

The Bellboy and the Russian

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76644291) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76644291>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	I chose not to use tags BUT that's bc the CNC is consensual , and very lighthearted , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Light Dom/sub , Rape/Non-con Elements , Consensual Non-Consent , i cannot stress how tame this is regarding the kink , Spit As Lube , Face Slapping , Shane Hollander is a masochist bc i said so , Light Masochism , Light Sadism , Ilya does anything his bottom tells him to , hes just there to have a good time , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Oral Sex , Rough Oral Sex , Breathplay
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of HR Porn (with a little plot)
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-29 Words: 4,013 Chapters: 1/1

The Bellboy and the Russian

by [heauregard](#)

Summary

The bellboy scene was glazed over way too quickly. What if we held space for that?

check tags pls

Notes

i saw the bellboy cottage scene and knew that shane was a cnc lover what can i say

Shane leads the tall russian through the cottage, stilling at every corner to point out a piece of artwork and reveling in the curl of Ilya's lip. Disdain - more playful in nature than it might seem to the untrained eye - is smeared across his angular features. The crinkles in his nose that wrinkle up at the hump, his upper lip tugged upwards right over its already pronounced bow, the disbelief behind hazel irises sliding towards Shane as he points to the low profile white couch with colorful pillows.

"My uh, my mom thought postmodern would brighten the place up a bit," his hands are shoved in the pockets of his dark wash shorts, hem stopping maybe an inch or two above his knee.

Frustratingly too long for shorts, Ilya notes to himself. Such legs should be on display, thighs spread and flexing under his deft, scarred fingers.

"A splash of color, or whatever," Shane mumbles, chin tilted up as he looks around the living room, seemingly bashful now as he grants Ilya this tour.

Ilya hardly cares what boring interior design garble falls from the other's lips. He watches him with a predatory gaze, shoulders flexing where they were laid bare to umber - black, nearly - eyes on him. Shane seems to curl inwards on himself at the leer, turning on his heels and walking up two, three steps.

Two bedrooms, blah blah blah. Ilya plays along, coy in his demeanor without dropping that glint in his eyes that he knows has Shane cowering. Anticipating. He follows Shane up the steps and down the hall to the aforementioned bedroom. The flimsy, at some point ironed collar of Shane's powder blue dress shirt is flipped open, stretching open across his collarbones as he folds his hands behind his back. Ilya hadn't even demanded such. Yet.

"This is awkward. This room isn't available for guests," he says, dark eyes twinkling when Ilya steps just a fraction closer and mimics his polite stance.

Hazel eyes catch the shiver that runs over the shorter man's body as he speaks.

"Hmmm. Disappointing."

"I'm sorry sir. We'd really like to accommodate you, but..."

For a second, there's an unspoken plea behind Shane's features. Boyishly handsome with freckles splayed across his nose and cheekbones, his eyes flicker down to his lover's lips briefly. Asking without asking. Testing the waters.

They hadn't discussed every kink in detail, what with most of their kink talk being saved for the keyboards of their phones or the moments shared on pillows afterwards. Shy in his mannerisms even after all these years, all these meetings, all the moans of the russian's name buried into sheets while he's driven into from behind. Even after it all, too apprehensive to ask for what he wants.

It's a damn good thing Ilya can read him like an open book.

He shoves the other back against the bed, towering over him to catch that mischievous glint in irises muddy with lust and excitement at being seen before diving down on top of him.

“Sir, I’m just a bellboy!” Shane nearly laughs with the absurdity of the line, pearly teeth glistening when he smiles. “You can’t treat staff like this!”

Ilya, relieved in his calculation, smiles right back down at the other boy.

“Oh. I think I know how the staff likes to be treated. After all these years, hmm?”

Shane shudders at the honeyed phrase, reminding him of their near decade together. Learning each other, seeing each other. Ilya sees him now, sees what he wants to try. Even if they decide that it isn’t something they both like. He sees the desire and is willing to oblige.

He swipes his tongue across his bottom lip, wets it, “Sir, this really is inappropriate.”

He brings his hands up to the toned expanse of Ilya’s chest, flexing as he holds himself up on strong arms, thick like boa constrictors caging Shane in. The black fabric robs him of that warmth behind it, stolen from him.

“What kind of bellboy doesn’t want to please such an important guest? Don’t you want tip?”

Shane giggles - the sound so light and airy and loose that it can’t be described any other way.

“Oh I want tip...” he mumbles, eyelashes fluttering as he looks up at the blond with stars in deep brown irises.

Ilya stifles a laugh, hazel eyes rolling off to the side as he lowers himself in a half-aborted pushup like motion. His lips ghost over Shane’s.

“I can give you more than just tip, bellboy. But you’ll have to work for it.”

Shane’s chest stutters as he breathes, arching up into the other so the fabric of their wretched shirts brush.

The frisky nature and shared smiles makes his heart swell, hammering against the inside of his ribcage. Something more - something darker - makes his cock swell in his Hollister shorts. He chases it.

“No.”

Ilya stalls, eyebrows knitting together just slightly as he regards the boy he’s got pinned against his own bed. He studies him, almost moves to roll off of him - no questions asked. Then he sees it.

The glint.

The flushed pink behind freckles.

The flicker of Shane’s eyes between each of his own - rapid, searching.

Begging.

His lips twitch into a smirk and in an instant, Shane presses him away by his chest. Ilya balances on one arm and uses his free hand to gather both of Shane's wrists in his grip. It's such an easy thing for someone as psychically capable as Shane to combat, to twist out of, to return.

He doesn't.

He plays weak.

"I have to g-get back to work, sir," Shane pleads, voice shaking as the adrenaline courses through his veins.

His shorts are shamefully tight. Ilya takes note of all of it - the flush, the shorts, the trembling wracking through his legs, thick with muscle. He chuckles, accentuating it with a cruel scoff as he leans up and drags Shane to flip over onto his stomach. The boy with sunkissed tan skin whimpers when Ilya presses his hips, hard in his own pants, against the swell of his ass.

"I can put you to work," he taunts, lips curled right by Shane's ear.

His warm breath elicits a shudder and Shane drops his face into the bed, now messy with their wrestling. He muffles a curse, lost in the plush bedding. Hips stutter forward against the bed, in the same motion rolling backwards against the warm pressure of Ilya's groin. He laughs again, eyes shifting to the red tint spreading down Shane's neck and betraying his attempt to hide.

"Oh, so you would like that? Slutty little thing, no? I didn't realize how dedicated to satisfying the guests you are really..." he hums, watching Shane shake his head futilely in response, still hiding.

He releases his wrists and sits up, thighs caging Shane's hips at their thickest portion. He pulls his shirt over his head, slips his thumbs underneath the stretchy band of his pants and pulls them away from his hips languidly as he watches the facetious struggle below him. Shane pushes up on his palms, looks over his shoulder in all of his blushing glory, and his throat ripples as he swallows.

"Aren't you going to beg me to stop?" he asks, half-teasing as he makes a show of pulling the band lower than the tent of his boxers. "Use those commercial acting skills, Hollander."

The taunt paired with his last name rather than his first makes Shane's eyes narrow. He swallows again, eyes darting back down to the pronounced leaking at the base of Ilya's hips. He pushes himself up in a quick motion, nearly sending the russian toppling over the bed. He doesn't get even one foot on the ground beside the bed before a hand cups the nape of his neck and shoves him back down.

"That's more like it," Ilya marvels, voice dropping back down to that dangerous, glowering level. "Too bad you are too weak."

Shane scoffs, throwing a glare over his shoulder before Ilya covers his back with his own body, snaking an arm around his neck like a reptile closing in on prey, ready to devour him.

“Stop,” Shane breathes out, not at all convincing in his plea.

Ilya *tsks*.

Shane continues, eager to please. Eager to get what he wants in return.

“Please, please sir. I need to get back to work.”

Shane twists his face in what he hopes reads as helpless, as completely fuckable still in his vulnerability. He was much better at genuine emotion. He knows Ilya will regard him with the patience he always does when it comes to such matters.

Seemingly pleased, Ilya rolls his hips down against Shane’s plump ass. Smirking against his ear, the blond hums as if considering the predicament and the fictitious consequences of his actions.

“Don’t you know who I am?”

Shane chews on his bottom lip, breathing out a rough whimper through his nose. Ilya’s fingers - on his right hand, right arm wrapped around Shane’s neck in something reminiscent of a wrestling move - toy at his closed mouth. Index and middle tips graze over Shane’s closed lips, prodding at the tightly pressed defiant mouth. He grins, free hand moving down to dove between Shane’s front pressed against the bed and grasp roughly at his cock through his shorts. The gasp that leaves the freckled boy provides an opening that Ilya gladly takes advantage of.

He shoves two fingers into Shane’s mouth, ignoring the gag and the wet sound it elicits. The lips close around him again and he can even feel the sharp scrape of teeth start to close around his digits, as if on instinct. He brings his free hand up after lodging it free from Shane’s hips and slaps lightly at the boy’s round cheek.

“Bite and you will regret it,” he warns.

Shane moans, squeezing his eyes shut. Ilya stills, something flickering across his eyes. Shane is like a sheep caught now in the sharp mouth of a wolf.

“Oh?” he taunts, thumb brushing over the dusting of freckles on cheekbone. “You are not so boring.”

Shane opens his eyes again just to roll them and he is rewarded with another light smack. He flinches away from it as his hips roll against the mattress shamefully. Ilya abandons the urge to keep up his ministrations in favor of getting Shane as naked as possible as quickly as possible. He is quite looking forward to defiling the boy in his own bed now. He sits up again and releases all hold on the boy in favor of tugging harshly at the hips of his shorts. They give slightly, but prove to be an issue with the girth and sheer volume of ass on this boy.

Ilya yanks his hips up by his belt loops, chastised for it with a mumble into the bed about 'ripping up his shorts' or whatever. He reaches around and undoes the front of them, then they glide down Shane's legs like butter. His boxers go along with them, an impatience settling in Ilya's bones the longer he has to go without fucking Shane to tears. Any attempt to save himself from exposure is in vain, and instead he allows himself to be flipped onto his back. Ilya's hands get to work, sloppily fumbling with the buttons of his shirt. Shane is chuckling after a short while, pushing at Ilya's hands when it's proving to be too much a task. He unbuttons his own shirt, then resumes the act, pushing at greedy hands yanking the fabric open.

He fights with a bit more fervor now, even kicking lightly at Ilya.

The blond rears a hand back and slaps Shane across his cheek harder than before. It stuns the other boy for a second, head whipping to the right. In that instant, Ilya's shoulders sag and he leans down with concern evident on his features. He'd gone too far, gotten lost in the scene. His eyes sting at the notion that he had hurt his lover.

Shane looks over at him again, eyes blown wide in a mixture of shock and lust. So truthful in every facial expression, his eyebrows dance a line between confused and subdued. His chest stutters a breath and his lips quiver when it leaves them, the slightest tug of the corner of his mouth giving Ilya all the confidence needed. The blond nods softly, thumb brushing the mark blooming pink, then steels his expression again.

"Did I not tell you?"

Shane nods slightly, back arching off the bed the slightest bit as a hand leaves his face to instead play at his bistre tinted nipple. With the slightest apprehension - for show, of course - Ilya manages to tug Shane's shirt off and the boy is laid bare underneath him. He makes waste of his own pants and boxers, swinging a bare leg over the other and shifting upwards on the bed until his knees pressed uncomfortably into Shane's biceps. His hand strokes at his cock languidly, regarding how trapped and utterly helpless his lover looks beneath him. His cheeks flushed, one noticeably more pink than the other from the abuse. His eyes blown wide as opposed to their usual low-lidded haze of arousal. His bottom lip quivering, begging to be wrapped around cock. Around Ilya's cock.

"Open," he commands, free hand gripping the headboard as he leaned with his hips canted so the tip of his cock - leaking and pink - brushed against that quiver.

Stubbornly, Shane disobeyed. He watched Ilya with rapt attention to see what he might do. He flinched when Ilya raised another hand to him, quickly obeying even before the abuse came. In that precious second, Ilya slid his cock past the pliant pink and moaned, hazel locked on brown. His hand found Shane's thick black hair, gripping harshly right at the hairline.

"Do not bite," he warned again, eyes low. "You suck and you suck well."

Shane resisted the urge to nod - to please - and instead huffed in defiance. Ilya did not entertain such insolence, instead rolling his hips down in a sensual motion. At the sudden intrusion further into his mouth, Shane sputtered and squeezed his eyes shut. He took the use

well, hands coming up to dig half-moon crescents into toned, pale thighs. With the circulation to his arms not flowing so freely beneath Ilya's weight, it seemed this went on for lifetimes when he usually couldn't get enough of the russian precum taste on his tongue. Still, he took it, only bending his knees at some point to cant his own hips up.

One hand left Ilya's thigh to close around the base of his cock. He gave it a few experimental strokes in time with Ilya's thrusts into his mouth, moaning around the intrusion no doubt bruising at the back of his throat. He gagged softly, a shudder wracking through his body each time and forcing his hand to squeeze harder at the upward pull at his cock. Thumb swiping over his own damp tip, he whimpered softly when a warmth began to pool in his gut.

Just then, he shot his eyes open when Ilya's thumb and forefinger came to squeeze at his nose. He glared up at the other man, chest fluttering in panic as a breath was stolen from it at the bottom of one, leaving him deflated at the lungs. His hand stilled on his cock, free hand leaving the marks in Ilya's thigh to swat at his hand. When it did nothing, he dug his fingernails into the blond's wrist until he released him and withdrew from his mouth in one swift go.

Shane coughed for air, tears welling at his eyes as he breathed in the cold air greedily as it had been robbed from him.

"Asshole!"

He vaguely registered hands on his hip and shoulder, yanking him to once again lay on his stomach. The taller of the two dragged Shane up by his hips, spitting onto the crevice between his legs while the sinewy expanse of his back flexed with the intake of oxygen.

"You were the one that wanted me to rape you, breathplay is not anymore dark and twisted than that," Ilya explained, thumb rubbing at the flexing ring of muscle.

Shane dug his forehead into the bed, looking between his own legs underneath him where his cock - still achingly hard - hung between his thighs.

"Don't s-say th-"

"What? 'Rape'? Ugh, okay, whatever."

He feels the press of something bigger between his ass and jerks forward, twisting to glare at Ilya over his shoulder.

"Dude!"

Ilya smiles lopsided, spitting onto his fingers and playing with the stringy wetness.

"Beg."

Shane watches him, eyes flickering between stringy saliva between deft digits and sadistic eyes that hold a twinge of softness behind them.

An out, if Shane so desired.

He didn't.

He swallowed thickly, throat bobbing as he arched his back just slightly to jut his ass towards the man, welcoming him. Welcoming the abuse.

“Please.”

“What kind of begging is that bellboy?”

Shane huffs and drops his head back down to hide, a motion that goes uncorrected after the stint with denying his breath.

“Please, please sir,” he breathes out, defeated. “Fuck me.”

He considers, for a moment, that he quite literally had asked for this - without words, but still. Ilya seemed to be enjoying himself while indulging, such consideration needn't go unappreciated. He clears his throat, then arches so that his chest is pressed into the warm sheets and his back arched deliciously. A platter, set out for his lover.

“Pin me down, make me...make me take it.”

A switch seems to flip in Ilya, though Shane is hiding his face and cannot see. The blond presses the tip of his finger to Shane, wet and slick with spit, and watches it disappear slowly. Shane whimpers in that way he does; he tries not to let his voice climb too high, too feminine, but fails in that it forces it to crack instead.

Ilya revels in it, every time.

He pumps his hand back and forth, eyes undecided in watching it disappear and reappear in intervals or watching sweat begin to collect on Shane's tanned back. He drinks in each sight in a rhythm, he decides. They are used to lube, and Ilya is happy to oblige should Shane request it, but he is more than happy now to just listen to those mewls he is enticing and dragging out by the second. A minute or two passes and Ilya braces his free hand on Shane's hip as he adds his middle finger.

Shane sucks in a breath through his teeth, fists balling at the sheets on either side of his head. It burns, just slightly, but he doesn't complain. In fact, when Ilya pauses, seemingly distracted by Shane's pained noises, the shorter male bucks back against the intrusion as if to plead for more. And more, he gets.

“You really are slutty,” Ilya breathes out, cock hard and heavy against the plush swell of ass spread before him. “Aren't you? Say it, say you are pathetic and desperate.”

“No,” Shane whimpers, shaking his head where his face is buried.

Ilya curls his fingers downward and keeps Shane still when he tries to buck downwards against the bed.

“Say it and maybe I let you cum, instead of just use you like a cum rag.”

The tanned boy bites at the sheets, tempted to deny the blond again but too worried for the follow-through should Ilya so desire to torment him.

“Ple-ease,” he whines, huff breaking the word into two. “I’m desperate.”

He licks his lips, glancing over his shoulder at Ilya. The russian takes in the sight of the wreck at his mercy, riding his fingers. Lips are bitten red and swollen. Freckles are hiding behind dusty clouds of pink. Sweat shines over his forehead.

“Please, please sir. I’m a slut, I’m - I’m a fucking cocks slut, okay? I love cock, I love cock-” he breathes out, resting his temple on his bicep like it were a pillow.

Dark eyelashes flutter when Ilya removes his fingers quickly and presses the head of his aching cock to Shane’s opening, not even in the slightest mood to prolong this any further as he pushes his way into him. He’s robbed of the debauched look in brown eyes when they screw shut in pain. Ilya spits down onto where they join and it’s thick and drips around them both. He steadies his lover’s lower back and hip, watching goosebumps prickle at sinew.

Shane takes him beautifully despite the lack of lubricant.

“Fuck,” they curse in unison.

Shane buries his face in his elbow and presses back against Ilya for more. It isn’t until the pale man is buried to the hilt that he lets his hands fall to grip the soft expanse of skin at Shane’s hips. Slotted together perfectly, he rolls forward once, twice. Shane huffs out a moan.

“Hurts,” he mumbles, catching his breath.

Ilya makes a sympathetic noise, thumb rubbing little circles on the dusting of freckles at the top of Shane’s ass. He gives him a moment to get used to the stretch, halfway to dry already. He shifts just barely, leaning over Shane’s back a degree or two, and the movement elicits a pathetic whine from the bottom that tugs Ilya’s mouth into a smirk. Shane ruts back against him, face hidden but red ears betraying him. Ilya flicks the tip of one ear, earning a grunt in response.

“How pitiful you look, poor little bellboy,” he coos, hand flat and sliding up Shane’s spine.

“Shut up and fuck me,” Shane tosses over his shoulder, face in view now.

Ilya takes him in. His red flush, spit coated lips, dangerous eyes. His hair sticks up in every direction. Ilya tilts his head at him - a challenge - then bucks his hips forward once. It punches out a moan from the other.

“Like that?”

He grips his hips again and Shane seems to prepare for what comes, balanced on his elbows as his hair flips forward over his forehead at the force at which he’d driven forward.

“Or like this?”

He sets a pace that has Shane grasping at the sheets, bronze stark against the white fabric. It doesn't let up.

Shane cums embarrassingly quickly.

He drops his face into the bed, convulsing as the cock pounds into him relentlessly. He tenses so tightly that Ilya stops moving for a second out of sureness that were he to slip out, he would not be able to find his way back in. Hazel eyes watch, enraptured while he chuckles in pure astonishment. Shane spurts onto the bed beneath him and it leaves him whimpering as he bites at the fabric by his face, air rushing in and out through his nose roughly.

As he begins to come down from his high, it having found him so quick that he wonders how pathetic he must really look now, he barely registers the motion revive behind him. Ilya fucks him while he lays placid, whimpering so prettily. The blond leans over his back, both sweaty planes of skin connecting, and again wraps a strong arm around Shane's neck. Lips press against Shane's ear, breath hot in huffs.

"Oh Hollander," he sighs, almost as if he were disappointed.

But he can't hide the reverie in his voice.

Shane bites at his arm, stifling his mewls and moans as Ilya fucks him at a pace that climbs and climbs until he's spilling into his lover with a groan. They grow limp and languid against each other, Shane's eyes flailing shut finally as he removes his teeth from the shaped indents in Ilya's pale skin. There's kisses pressed to his hair and he turns to press his cheek to the bed so that when his eyes do open again, it's to a lazily smiling russian in his bed.

"We will be doing that again," Ilya laughs breathlessly.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!