

fall apart for me

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by [hollandertism \(floraphobic\)](#)

Summary

“What do you say?” Ilya asks, halting his movement to kiss Shane.

Shane’s eyes widen and his heart rate picks up. “Please.”

“Good.” Ilya holds either side of Shane’s face and brings him into an almost violent kiss. Teeth clash against teeth, noses smash together, and neither of them care if it hurts.

Notes

shane hollander needs to be dommed within an inch of his life and i will personally see to that
more porn yay. i am still not very well versed in this so you still have to be so nice to me

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

“Tell me what you want,” Ilya says. His voice is strong, contrasting the slight shake in his hands as he reaches towards Shane.

“You, just you,” Shane breathes. “It’s been too fucking long, Ilya, I just need you.” He isn’t pinned anywhere yet, but he feels cornered, and that’s exactly where he wants to be.

“What do you say?” Ilya asks, halting his movement to kiss Shane.

Shane’s eyes widen and his heart rate picks up. “*Please.*”

“Good.” Ilya holds either side of Shane’s face and brings him into an almost violent kiss. Teeth clash against teeth, noses smash together, and neither of them care if it hurts.

Shane’s head falls back to allow Ilya to kiss down his neck. Ilya leaves little bite marks that will fade before the sun rises, runs his hand over Shane’s adam’s apple, and inhales the scent of the man he loves. Shane’s little noises are all the encouragement Ilya needs, but he knows that Shane wants more than that.

“Tell me what you want me to do to you,” Ilya says, practiced and measured, into Shane’s ear. He knows that Shane likes his voice, and he’ll take every opportunity he can to use that against him.

Goosebumps raise on Shane’s skin at the sound of Ilya’s voice. “Fuck, Ilya, just do whatever you want to me,” Shane whines.

Ilya smirks and nods his head, picking Shane up off the ground and carrying him to the bed. Ilya grabs a fistful of Shane’s shirt, “off.”

“Yes, sir,” Shane says. He quickly peels his shirt off and watches Ilya do the same.

“Rules?” Ilya asks, stopping before he throws himself at Shane.

“Stop means stop, two taps if I can’t talk, I know,” Shane says hurriedly. This won’t be that intense, he’s sure of it, but Ilya has made a habit of making him recite their basic rules before they get into almost anything. It makes Shane feel safe, and it’s really fucking hot, even if he acts a bit annoyed about the interruption.

“Good boy,” Ilya praises.

“Will you please fuck me now?” Shane nigh begs, leaning back and opening his legs to Ilya.

Ilya doesn’t hold himself back anymore; he practically jumps at Shane, pulling his pants off of him and pushing him onto his back.

Ilya, despite how badly he wants to ravish Shane immediately, is going to take his time. This time, he’s left Shane’s underwear on so he can toy with him for a little bit longer. He runs his hands up and down every inch of Shane that he can reach, kisses every bit of his chest and

stomach and legs. He directs his eyes up at Shane before biting down into the soft skin of his inner thigh and enjoying watching him squirm.

Shane doesn't need to be told anymore, he puts his arms above his head and lays back, letting Ilya work him as he pleases. He almost feels drunk; his mind is fuzzy, his body is like mush, and all he can think about is how *good* he feels. When Ilya starts palming his cock, his back arches up and legs attempt to close themselves.

"Ah-ah," Ilya tuts. He pushes Shane's legs back open, inviting a soft whimper from Shane. "Stay just like this. You can do?"

Shane gives a short nod, hiding his face in a pillow. He wants to be good for Ilya.

"Say it," Ilya demands. He takes his hand from Shane's cock and lets it hover, making Shane whine again.

"I can," Shane says. "I promise."

Ilya smiles and gently drops his hand back to Shane's growing erection. He palms it up and down, squeezing just slightly, just enough to make Shane beg for more. Ilya can feel a small wet spot forming at the tip of Shane's cock.

"Good?" Ilya asks, slowly circling a fingertip around Shane's slit.

"So good," Shane breathes. "Please keep going."

Ilya gives Shane's cock a gentle squeeze before hooking a finger under his waistband, tapping his side, inviting him to raise his hips, and pulling his briefs down in one swift motion.

Ilya hums with approval, taking Shane's cock in one hand and squeezing at his thigh with the other. He can tell that Shane is trying *so* hard to keep still—and that Shane is failing. He's twitching, his biceps keep tensing up.

"Relax, *milaya*," Ilya croons. "I will take care of you."

"I'm sorry," Shane says. He takes a breath and attempts to focus himself, trying to fall back into that soft, fuzzy space.

"No need. I will help." Ilya runs a hand up Shane's torso, then down again, then grabs onto his hip. He starts rubbing circles into Shane's hip, relishing the gorgeous little moans this earns him.

"You are so tense," Ilya says softly. He presses his thumb in a bit harder, making Shane moan loudly and his leg shake. Ilya idly strokes Shane up and down, watching how each movement makes him twitch. "You are too stressed, I think."

"*Ilya*," Shane moans.

“Shane,” Ilya says. He lets his hand drift up to Shane’s neck, pressing at the bites he’d left earlier. “You are so...beautiful.”

Shane makes a choked sound and bites his lip. Ilya’s eyes are heavy with desire as he looks up at Shane’s arms—the only bit of him, above the neck, that isn’t hidden by a pillow at the moment. Shane likes the sensory deprivation, the thrill of not being able to see what Ilya is going to do to him.

Normally, Ilya would have Shane spit in his hand, but he’s feeling generous. Ilya brings his hand up to his mouth, then quickly replaces it on Shane’s cock and watches how he reacts.

Shane’s back arches up, but he keeps his legs open. His arms bear down further, and the pillow muffles much of the moan that escapes him. His voice is quiet when it comes, asking—no, *begging* Ilya to stroke him faster.

Ilya happily obliges, quickening his pace and twisting his wrist slightly for good measure. The hand on Shane’s neck opens to grab his throat, just barely applying pressure. That’s all Shane needs, though; just the feeling of Ilya’s hand on his neck drives him crazy, but coupled with Ilya’s hand on his cock? It was almost too much—*almost*.

“Oh—my god,” Shane moans. He’s slowly pushing his hips up and down, tensing all the muscles in his thighs as he chases his orgasm. “Ilya, I’m gonna—”

Just as he says this, Ilya’s hand stops moving, and the gentle buzz of his airflow being restricted is gone. Shane does not take this well, immediately whining and begging for Ilya to keep going.

“Fuck, Ilya, please. Please? I want it so bad—”

Ilya resumes his earlier pace and presses his fingers into Shane’s neck.

“Ohh, fuck—”

Ilya stops again, his hands releasing Shane.

“No, no, god—fuck, Ilya,” Shane whimpers. “Don’t do this, *please*.”

Ilya straightens his back and leans up to speak closer to Shane’s ear, pushing the pillow covering his face aside. “I will do *whatever* I want with you.”

Shane lets out a little sob. “Yes, sir,” he says.

“Good boy,” Ilya says. “You want to be good for me, da?”

“I do, I do,” Shane says.

“Then you will let me do what I want.” Ilya dips his head down and licks all the way up Shane’s cock—just once.

Shane groans lowly, repositioning his hands above his hands so that he's holding his left wrist with his right hand. Ilya spits in his free hand and takes Shane's cock in it again, stroking it slowly and rubbing his thumb on the frenulum. He keeps his pace, letting Shane's pleasure build.

The wet sounds of Ilya's hands on him, of Ilya's breathing, heavy and wanting, make Shane want to beg Ilya to stroke him faster, harder—but he's going to be a good boy. He feels his breath hitch as Ilya rubs his frenulum back and forth, hears his own moans, and finally slips into that fuzzy headspace again.

"There you go," Ilya praises. Shane's body has gone almost limp, though his cock remains hard and leaking precum. This is exactly where he wants Shane: relaxed and drunk on pleasure.

This is slower than what they usually do by several orders of magnitude, but Ilya wants to feel every bit of Shane's pleasure. He wants to see this put-together, careful man begging and whimpering for his touch. It gives him a sort of pride, knowing he's the only one who gets to see Shane like this. *Shane Hollander, the best hockey player in a generation, falling apart under Ilya's hands.*

Once Shane lets go, he's remarkably easy to bring to the edge. Ilya's pace picks up just slightly, and Shane has to warn him within thirty seconds.

"Fuck, I'm—Ilya, I'm cumming—"

Ilya's hand stops and hovers over Shane's cock. He smirks at Shane's protestations, biting his lip as he wonders just how long he'll keep Shane like this. All night, maybe? Or maybe just once more, if he can't stand how nicely Shane is asking.

Shane groans loudly when Ilya's hands are back on him. One hand on his cock, the other holding onto his hip, and Ilya's mouth working on a hickey on Shane's waist. The added stimulation of Ilya's mouth sucking and gently biting at his hip makes Shane's eyes roll back.

"Oh—my—god," Shane moans.

Ilya releases the bit of skin he'd been holding with a soft *pop* and smirks up at Shane. "That's right," he says.

"Ilya, Ilya, I need to cum," Shane begs. "Please, *please*, can I cum now?"

"Keep begging," Ilya says sternly.

"Oh, fuck, Ilya. Please, please, please let me cum." Shane's words are all run together, slurring and sloppy. "I've been such a good boy, I have to cum."

"What a good boy, begging so nicely for me." Ilya slows his pace momentarily and spits on Shane's cock.

"Oh my god, Ilya, please," Shane pleads, gripping his wrist harder.

“Keep going,” Ilya says, picking up his pace a bit as encouragement.

“Please, please, please, Ilya. I’m such a good boy, I did so good—please? I need it, I need it so fucking bad—no, please—”

Ilya stops again, just long enough to make Shane choke out a sob, then returns to a punishingly fast pace. He can’t stop, Shane just sounds so *good* when he begs. His voice is so pretty, all fucked out and desperate.

“Yes, yes, yes, please Ilya, I’m gonna—fuck, I’m—” Shane rambles.

Ilya sucks at another spot on Shane’s waist, ignoring the way he bucks up and choosing to relish the sound he makes when Ilya’s teeth begin marking him. Ilya bites at Shane’s side, careful to keep his teeth from breaking skin.

Shane’s knuckles have gone white with the effort of keeping his hands to himself. “I’m—fuck, fuck, I’m cumming, Ilya.”

Ilya raises his head to begin talking Shane through his orgasm. “That’s fucking right,” he says lowly. “Cum for me, Shane.”

That sends Shane over the edge in an instant. He pushes his head back into the mattress and covers his face with an arm, cumming on Ilya’s hand and up onto his stomach and chest. He rolls his hips slowly, riding out his orgasm.

As he comes down from his high, he takes deep breaths and looks down at Ilya. Ilya is kissing up Shane’s torso and praising him in a soft voice.

“You did so good, *milaya*,” Ilya says, kissing Shane’s shoulder and laying down next to him. “I will get towel, you stay here.” Ilya walks to the small bathroom, picking up one of the hand towels and turning on the sink. He waits for the water to get warm, then wets the towel and wrings it out until it’s just damp. He walks back into the bedroom to find Shane’s eyes shut. Ilya smiles, gently wiping Shane’s torso. Shane’s eyes blink open, and Ilya can tell that he’s still floating.

“Was good?” Ilya asks.

“Oh, yes,” Shane says. “Come here.”

Ilya lays back on the bed, reaching down to wipe away the remnants of their night and admire his work on Shane’s waist. When he’s at least mostly clean, Ilya invites Shane to lay in his arms.

“I love you,” Shane mutters.

“I love you,” Ilya says, kissing Shane’s head.

“You’re so good at that,” Shane rambles. “Feels so good to just...”

“Let go?” Ilya suggests.

“Yeah, that...” Shane trails off, his eyes fluttering shut.

Ilya lets Shane rest for a minute or two before he speaks. “I have to go, Shane.”

“I know,” Shane mumbles sleepily. “I wish you could stay.”

“Me too,” Ilya says. “But I will call you tomorrow, okay?”

“Alright,” Shane says. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Ilya says softly. He climbs out of the bed, cursing whoever decided tile was acceptable for a hotel bedroom, and lays the covers over Shane.

As he pulls his shirt back on, Ilya wishes so desperately that he could stay.

“One day,” Ilya whispers to himself. “One day.”

He walks quietly to the door, checks the peephole for passersby, and turns the doorknob. As he walks out, and as the door shuts behind him, Ilya feels the weight in his chest settle again.

One day, he’ll spend the night with Shane. One day, it won’t feel like crushing Shane’s heart to shut that door. One day.

End Notes

uh oh ilya has #feelings too. whatever shall they do? surely they won't...fuck about it

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