell of Hollander's ear, Rozanov's nose trails down towards his jaw. "I have a question," Ilya rumbles and Shane shivers.

"Mhm?" Shane's eyes are once again closed, drinking in the sensations Ilya provides for him. The touch of his firm hands that hold him still, the scent of his cologne as Shane breathes him in, the sound of his native tongue and gentle whispers.

One hand rubs at Shane's back and the other glides its way up Shane's still-clothed shoulder to ghost over his throat and jaw, right up to slide a hand into his hair. Hollander yields, head tipping back as Rozanov gets a handful and tugs.

As Shane opens his eyes, the warmth in Ilya's expression is gone.

"Did you," Ilya starts, words slow and meaningful as he keeps his eyes focused as Shane mewls, "try to get off earlier? On the floor." He tugs Shane's hair again. "In the limo."

Shane's face betrays him, he knows the second he processes the question that Ilya has him dead to rights.

Hollander opens his mouth.

"Last chance." Rozanov has him right where he wants him. "Do not lie to me." He leans back, tilting his head and looking up at Shane with *such* earnestness. Three gentle fingers curl and brush against Shane's blushing cheek. "I know you would not lie to me, сладкий."

Hollander falls into him, rasping, "*Yes*— yes, yes I did, *yes*."

Rozanov coos at him, soothing a hand down his back and cradling his neck into the embrace. Shane inhales him; the scent of Ilya's musk and sweat and cologne. It all happens in slow motion after that — Ilya slides Shane off of his lap until he's a puddle on the floor, on his

knees. Rozanov looks down at him, disapproving, and when Hollander's eyes look up with a tell-tale shine in them, there's a *thud*.

Ilya's shoe. He puts it right between Shane's legs. The button on his trousers pops and he pulls himself free, holding his heavy cock to Shane's gaped mouth.

"You want to rub off," he shrugs, "do it. Only rule is you cannot come from it. *I* will tell you when to come."

Shane looks at Ilya's length, his girth. Firm in his hand and still flushed. He licks his plump lips, suddenly voracious.

"Go ahead, Hollander," Ilya says cooly. "Suck," he offers his cock, "and do what you were so desperate for in the car. Eager for *anything*— fucking—" Shane takes him in his mouth and Ilya snaps a hand into his hair on instinct. "Fucking *whore* for it— *fuck*—"

Shane groans, mouth full and prick hard. Ilya grips his hair and pushes Shane deeper.

"Slut-mouth Hollander, *Christ*. Should never lie to me, Shane. Unless you want to be put on your knees every time." Shane manages to look up and the glee in his (teary) eyes almost makes Ilya come right there.

Ilya swears that hours go by as he watches Shane pump his head in tandem with the dry-hump of his hips. It is like watching art be made in real time, like he is witnessing something beautiful and sacred and *only for him*. Shane *worships* — once again, he falls to his knees for Ilya and does exactly what any acolyte will for their god. Ilya is no god, far from it, but at this moment in his hotel room, Ilya can be fucking *anything* as long as Shane looks at him (eyes glistening, mouth spit-shined, aborted thrusts against his dress shoe) and says so.

At the thought, Ilya pulls Shane up from the floor.

"*Very* good— *очень хороший*." Hollander truly, unbelievably, *whimpers* in Rozanov's arms as he restraddles him. "Going to fuck you now, котенок. You want this?" Ilya grips his cock and slaps it against Shane's groin, his own aching prick still trapped in agony.

A brief thought of the impending, world-shattering orgasm that Shane is going to feel tonight has Ilya breaking a new sweat.

"I do," Shane slightly slurs. "Want it." His words are in that short, precise manner that tells Ilya he's struggling to form them. It's with careful studying that Ilya sees the thick fog overtaking Shane. It's similar to the relaxed version he saw earlier in the limousine; body limp and easy for Ilya to manipulate.

With a tight grip to Shane's jaw, Ilya gets those beautiful eyes to refocus on him. "You feel good?" Shane nods. "You tell me if not, yeah?" Shane nods again, this time slipping a hand up Ilya's bicep. He squeezes twice to indicate his understanding. "Очень хороший."

Rozanov wants to waste little time (he's been hard for two hours now and his brain is starting to short-circuit), but there is an etiquette to such scenarios that he would kick himself

repeatedly if he did not follow. Quickly, he gathers Shane by the thighs and hoists him into the air. With a kiss, Ilya spins and lowers Shane onto the bed ceremoniously.

“Listen carefully,” he murmurs. “I am going to step away—” Shane begins to sit up, but Ilya puts a hand on his chest and shoves him back to laying down, still talking, “—*for a second*, and you are going to work on undressing yourself. Take your time, сладкий. No rush, not like usual.”

He steps back and there’s a tension that builds up once again. In such contrast to the icyness of Rozanov moments before, there’s a distance (not physical, much deeper than that) closing between them as Hollander nods in agreement. Ilya stands at the foot of the bed, looming over Shane who looks at the other like he’s hung the moon, or won in overtime or— *shit*— fucked his throat and had him *dry-hump* his *shoe* in *humiliation*.

Everything becomes taught again and Ilya walks the tightrope very carefully. Step by step, he backs away from the bed. Eyes linger on Hollander as Rozanov begins to unbutton his own shirt. He waves a finger in Shane’s direction. “Start undressing, yes? I won’t be far.”

Shane nods and moves careful hands to the buttons of his shirt.

When Ilya returns, he’s in only his underwear. Shane’s shirt and tie are rumpled next to him, and he’s struggling with getting his shoes off. Kneeling, Ilya shoos the other’s hands away to help. One hand on Shane’s calf, squeezing it and snaking under the pant leg to touch the bare skin, and the other wiggling his shoe off.

Rozanov looks up at Hollander. Their positions have changed, but the control of the moment still lies in Ilya’s hands. Their gaze doesn’t break; a sock comes off, then the other shoe, and the final sock. Ilya rises from his knelt position (almost as if that brief moment is *his* opportunity to idolize Shane, to bore into him and try to let him know how reverent *he* can be, if given the chance).

Shane’s pants are next: belt, button, zipper, trousers. Ilya makes careful work of folding each piece of clothing and setting them aside. By the time he is done, Shane hasn’t flagged or taken his eyes off of his partner for a second. One knee dips the weight of the bed, then the second. Shane scrambles to move upwards while Ilya is on him, gliding like water, closer and closer.

“Going to fuck you now,” Ilya states. He reaches past Shane’s head to grab lubricant out of the drawer and drops it onto the bed beside the other’s hip. He keeps his eyes focused, but manages to dribble lube onto eager fingers as he kisses up Shane’s chest.

“Okay,” Shane’s voice is rough. “Want it,” he adds. Ilya knows, he can feel it in his hand as he grips Shane like a vice. The other arches, cries out and bucks into Ilya’s fist. “Ro—Roza —”

Ilya shushes him, though he doesn’t linger long on Shane’s cock. “I have you,” he whispers.

Impatience prods Ilya’s mind, wanting to have fucked Shane *hours* ago. One finger circles Shane’s rim and after a few seconds of feeling the rise and fall of the chest beneath Ilya’s lips,

he presses it in. Shane exhales a long breath and Ilya moves his lips to kiss a nipple, licking and tasting as he quickly fucks Shane open on his forefinger.

The same finger that Shane sucked spit-soaked in the arena hallway earlier tonight.

Ilya moans, moving to the next nipple and *sucking*— as he does so, a second finger teases and enters Shane. Soft hands that were gripping the sheets prior snap up to tangle in Ilya's curls. Ilya moans at the contact; the tight, almost painful grip Shane has on him tells him so very much about how close to the edge Shane is.

All Shane can manage at the moment are swears and the choked syllables of Ilya's name. Ilya kisses up his neck, swallows the fracturing words, and fucks a third finger into Shane. Minutes feel like hours as Ilya opens him (quickly, but still peppering Shane with kisses and recoating his loosening hole for an easy glide).

"Can't wait any longer, Hollander." Ilya moves back to settle himself between Shane's legs. A condom, then lube, then he's grabbing at Shane's thighs and spreading him open and pushing back to fold the other in half. "Had your slutty mouth, now I need more. Need your greedy fucking hole."

Beneath his hands, Ilya feels the thighs shake. He looks up from where he zeroed in on Shane's loose hole, up to see tears welling in Shane's gorgeous eyes. With a free hand, Ilya reaches forward and wipes a stray tear away from Shane's face.

"You crying?" Ilya asks tenderly. Shane nods weakly and turns his face away from Ilya. That won't do — Ilya brings his focus back with a hand on his jaw, turning Shane to meet his gaze. "Shouldn't be crying yet, котенок."

Shane sniffles. "Wh—why?"

Ilya smiles, wolfish and lecherous. "I have not fucked you hard enough for you to cry." He kisses the tears away and, for good measure, squeezes the underside of Shane's thigh that his other hand is supporting.

Shane exhales. When Ilya moves to release his jaw, a muffled response comes.

"What?" Ilya asks, leaning back to watch his lips form the words he thinks he heard.

"Can you?" Shane asks. For a beat, they simply stare at each other. Long enough for Ilya to watch the tears fully subside and Shane's pupils dilate. "Fuck— fuck me hard enough—?"

"To cry?" Rozanov blinks. He smiles again, almost out of disbelief, and gets both hands back on spreading Hollander's legs wide. "Always, сладкий," he answers. "Always, *always*— I want to fuck you so hard you can't move tomorrow."

He angles his cock and *presses*; Shane's groan is low and throaty and Ilya can't stop talking.

"Want to fuck you so hard you cry and *cry*— want your tears and your come staining these sheets, Hollander." He thrusts, watching Shane's expression to see if he needs to slow down, but all he sees and hears is pleasure from beneath him. "Want to see you *try* to walk out of

this room tomorrow after I am done tonight. And I will do the same thing all over again. All you have to do is ask, Shane."

"*Please*, Ilya." Shane is so far gone and he's bringing Ilya with him. The three syllables, perfectly formed on his tongue, have Ilya hot and carnal. "More— give me more, *please*."

One final thrust has Ilya to the hilt, and it hits Shane hard enough for him to move, gripping the headboard, eyes snapping closed and mouth agape on a broken cry. Ilya has him by the hips, holding him in place as he begins the slow drag backwards.

At the sight of Shane (strung out and leaking precome, chest red and face flushed), Ilya doesn't waste any more time teasing him. He sets his pace, brutal and hard and unforgiving. Shane can't find purchase on *anything*— the sheets, the headboard, the pillows— he's fucked fast and grueling, crying out sounds even *he* can't make out.

Tears form, but they don't fall from his eyes, and as Ilya watches him with a hedonistic glare, Shane knows he's waiting for the exact moment they do. Hollander is freefalling, shattered into a million pieces. Rozanov is right there to catch him.

"Perfect," Ilya groans. "Perfect hole, Hollander. Could have you like this all day." Shane wants to answer him, he wants to tell Ilya that *yes, fuck, I could do this for you for eternity*, but nothing comes out. Shane's head is empty, completely void of anything other than *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya*. He reaches out, squeezes Ilya's arm and tries to speak, but when he opens his mouth, all he lets out is a choked sob.

"You are so— *fucking— beautiful*," Ilya punches his words out with thrusts. Lightning fast, he pulls out and flips Shane over onto his stomach. "I think you wanted to be put in your place—" He gets a fistful of hair and shoves Shane's face into the pillows. "Like, *fucked* and *owned*— the second we entered the press room. Yeah?"

Shane's head nods, though the sight is blurry and a mess as Ilya fucks back into him. There's a cry; a single, *"Yes!"* from Shane beneath Ilya as the pace sets back up.

"Love fucking you like this— fuck you like I own you, Shane." Beneath him, Ilya feels the heave of Shane's chest. He's desperate for the reaction and grips Shane's hair tight and yanks his head back. The long line of this neck shows the frantic bob of his throat. There's tears bubbling over the bottom of Shane's eyes, glistening and catching the moonlight.

Ilya thinks he looks like a fucking painting. A masterpiece.

"Do I?" Ilya asks. Shane cranes his head and looks into Ilya's eyes. His mouth is open, throaty sounds being fucked out of him every perfect hit Ilya has on his prostate. Ilya repeats himself, "Do I own you, Shane?"

Shane nods, but that's not good enough for Ilya. Another sharp pull has Shane up on his knees; Ilya wraps his arms around Shane's sweat-drenched torso and clings close to him as he finds pleasure in the new angle.

“You do—” Hollander sobs, head falling back to Rozanov’s shoulder. “God, Ilya, *fuck*— you own me!” Ilya throws him back down onto the bed, grabs him by the shoulders, and reangles his hips to piston right on the exact spot that has Shane hysterical.

Ilya comes, seeing stars and beautiful tears stream down Shane’s face. When he pulls out, Shane is bereft. It all happens so quick — Ilya flips them back over and pulls Shane down towards him by the thighs. Ilya fits himself in the perfect spot between Shane’s legs, enveloping his cock in the welcoming heaven of his mouth.

Shane is still sobbing, tears streaking his face as Ilya sucks him hard enough to see past the ceiling of the hotel room and straight out to space. Shane is lost in the stars. His hands find Ilya’s hair again, both holding on and shaking as Ilya continues his onslaught.

A single syllable, the first one of Rozanov’s name, is all the warning Ilya gets before Shane arches up, body jolting off the bed as his orgasm hits him. It’s like he is crashing back down to earth at break-neck speed. Everything hits him at the same time — the feeling, the release; it’s like coming back up for air after drowning. Ilya’s head is still, swallowing everything that Shane’s body gives over to him (everything *Shane* gives over to him — body and soul and thought and feeling and *so much more*).

All is quiet, until Ilya hears another sniffle.

He rises from between Shane’s legs and climbs his way back up Shane’s body. Not a spare sliver of skin is missed as he kisses his way back. Firm hands accompany the movement, gripping and pressing and grounding Shane in the bed. Ilya is slow, much slower than a mere moment ago, and he finds a honeyed gaze welcoming him back as he reaches Shane’s lips.

“*Shane*,” Rozanov exhales into Hollander’s mouth before they connect. They kiss, languid and gentle and Shane’s head is cradled so tenderly in Ilya’s hands. They move as one, bodies connecting in the aftermath. “So good, Shane,” Ilya whispers again. “Everything, perfect.”

Tears still fall, but Ilya holds Shane close as he wipes them away. They reposition, Ilya holds Shane in his arms and against his chest as he rubs circles into the other’s back. Scratching his hair, down his neck and over his shoulderblades — Shane clings to Ilya in the hope that he never has to leave this moment, this embrace.

“Breathe, сладкий,” Ilya instructs. A millionth kiss is placed on the crown of Shane’s head. “I’ve got you.” Those words wrap around Shane’s *soul* — everything Ilya does brings Shane back down to reality. He was soaring on the nothingness of blissful submission *at Ilya’s words* only to be brought so gracefully back down to where he belongs…

With Ilya’s words. It’s all Ilya. It always has been.

Shane speaks after a few full breaths. “What,” he pauses, “does that mean?”

“Сладкий?” Ilya asks, and Shane nods against his chest. There’s still a float to his body, still somewhat weightless and heavy, but when he moves up, he finds that familiar comfort in the cradle of Ilya’s neck and inhales his scent. “If you learn Russian, maybe you would know.”

Shane laughs, and Ilya feels so *incredibly* lucky to hear the sound. There's a knock at the door, and Ilya feels Shane turn prickly and stiff in his arms. Shane isn't ready yet, he's still a bit foggy in the head and can hardly move his body. His arms are led, his legs even heavier.

Ilya kisses his head again. Shane exhales.

"I got it." Ilya doesn't sound worried, so Shane finds himself still following his lead and lets him go to answer the door. He comes back a moment later (still nude, which Shane can't begin to process) with a cart of food.

Shane is shocked. "Did you order room service?"

"Of course," Ilya shrugs. "You need to eat." He brings the cart around to the bedside and crawls back in with Shane. Ilya pulls Shane back in his embrace, but he's flipped Shane around to rest his back to Ilya's front.

This way, Ilya can rest one hand over a pectoral and squeeze delightfully while he picks food off the tray to feed Shane.

"What do we have?" Shane rests his head back against Ilya's shoulder and, for once, luxuriates in the feeling of being so well taken care of.

For once, he doesn't have to do it himself. Shane can't help but smile. His eyes drift closed as he focuses on the feeling of Ilya's hand over his heart.

"Fruit," Ilya starts. "*Фрукты*, by the way."

Shane eats a strawberry. "Froo-ktee?" While he can't see Ilya's goofy smile that well from this angle, he can tell it's one of those big, genuine ones that makes Shane's heart leap and beat erratically every time.

"You want to learn Russian, you better start with baby words," Ilya chirps. "Best way to learn, like infant. You are a big baby, after all." He emphasizes his point with a playful slap on Shane's pec.

"Fuck off, no I'm not."

"You *cry* like baby," Ilya says matter-of-factly. He squeezes Shane's pec lightly and leans in to whisper against Shane's ear. "Cry so hard for me to fuck you good, Shane. Did so well for me. Did everything *perfect* for me."

Shane didn't realize his eyes slipped closed again until Ilya nips at his ear, and he lets out a small whine.

Rozanov hums appreciatively. "*Still* so easy for me. Love when you get like this— so good like this, Hollander. You are like… *clay*— easy to mold, to move… do whatever I want…" Shane feels his cock twitch, and Ilya huffs a laugh in his ear. "If you want round two, you need to eat more."

“Give me some fucking food, then.” Ilya smiles at the reaction, recognizing the Shane Hollander he knows is coming back recharged. Shane reaches for the tray, but Ilya swats his hand away. He grabs another strawberry (and tells Shane *“klubnika,”* which Shane doesn’t do too bad at mimicking) and dips it in chocolate.

“Before you say anything,” Ilya sighs, “you *need* something sweet. Over three hours I had you under, Shane, not good for blood sugar.” Ilya pats over his heart. Shane opens his mouth obediently and accepts the offered strawberry.

Fuck. It’s so good. Shane can’t remember the last time he’s had something so sweet without feeling guilty. Ilya wipes strawberry juice from his lip and licks from his thumb. With his mouth full, Shane asks, “What is *sweet* in Russian?”

Ilya stills. Shane feels his heartbeat pick up, thundering against his back. Shane swallows and moves to better face the other — turning to half-straddle Ilya as he worries what he said is wrong. Ilya won’t meet his gaze and focuses very intently on a bundle of grapes.

Hollander reaches out carefully, as if scared to wake an animal, and presses his palm over Rozanov’s heart.

“Сладкий,” Ilya whispers. Shane stares at him, focuses intently on the shadows against his face and how they make him look so brooding, so *different*. Then, hazel eyes snap to meet him as if he just said something Shane was never meant to hear. When Shane looks deeper, *really* sees Ilya, he notices the affection in his eyes.

“Slat-key?” Hollander whispers. He could recognize the sound anywhere, but especially from the lips of Rozanov. It’s what Ilya has been calling him all night.

Shane is watching Ilya with all the wonder in the world. Ilya studies his face, counts his beauty marks slowly as he finds himself mesmerized with how the moonlight catches Shane’s features. He’s stunning, so beautiful.

So sweet.

“*Da*,” Ilya answers. A hand cups Shane’s cheek, thumb grazing against Shane’s cheekbone. Tender and oh so *very* sweet. “In Russian. Sladkiy.”

Shane smiles and leans in. Their lips ghost over one another as they barely kiss. Ilya’s eyes are shut, but Shane watches him from only a breath away.

“Sladkiy,” Shane pronounces correctly. Ilya opens his eyes to drink Shane in — expression so open and vulnerable, matching how Ilya feels in this moment. “Thank you for tonight, Ilya. For everything.”

Ilya whispers back, “Of course, Shane.” He cradles Shane’s head in his hand, wanting to bring him closer but mesmerized by the look in his eyes and the number of freckles he’s yet to put a number to. Instead, he reaches up and places a kiss to his forehead. “Always, мой сладкий.”

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Thank you for reading!! Please share your favorite moments or lines in the comments, if you don't mind inflating my ego just a bit 😁

Russian translations:
котенок - kitten :)
Ебать - fuck
дерьмо, Ты потрясающая! - Shit, you are amazing!
Дерьмо - Shit
Ilya's rant in the lobby: Are you serious? Can't you see I'm busy?! Damn it, how unprofessional! No courtesy whatsoever. No professionalism. We are professionals. We understand what that means.
сладкий - sweet :)
На Русском - In Russian
Я тебя поймал - I've got you
Очень хороший - Very good
моя сладкий - MY sweet :)))

I know at the end there might be some specific Russian terms that I fibbed just for the Fluff - "my sweet" doesn't directly translate to "моя сладкий" - I think it's "милая" than "сладкий" as the latter is descriptive of taste, and the former is more descriptive of people, if that makes sense. Anyway I just wanted Shane to recognize the sound :) and for Ilya to confess to him that he calls him sweet :)

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