

Going Down

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Going Down

by [hairdie](#)

Summary

The doors opened on the ninth floor and a player stood there, shocked at the display in front of him. Ilya hunched over in laughter, while Shane was fuming with anger.

"I'll take the next one."

And before the brunette could get off and find a different way downstairs, the doors came to a firm shut. Finally, it started moving again, Ilya's laughter dying down. And without the gleeful sounds, behind him, Shane could feel his anger taming down. He'll just get off on the next floor. That was the plan until he felt the whole elevator shake with a jump. A jump performed by the 230 pound man. A jump that resulted in a terrifying screeching sound coming from above, followed by a thump, and the elevator coming to a halt.

or

Shane and Ilya are stuck in an elevator right before the 2014 MHL Awards

Notes

biggest thanks to my beautiful beta

[twi hollanovyrei](#)

[ao3 lovy_shilya](#)

i needed more forced prox, so i wrote it myself

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

Las Vegas, 35 minutes before MHL Awards, 2014

Shane quickly shot off a text as the elevator doors were closing. That was until he saw a strong arm come down, interrupting the doors, and none other than Ilya Rozanov stepped in.

"Hollander, on your way down?" The smirk plastered to Ilya's face irritated Shane, as if Ilya didn't care about the fact that he had not responded to Shane in 6 months. 6 excruciating months of Shane constantly perking up when he'd receive a message, just to deflate when it was from his mom or a teammate. 6 months of wondering if he had crossed a line, said something wrong, got too friendly, or done anything that might have chased Ilya away.

"I, uh, yeah, ready to present," Shane squeaked out his response, *was that okay? Could he tell that I've been waiting to talk to him, to see him, breathe the same air as him?*

He let out a shaky exhale and looked up at the Russian man, just to immediately be criticized, "What is that? Why do you have that look on your face? Are you constipated, Hollander?"

Shane let out a sound in surprise, "What-I don't have any look on my face. How do you even know that word?" He shot a glance around the elevator and finally fixed his eyes on the descending numbers, 19, 18, 17.

"I am hockey player, I know health words. Fucking Marlow eats like shit and cannot shit."

At that, Shane let out a small giggle and mentally reprimanded himself for laughing at Rozanov. He spared a look at his watch. *How long does it take to get to the ground floor?*

14, 13, 12.

"Rolex, yes? They give this to you for free?"

"Yeah, my mom is pretty strict about wearing the brands that sponsor me. It can get a little annoying at times. She really polices my appearance, says a lot of kids look up to me."

"They need better hockey players to look up to. You are boring."

Shane let out an indignant scoff, "Whatever, how long does it take for us to get to the bottom?"

While he said it more to himself and under his breath, it seemed to spark something in Ilya, because before Shane could even think about stopping the taller man, every single floor was pressed on the elevator button panel. Rozanov retreated back to his side of the elevator, snickers coming from him, while Shane frantically pressed the lit-up buttons, desperate for them to dim again.

"What the fuck, Rozanov!?"

The doors opened on the ninth floor, and a player stood there, shocked at the display in front of him. Ilya hunched over in laughter, while Shane was fuming with fury.

"I'll take the next one."

And before the brunette could get off and find a different way downstairs, the doors came to a firm shut. Finally, it started moving again, Ilya's laughter dying down. And without the gleeful sounds, behind him, Shane could feel his anger taming down. He'll just get off on the next floor. At least, that was the plan until he felt the whole elevator shake with a jump. A jump performed by the 230-pound man. A jump that resulted in a terrifying screech from above, followed by a thump and the elevator coming to a halt.

And really, Ilya had no idea why he did it, but he could not stop laughing at Shane's incessant cursing, "Rozanov, why the hell would you do that! The awards are starting in 30 minutes!" The Canadian man was red in the face with anger, breathing heavily while shooting daggers at the Russian man who was tormenting him.

Shane tap, tap, tapped at the only button that was glowing an ominous red hue, needing to contact someone who could get him out of this hell.

Finally, Ilya spoke while wiping phantom tears away, "Of course, the boring hockey player wants to go to boring show. Relax, Hollander," a smile present in his mocking words.

"Oh my god, do you not take anything seriously? We are fucking stuck in an elevator. We are supposed to present tonight! We were nominated! And instead, you're telling me to relax. I can't fucking relax."

"I take hockey seriously. You act like you will win award. Everyone knows I am MVP."

"You're such a fucking asshole."

"Fucking, fucking, fucking. It almost sounds like you want to fuck, Hollander."

"I can't believe out of EVERYONE, I'm stuck in here with *you*."

"Aww, poor number two... I can help you *relax*, you know." Ilya sent a suggestive look his way before winking, a smirk forming as he saw Shane's face flush.

"Shut up, don't even think about it. I'm sure people are looking for us. They should be here soon." Shane didn't want to admit that he could feel a stirring in his pants at Ilya's proposition. He needed to ignore the fact that nothing had made him cum as hard as the Russian man had, that no one had ever come close to fulfilling his needs the way Ilya had.

"And if no one is looking? Then it is okay, right?"

Shane spluttered, "wha-no. You will not be helping me relax. I am rightfully worried."

Ilya crossed the small space, "No? You don't want this?" Ilya crowded Shane, his hands coming up around the brunette's waist, before he feathered his lips over Shane's.

And Shane knew he should've pushed Ilya away, pulled back, said no, anything. Instead, he chased Ilya's lips when the taller man went to pull away. His hands flew to the head of curls, drawing their lips together, needing to taste Ilya after 6 months of radio silence. Ilya let out a

slight hum of appraisal, his grip tightened on Shane's waist, slotting their bodies together like they were meant to be. The kiss quickly became heavy, the pair sharing breaths, grinding against each other, and letting out small noises as the world melted around them.

Ilya kissed down Shane's neck, hands quickly undoing the bow tie blocking his path, "off, take it off."

"Wait-wait. Rozanov, we shouldn't." Shane weakly pushed at Ilya's shoulder, "People are looking for us."

"Mm, okay."

And just like that, he was off of Shane. The smaller man had no idea how he was supporting himself at that moment. His legs felt like jelly; the only urgency he felt was the urgent need to have Ilya's body back on his. The thought of the stopped elevator had completely left his mind, which was now entirely occupied by the Russian man. He did not care about the 6 months of ignored texts or the confusion that had resulted from Ilya's actions in this elevator. The only answer he wanted right now was how he could get Ilya's hands back on him.

This time, it was Shane's turn to invade Ilya's space. He leaned against Rozanov, their lips drawn to each other like magnets. Tongues touching, saliva mixing, fingers digging into hips and hair.

"Hmm, I thought you said we shouldn't," Ilya teased, nipping at the other man's bottom lip, loving how submissive he was, opening up so naturally. The whimpers Shane let out filled the enclosed space, echoing around them like a symphony.

"No, I need you," and with that, Ilya swiftly picked him up, spun him around, and entrapped Shane between the metal wall and his hard body. The two stayed like that, plastered together, grinding and grabbing, sharing breaths, moans united together, desperate to make up for the seasons apart.

Ilya tossed Shane's belt and bow tie to the ground, tugging at his clothes, needing to feel more skin, to smell the scent that he longed for, the same one he tried to erase from his memory countless times. He placed Shane down and quickly got to his knees, loving the gasp that came from above. He finished taking the smaller man's pants off, enjoying the view of Shane's tip peeking out, leaking everywhere, leaving a wet spot on his black underwear.

He looked up while nosing against Shane's shaft, loving the smell of pure unadulterated lust radiating off of him. Ilya licked up the cloth-covered dick, kissing the angry tip, lapping up any pre-ejaculate that was spilling out, all while maintaining a seductive stare. He started to tug at his own belt, needing some type of relief before he exploded with want. With one hand, he took himself out, while the other slid Shane's soaked briefs down, "We still shouldn't, Hollander?"

Shane's heated gaze flashed with annoyance, "Shut up, asshole. I need you. *Please*, Rozanov."

And really, who is Ilya to deny the debauched man in front of him?

He swallowed Shane down, catching excess spit and precum on his fingers, then pressed them to the brunette's taint, choking slightly when Shane thrust into his mouth in surprise. He used his own precum to wet the rest of his dick, nearly as wet as the smaller man, but Shane didn't need to know that. Ilya matched the strokes, frantic and loud, moaning around the cock in his mouth anytime Shane tugged extra hard on his hair. He slipped a moistened finger into the tight hole, immediately finding his target, placing short, sure swipes against the prostate. He could feel himself quickly getting messy, saliva making its way down his chin as he hungrily sucked and swallowed.

"Rozanov, Rozanov, Rozanov," Shane chanted his name like a prayer, hips bucking, head thrown back in ecstasy, his fingers tweaking his own nipples under his partially unbuttoned shirt.

Ilya hummed around his cock, pleased with the sight. He took his hand off his own dick, and used it to help Shane with squeezing his chest. The Russian man loved the feeling of fullness in his hand and the heaviness in his mouth.

He hollowed out his cheeks and sucked harder, going deeper until he could press his nose into Shane's pubic hair. He swallowed Shane in, breathing erratically, but needing to taste the saltiness Shane would soon release.

"Oh, I'm gon-ohh, Rozanov," Shane slurred as he spilled into Ilya's mouth, quickly becoming overstimulated with the swallowing around his tip and the even stroke against his prostate. He meekly pushed at Ilya's head, staring down and scowling when the Russian smiled around him.

Ilya finally pulled off with a string of saliva following his mouth. He looked pleased and thoroughly fucked. His lips were perfectly plumped and reddened, so naturally, Shane pulled him up for a kiss. He could taste his essence on Ilya's mouth, moaning when their tongues collided, and he could better savor himself. They kissed lazily, Shane's hand coming around Rozanov's cock, giving it a few firm strokes, before he pulled away to get on his knees.

"Mmm, you look so pretty on your knees, Hollander," Ilya caressed Shane's freckles, dick twitching when they got more prominent against the reddening cheeks.

"You like my freckles?" Shane asked, fingers fondling Ilya's balls, while he gathered spit in his mouth.

"Fucking crazy about them," Ilya gritted out through clenched teeth. He brought a hand up to lean against the metal wall, needing any stability he could get.

He examined the way Shane's lips expertly wrapped around him, his eyes fluttering shut when he took Ilya in deeper, coughing slightly when the tip tickled the back of his throat.

"Shsh, relax, Hollander. Don't need to do that," and while Ilya said this, he felt his control start to slip. He had forgotten how good Shane was at giving head. And really, he wasn't sure if Shane was actually good at it, or if his desperation to be good was just so attractive that it made him seem incredibly impressive.

Either way, he loved how pleased Shane seemed to be on his knees, a look of satisfaction resided on his face as he enthusiastically slurped and let out even breaths, like he was born to suck dick.

Ilya petted his hair, then slid his hand down to the nape of Shane's neck, trying to pace the smaller man, trying to keep his orgasm at bay. He let out grunts and moans that egged Shane on.

"Oh fuuuck, Hollander. So good, just like that."

Ilya had never been known to be vocal during sex, more stoic than anything, but with Shane, he could never suppress his moans. He needed Shane to understand how good he made Ilya feel, how attractive Ilya found his eagerness. And it seemed to work wonders, because before he could process it, his orgasm came crashing down onto him, engulfing him completely as he let out a string of expletives in Russian.

"Fucking, fucking, fuck, Hollander," Ilya cursed out, no longer able to form coherent sentences, his body curled around Shane's head, gasping shakily, craving control over his body again.

He pulled Shane up by the underside of his chin, needing to kiss him over that beautiful display of pleasure. Except Shane hadn't swallowed yet, so the kiss was sloppy and cum-filled. The men passed a ball of spit and cum around, humming in delight into each other's mouths. Finally, Ilya tilted Shane's head back and squeezed the sides of his face, forcing his mouth open as the Russian spat in his mouth.

He slid his hand down partly to force Shane's mouth closed, and partly to feel his pulse point there. He enjoyed the view of the Canadian man's eyes dilating as he hungrily accepted Ilya's spend, "good boy, Hollander. You love sucking cock, yes?" He lightly smacked Shane's face, chuckling when a languid smile made its way onto the smaller man's face. He placed small teasing kisses on Shane's lips with a grin.

"I like sucking your cock."

And at the implication of Shane sucking someone else off, he felt it fall, "You suck someone else off?"

"Wha-no, my...thing-dildo, whatever."

And just as Ilya was going to let out a sigh of relief, Shane continued.

"Either way, it wouldn't matter. We haven't seen each other in months. I'm sure you've been seeing others, why can't I?"

Ilya pushed off the wall behind Shane, turning around to fix his clothes, "Of course you can, Hollander. I do not give a fuck about you or what you do with other people."

He picked up his belt, glancing at the other, before picking that one up too. He shoved it into Shane's chest, maybe a little harder than anticipated.

Shane scoffed, the mood completely ruined, "Well, you made it seem like you cared. Which would make no sense, given that you haven't responded to any of the messages I sent you in six months, Rozanov. And when we finally get to see each other, you decide to break a fucking ELEVATOR!"

"Oh my god, Hollander. So what, I am busy man. You should understand."

"Fuck you. Yeah, I understand, but our busy schedules have never stopped us from replying before. Look, I don't know what happened in Russia after the Olympics, but I tried to be there for you. I tried, and you pushed me away."

"I didn't fucking ask you to try. I do not want your pity, I do not need it."

"Fine! Whatever! Sorry for trying!"

The men stood there, labored breathing, clothes still rumpled, but everything was buttoned and buckled now. Shane turned away, straightened out his blazer, and wiped his eyes. While Ilya tried to flatten any wrinkles in the warped reflection of the elevator's metal walls.

The elevator was only so big, but it felt like they were worlds apart. Both on opposite poles, both cold and lonely. Solitary creatures, who only had each other, but could not be with each other.

And just as Ilya built up the courage to reply, he got startled by the voice that came from the speakers above them—just a little too loud and static-y.

"Guys? Hello? Can you hear me?"

"H-hey! Yeah! Can you get us out?" Shane responded, desperate to get out of the enclosed space.

"Yeah, okay, guys, just hang in there. The fire department should be here soon. Sorry, we didn't notice sooner. We got a couple of complaints about a stopped elevator," the voice sounded bored, and a little annoyed that he had to put up with the broken elevator.

"Okay. Thank you!"

Right before they could hear the static cut out, they caught the end of a "stupid hockey players" line. The men couldn't help but laugh at that. The quiet air was no longer suffocating; there was now a lightheartedness to it.

Ilya steeled himself before speaking, "It is hard in Russia. I feel like I cannot show emotion there. When I leave...I," he swallowed, "when I leave it is hard to be myself."

His head hung low, but he could hear Shane cross the room. He soaked in the smaller man's body heat, basking in the warmth.

"Thank you for telling me. You don't owe me any explanation, but I was...confused as to why you were distant after the Olympics."

Right as they were about to share a soft kiss, they heard metal against metal coming from the front of the room. They broke apart, staring at the crowbar that pried the solid doors open. Salvation stood in the form of 3 firemen, who seemed to be quite bigger than the two hockey players. The elevator got stuck between floors, leaving a 3-foot gap at the bottom for the two men to slide through.

“C’mere, boys!”

Shane went first, sitting down, sticking his legs through the opening, and scooting his butt until he felt strong hands around his waist. Ilya followed shortly after, blush heavily coating his cheeks; he'd never been carried by a man like that before. He could hear Shane thanking the men as he dusted off his blazer.

“You guys were in there for a while, yeah? Was it hot? You guys smell a little sweaty.”

And with that, Ilya pulled Shane away, shooting off a quick thanks as he made his way to the nearest stairwell.

“Wait, where are we going? Rozanov, we have to go present!”

He pushed Shane inside, scanned around, and listened, making sure no one else was with them. Ilya pinned the Canadian against the wall, giving him a soft kiss that was filled with an emotion Ilya was too scared to address.

“Meet me in my room tonight. I am not done with you.”

And with that, he made his way down the stairs, leaving Shane breathless and semi-hard.

End Notes

second hollanov fic, the worms are eating my brains
working on a longer form fic, hopefully the first chap of that will be up soon

follow me on twt for occasional update!

[hollanovsdog](#)

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