Dressed to Impress

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Dressed to Impress

by Oaks118

Summary

“Hollander,” Ilya’s accent is thick, voice low. It makes Shane a little weak in the knees. “Did you dress up for me?”

OR: Shane wears the suit to their first hookup. Ilya is *very* pleased (and amused) by it.

Notes

I am trying my hand at smut again. I've done it once before for my 911 Buddie Rocky Horror AU, Anticipation, but got absolutely no feedback on it :(so hopefully this one is better received lol. Ngl this is mildly filthy so peep the tags and if you don't like D/s dynamics, stay away.

I had the idea yesterday and thought it was too funny not to do so y'all get smut to ring in the New Year lol. This one might also be a hint at what I'm planning for the final installment of Episode Aftercare ;)

Comments and kudos are appreciated. Enjoy!
-Oaks

- Translation into Русский available: Dressed to Impress | Во всеоружии by Overs

Ok. Everything's ok. It's gonna be fine.

This'll be fun.

Shane tightens the knot on his tie, looking in the mirror. He went for a nice, crosshatch square-patterned tie. Light blue, because his mom says it brings out his complexion – makes his freckles pop or something like that.

His jacket fits well – he'd gotten it tailored recently for a press event. And his hair…actually, why is his hair falling like that? Why are the strands in his face all wispy? He really needs to fix that before Ilya gets here and sees him in his nice suit with his hair a mess and—

Wait. Is this too much? Maybe this is too much? Maybe the suit is—

Oh my god, why is he wearing a full suit for a *hookup*?

Shane looks at what he's wearing in horror, asking himself, "What are you doing, dude—"

There's a knock at the door.

Shane freezes, still looking at himself in the mirror, still dressed in a full suit.

Shit.

Fuck.

Fuck, shit, fuck.

He should…take it off? Maybe.

Change. He should change.

Another knock, this one a little lighter. Unsure.

Shane freezes, looking at the door.

He should answer it. He can't leave Ilya out there waiting in the hallway. What if he leaves?

What if he sees him in a full fucking suit?

Shane runs a hand through his hair, pulling at the strands, messing it up more.

What else would he even wear? All his t-shirts are still packed in his suitcase and he doesn't have time to find anything appropriate—

Footsteps retreating slowly down the hallway.

Fuck it.

He takes three big steps, unlocks the deadbolt, and cracks the door open.

He backs away from it, like he's waiting for a ghost to jump out.

After a moment, Ilya slips inside wearing a patchwork jacket, black tank top and jeans, curls sitting perfectly atop his head. Casual. Gorgeous. Normal.

Fuck.

Ilya's eyes scan the room first and then land on Shane, taking in his slacks and jacket, shirt buttoned to the top, tie around his neck.

Ilya frowns, "Did you go out or something?"

"Uh…" Shane doesn't know what to do. He kind of wishes he was naked right now. That might be less humiliating.

When he doesn't say anything else, Ilya seems to think it through, looking around the hotel room again for evidence of…Shane couldn't even think of what…whatever reason he'd be wearing a full fucking suit, he guessed.

Ilya's eyes find Shane again, registering the way he's nervously shifting from foot-to-foot, hands curling around the sleeves of his jacket as he waits for Ilya to say something. His mouth drops open, "Is this for me?"

"Uh…" Shane really, really wishes he was naked.

Ilya's lips stretch into a slow grin. He takes a step forward. Shane automatically takes one back.

"Hollander," Ilya's accent is thick, voice low. It makes Shane a little weak in the knees. "Did you dress up for me?"

"No," Shane is quick to say, still walking backwards. Ilya takes slow steps, gait almost predatory, eyes sparkling with amusement.

"No? So you did go out?"

"No," for some reason, Shane can't lie.

"So after photoshoot, you come back to hotel room, you put on suit, and wait for knock…?" Ilya raises an eyebrow, giving Shane room to finish the sentence, offer an explanation besides the very embarrassing obvious.

He doesn't say anything, just takes another step back—

His knees hit the bed, body falling back onto it.

Ilya is there before he can get up, climbing over Shane, knees bracketing his hips. He keeps his weight hovering above so they aren't touching, but Shane can feel the heat from his body,

pinning him to the mattress like a physical thing.

“You dress to…” he rakes his eyes down Shane’s body hungrily, “…impress me?”

Shane’s breath hitches – a dead giveaway.

Ilya smirks and trails a finger down the center of Shane’s tie, “I like suit. Makes you look very handsome.”

Shane blushes.

Ilya hums, “I like blush, brings out freckles.”

Shane blushes harder.

“Should I make you keep suit on?” Ilya muses. “You dress up for me, seems shame to take off so soon.” He starts pulling at the knot of Shane’s tie. “Or maybe is more like present? You pretty bow for me to unwrap.”

Shane swallows, throat dry. He’s already panting.

Ilya gets the knot undone, slowly pulling his tie from his collar, “Would you like that, Hollander? Do you want me to unwrap my present?”

Every thought he’s ever had leaves Shane’s head immediately, vision going a little blurry.

Ilya’s big hand comes up to cup his jaw, fingers stretching around his neck, pulling Shane’s eyes back to him, “Hollander?”

Shane tries to focus.

Ilya’s thumb caresses his cheek, “Is your first time with a man?”

Shane nods. Clears his throat a little. Glances down at Ilya’s mouth. “You?”

“No.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

Shane bites his lip, asks tentatively, “Another player?”

“Ah no,” Ilya’s thumb pets over Shane’s lip, pulling it from between his teeth. “My coach’s son back in Russia.” He leaves his thumb there, tracing over his lips. Shane’s tongue darts out for a taste – he can’t help it.

Ilya smirks, pulling his thumb back, using it to grip Shane’s chin. He bends close and whispers, “I like trouble.”

Shane licks his lips. He doesn't fight against Ilya's hold. "Weren't you scared of getting caught?"

"Hmm, no. Was nothing serious and we had same secret so was just…"

"Curious?" Shane offers.

Ilya smiles, "Curious." His hand spreads over Shane's jaw again, trailing to grip the back of his neck. "And you make me curious." He gives a little squeeze, "Do I make you curious?"

Shane exhales, "Obviously."

Ilya glances down at his lips, "Do you want me to satisfy curiosity?"

And Shane should probably tell him no. Should probably say what a bad idea this is. But instead he pleads, "Yes."

Ilya leans down then, kisses him slowly, like he doesn't want to spook him. Their lips meet, soft, pliant. Shane sighs into Ilya's mouth and Ilya takes the opportunity to slip his tongue inside. His hand is still on Shane's jaw, holding his head in place, tilting it for better access.

Ilya's body slowly sinks down until its pressing completely into Shane, chests and hips aligned. He gives a slow roll of his hips. Shane whimpers.

Then he's gone. Ilya pulls back abruptly, sitting up over Shane, leaving him reeling as cold air rushes between them. He doesn't let Shane feel it for long, hands sliding over his chest, pressing him into the mattress, keeping him there. Ilya is silent as he pulls away, eyes heavy as he pins Shane with his gaze. He shrugs off his jacket, exposes the chorded muscle of his shoulders, veins popping on his arms.

Shane's mouth waters.

Ilya's tank top is next, revealing smooth pecs and sculpted abs and a thick happy trail leading down—

He pounces back on Shane, kisses hungry. Ilya pulls Shane's bottom lip into his mouth, scraping the flesh with his teeth. His hand slips to the back of Shane's head, pulling at the hair there. Shane moans into his mouth. He can't help but roll his hips, he's so fucking hard it hurts.

Ilya's cock aligns with his, jeans rough through his soft slacks. Shane doesn't care, just pushes into the other man harder.

They're panting into each other's mouths, Ilya's hands coming back to press into Shane's chest, leaning his full weight into it. Shane can't lean up, can't move, can't chase Ilya's lips. He has to lie there and wait for the Russian to come to him, to slide his tongue into his mouth and steal the breath from his lungs – breath he can't fully take in because of the weight on top of him, collapsing his lungs down farther.

It's intoxicating.

Ilya sets a rhythm, grinding their hips together, pressing Shane down, hand on his neck, tongue in his mouth. Shane moans through it, writhing beneath him, fighting against Ilya's hold and loving the way he doesn't let him fucking move. He just grinds their cocks together harder, Shane whimpering uncontrollably as it builds low in his stomach.

"Fuck," he pants as Ilya's kisses move from his lips, down his jaw, to his neck. He finds this spot right behind Shane's ear, sucking the skin between his teeth—

"Fuck," Shane can't take it. It feels too good. Ilya keeps going, mouth hot and wet and—

"I don't – I need—" Shane squirms, remembering he has hands – hands that are still free – and pushes against Ilya's shoulders.

He backs off immediately, lifting himself off Shane, taking a step away from the bed with eyes full of concern, "What—?"

Shane's knees hit the floor, right in front of Ilya.

He reaches up with shaking hands, grasping at Ilya's belt buckle, the Russian towering over him. His bare chest is on full display, a thin layer of sweat already building between his pecs, that line of hair trailing down into his jeans, the waistband of his briefs.

"Please," Shane pants, undoing the belt buckle, trying to pull it off. He needs it. He needs it so fucking bad.

Ilya's hand lands in his hair, fingers threading through the strands, "Shane?"

He fumbles desperately with the button of Ilya's jeans, fingers clumsy as he gets it undone, goes for his zipper. "Please – I need—"

"Shane." The fingers in his hair tighten, pulling, forcing Shane to look up.

He stops, lips parting on another whimper. Ilya is looking down at him with heavy-lidded eyes, curls strewing into his face backlit by the dim hotel lighting.

Shane knows he must look similar – lips swollen and kissed raw, pupils fully blown. He opens his mouth to beg more but the hand tightens in his hair again and everything goes a little fuzzy.

Ilya's other hand moves to the front of his jeans, cups the bulge there, right in front of Shane's face, "You want this?"

Shane licks his lips, tongue thick and heavy. He keeps flicking his gaze between Ilya's face and Ilya's hand, doesn't know which he wants to look at more. "Please."

"I need a yes, Hollander," Ilya's voice is deep, stern.

Shane flicks his gaze back to Ilya's eyes, seeing heat there, but also more. Something almost…tender.

Shane opens his mouth. Closes it. Swallows. Takes a breath. “Yes. I want it. Please I want it —”

It’s like a dam breaks. Ilya lets go of Shane’s hair to fumble with his pants. Shane sways forward, untethered.

Ilya pulls his jeans down, letting them pool at his feet. Then his briefs slide over his ass and his cock springs up and Shane sways forward again until his face is pressed to Ilya’s hot skin, nose buried in the hair at the base of his cock.

He breaths deep.

Ilya’s hands sink into his hair again, massaging his scalp. Shane nuzzles deeper, Ilya’s hard cock soft against his cheek.

They stay like that for a minute, just breathing in the silence, the contact, Shane’s face pressed into Ilya’s bare skin, a little damp with sweat. His tongue darts out to taste, salt sparking on his palette.

His hands find Ilya’s legs, palms scratching against hair as he trails them up to his thighs, sliding around the backs to grip the muscle there. He has to fight for the movement a little, his jacket restricting his shoulders—

He’s still in his fucking suit.

Shane lets out an absolutely pathetic groan, pressing his face into Ilya’s groin. Ilya’s hands slide through his hair to cup the back of his neck, trails to his shoulders and kneads the muscles there. Shane melts into it.

There’s something about this – Ilya completely bare and Shane still fully clothed. Shane literally hot under his collar, the fabric pressing into his jugular, chafing against skin Ilya has already kissed raw. Ilya standing above him with his perfectly sculpted body, like a god ready to be worshiped. Shane kneeling at his feet.

Ilya’s hand finds Shane’s hair again, pulling his head back. Shane looks up at him with dazed eyes, completely blissed out.

“Good?” Ilya asks.

Shane nods, or tries to with Ilya still keeping his head tilted back, “So good.”

Ilya bends down then to give him a kiss, warm, wet, soft. A shiver wracks through Shane’s body at the contact, feeling it all the way to his toes.

Ilya pulls back, one hand still in Shane’s hair, the other fisting his cock. He holds it out to Shane, “You want?”

Shane licks his lips, “Yes.”

Ilya loosens his grip on his hair, “Then have.”

Shane darts forward, mouth closing over Ilya's cock. Above him, the Russian groans, "Fuck Hollander."

Shane is inexperienced, but enthusiastic. He opens his mouth wide and sinks deep, gagging a little—

Ilya tugs on his hair again, pulling him back, "Easy."

Shane whimpers, fights against Ilya's hold until he lets him sink back down on his cock.

"Not too much," the Russian mutters through a groan. "Take little bit. Suck. Good. Just like that Hollander. Use your tongue. Yes. So good for me."

Shane's entire body heats up at the praise. His cock is straining against his slacks. He wants to take them off but he doesn't want to stop long enough to do it. Doesn't want to let go of his grip on Ilya's thighs. Likes feeling the way the muscles clench beneath his hands when he does something right.

Shane traces the thick vein on the underside of Ilya's cock from his balls to the head, flicking his tongue over the tip. Ilya's thighs twitch, hips thrusting forward a little before steadying himself. Shane does it again.

"Fuck Hollander," Ilya groans. "Is too much too good. You are going to make me cum."

Shane closes his lips over the head and sinks down again. He'd try to go deeper except Ilya keeps stopping him, one hand in his hair, the other squeezing his shoulder, holding him back as Ilya shifts his hips back and forth, almost fucking his face.

Shane never wants this to end.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya is letting out little puffs of air above him. Shane tries to keep his breathing steady, nose full of Ilya's scent, wanting to breath as much of it in as he can.

"Fuck Hollander, get off," Ilya taps his shoulder, tries pulling on his hair.

Shane just doubles his efforts, wanting to taste. His eyes dart up, catching the hunger in Ilya's as he watches him. Shane wants to watch too.

Ilya's jaw goes slack, head tipping back, chest heaving—

"Shane!" He groans, spilling into his waiting mouth. It's bitter, salty, and there's so, so much. Shane coughs, pulling back, a little trailing out of his mouth.

Ilya's hand grips his cock, strips it once. More cum shoots out onto Shane's lips.

He sits back on his heels, panting, rolling the flavour around his mouth. His tongue darts out to scoop up the rest but Ilya's thumb stops him. His hand cups Shane's jaw again, fingers trailing over his lips to collect the rest that spilled over. He pushes two into Shane's mouth, Shane's lips parting easily, his tongue licking over the pads, tasting a mix of cum and skin.

The fingers pet over his tongue, his teeth, push all the way to the back of his mouth until Shane gags a little.

Ilya groans, mumbles something in Russian Shane doesn't understand. Shane closes his eyes, leans into the touch.

Ilya's fingers slip free, trailing spit. Shane doesn't care. Let's Ilya sink his fingers back into his hair again, petting it away from his face over and over, tracing around his ears, gripping the back of his neck, his shoulders.

After a minute, Ilya's hands hook under Shane's arms to pull him up. Shane goes willingly but his legs feel like jello. Luckily Ilya grips his waist as he sways on his feet, feeling the hot press of Ilya's big hands through his jacket.

"Not bad for first time," the Russian smirks, teasing.

Shane huffs, mumbling, "Fuck you, Rozanov."

Ilya just leans in to kiss him. Shane sags against him, their chests pressed together. Ilya takes a step forward, pushing Shane back. Shane follows, taking a step, then two, Ilya still kissing him.

There's a hard shove to his shoulders as his heels meet the bed and Shane falls. He lands on the mattress, dazed, looking at Ilya now so far away, wanting him closer. He reaches out.

Ilya slowly places one knee on the bed, then the next. Crawls overtop of Shane, inch by inch. Not touching.

His hand comes up, presses into the top button of Shane's collar, right over his throat, "Now I unwrap my present."

Shane swallows, throat sore, skin scratching against fabric where Ilya is pressing on it. Remnants of Ilya both inside and out.

The button comes undone, then the next, and the next. Shane is already panting again – isn't sure he ever stopped. Ilya takes his time, watching Shane's face as each button lets go, flicking his eyes to Shane's chest at each inch of revealed skin.

Shane squirms, "Just take it off."

"And ruin gift?" Ilya muses, undoing a button over Shane's stomach. "I do not want to spoil surprise."

"It's nothing you haven't already seen. In the showers."

The last button comes undone and Ilya's fingers trail to the one on Shane's pants. He holds it there, runs his finger around the button, "Yes. But I want more."

Shane looks at the hand hovering over his groin, carefully avoiding the tent in his pants.

Ilya traces over the button again. Looks at Shane's face. Raises an eyebrow, "Is ok?"

"Please," Shane says, practically at a whisper.

Ilya purses his lips in a 'you know better' way, "Shane."

Shane huffs, "Yes. Just – fuck – just please fucking take them off and touch me—"

The button goes and Ilya's hand snakes into his pants. Grips his cock.

Shane's hips jump off the bed, pushing into the touch, "Fuck."

Ilya strokes him once, twice. Shane squirms, "Fuck, Rozanov."

Ilya lets go, slips his hand out of Shane's pants, uses it to pin Shane to the bed, heavy on top of his stomach, "Be still."

Ilya crawls back up over him, trailing kisses up his chest, following the line of his open dress shirt until he reaches his neck. Ilya finds that spot again, placing a hot kiss there, breathing into Shane's ear in a way that makes him shiver.

"Ilya, please."

The Russian pulls all the way back. Shane is about to protest except he watches as Ilya sinks to his knees at the end of the bed, reaching for Shane's shoes. He carefully slips the right one off Shane's foot, watching his face the whole time. He places it next to the bed, then goes for the left, setting it down with the right.

Ilya nods at Shane's shirt and jacket, "Off."

Shane scrambles up, pulling the fabric from his shoulders, fighting with the button at his wrist—

Ilya catches his hand, nimble fingers quickly undoing the button, pulling the sleeve so Shane's hand slips through. He does the same with the other side until the fabric falls away from his shoulders, leaving Shane's chest bare.

Ilya drapes the shirt and jacket over one of the hotel chairs. Shane has a brief thought about folding them but then Ilya's hands are at his pants again, so close to his aching cock. Shane's mind goes a little blank as the fabric slips off his legs.

Ilya places Shane's pants and underwear with his shirt and jacket. He glances at Shane's feet, still clad in socks. Shane can't help but draw his legs up a little, already feeling too exposed. Ilya seems to see it. He leaves the socks.

He climbs back over Shane, lithe body moving slow like a predator, eyes hungry like Shane is his prey. Shane automatically backs up a little, shifting his body up the bed until his head falls back against the pillows.

Ilya himself above Shane, tracing his eyes over his face. His hand comes up, running a finger over Shane's cheek – his freckles. He leans in for a kiss. Shane tilts his head up willingly.

When Ilya pulls back, he smirks and whispers, "Let me show you how to do this good."

Shane rolls his eyes, but quickly loses focus as Ilya presses a kiss to his jaw, then his neck, his chest, then stomach, then thigh, then—

"Holy shit, Rozanov," Shane's head falls back against the pillows, eyes rolling as Ilya's mouth sinks down over his cock…and keeps going. All the way until his nose is pressed into the hair at the base and he fucking *swallows*.

"Oh f-fuck," Shane whimpers.

Ilya has one hand on Shane's chest, palming his pec, kneading the muscle. The other is gripping Shane's thigh, holding him open for better access as his head bobs up and down, and up and down and—

"Holy shit, Rozanov, you better get off, I can't stop," Shane stammers. Fuck that's good. That's so fucking good. How is it so fucking good?

Ilya ignores him. Just speeds up instead.

Shane is already there, feels it build rapidly – uncontrollably – in the base of his spine. Feels the muscles in his thighs twitch – knows Ilya feels it too.

He just keeps going, sucking hard on the upstroke, the sound obscene.

Shane moans through it, "Oh fuck – Rozanov – fuck, fuck, fuck. Oh my god."

Ilya keeps his head there, keeps Shane deep in his throat as his balls clench and cum spurts out and his legs shake. Shane's whole body tenses, then loosens, his head dropping back, flush going from his face all they way down to his chest.

Ilya pulls off of him with a pop, Shane's entire body twitching at the aftershock.

He's panting. If his legs felt like jello before, his whole body has succumbed to the feeling now. Everything is warm and a little fuzzy around the edges. He barely even notices Ilya climbing over him to flop down on the bed.

Barely notices him calling, "Shane?"

Shane rolls his head to the side – all he can manage right now. Ilya's eyes are tracking over his face, "Are you ok?"

Shane tries to speak but his tongue feels too heavy. He swallows, "Yeah I…sorry, I just need a minute."

Ilya smiles gently, like he knows what he means. Like he knows what he needs.

He shifts closer, sliding an arm under Shane's pillow, pulling him onto his chest. Shane rests his head there, in the crook of Ilya's shoulder, listening to his heartbeat calm down, the sound of his steady breaths.

Ilya runs a hand through Shane's hair. Shane hums at the feeling, nuzzling into his skin. He places a kiss to whatever he can reach, just because he feels like it.

He feels Ilya place a kiss in his hair.

They shower together. Ilya washes Shane's hair, fingers massaging his scalp. Shane does the same in return. Ilya keeps them close together, skin always touching, the water warm between them.

They don't speak. Shane isn't sure what he would say right now. It doesn't matter, neither of them need it.

When they're all dry – Ilya wrapping Shane in a fluffy hotel towel and rubbing him down until the water is gone – Ilya leads Shane back to the bed. He lies down and Ilya opens a bottle of water from the minibar. Passes it to Shane.

"Drink. Small sips."

Shane does as told, Ilya watching him the whole time.

When he's finished half, Ilya finds their clothes, passing Shane a soft t-shirt and fresh boxers from his suitcase. Shane can't help but notice Ilya puts the clothes he arrived in back on.

He feels a flash of disappointment but stamps it down. This was a one-time thing. They hadn't discussed anything else. He has no right – no claim – to feel this way about him leaving. He should—

"Where is your phone?" Ilya asks.

Shane glances at the nightstand where it's plugged in. Ilya grabs it, passes it to Shane, "Open."

Shane puts in his passcode, not even questioning it. He feels more present, but still a little hazy. He doesn't want to fight his way up out of it yet.

Ilya types something in, then passes it back. Shane looks at the screen. It's a new contact with an open message thread. The name reads 'Lily.'

Shane looks up in surprise as Ilya types, the 'send' sound coming from his phone. Shane gets the text a second later, "I had fun tonight. See you at next Boston game ;)'

Shane looks back at Ilya. He's standing there, expression carefully schooled into one of apathy, but Shane can see the anticipation in the set of his shoulders. The uncertainty.

He smirks, feeling a little lighter, "What's my name?"

Ilya’s lips stretch into a grin, “Jane.”

Works inspired by this one

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