Shane’s hotel service

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76886066.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant, Episode 6: The Cottage, Top Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Roleplay, Sexual Roleplay, Smut, Light BDSM, Sub Shane Hollander, Restraints, Using a charging cable as rope, don’t use this as a guide for proper bdsm, Spanking, Rough Sex, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Making Out, Manhandling, Riding, Finger Sucking, Spit As Lube, Kissing, Laughter During Sex, Domestic, Creampie, no protection, slight degradation, maybe a bit out of character, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Aftercare, Freak4Freak Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Dom Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-01 Words: 3,617 Chapters: 1/1

Shane’s hotel service

by Wutdafuqisaaaa

Summary

“Sir I’m just a bellboy, you can’t treat the staff like that!”

“Oh I think I know how the staff likes to be treated after all these years”

Or, the roleplay scene in episode 6 extended bc it hasn’t left my mind since I first saw it.

Notes

This is just self indulgent smut, also I don’t think you should use a charging cable as a substitute for rope, just saying.

English isn’t my first language, so there may be a couple grammatical mistakes, I’m sorry for those.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Should I show you to your room?” Shane asked before their lips connected again, still laying on top of Ilya, pressing his body into the couch. He was so happy to be here, with Ilya, in what was probably his favourite place in the world. But when he thought about it, anywhere where Ilya was next to him felt like a piece of home. The look Ilya gave him only urged him on, he wanted, no, *needed* the other man.

They got up from the couch, sharing a sweet kiss and entangling their fingers.

“There’s two quest rooms downstairs, so plenty to chose from” he turned his head to Ilya while walking, and he couldn’t help the smile fighting itself onto his lips again at the sight of the glint in his eyes and the crooked smile.

“Hmm, I will need a king size bed” Ilya stopped him with a hand on his arm, turning him around and pulling him closer just in front of the stairs leading out of the living room.

“they all have a king size bed” Shane said, stopping and subconsciously leaning closer to Ilya. It was as if the other was constantly drawing him in, and he had an aching need inside him to get closer and closer.

“And a view” added Ilya, playing into the role of a proper guest, a demanding one at that. Shane couldn’t lift his eyes from his lips for too long, they darted down on their own again and again. The difference was that now he didn’t have to hide it anymore.

“They all have a view” he smiled at Ilya as he said it. “Hmm, and I will need a… what do you call?” He snapped his fingers as if it would help him remember “An en suite bathroom” he found the words.

“Well, that might be a problem.” Shane said, eyes now practically glued to Ilya’s lips. He was so close, could feel his breath on his lips, but he had to stay in the little role they built up.

“Oh, why is that?” Ilya asked, feigned cluelessness.

“There’s only one with an en suite” Shane answered honestly, pulling him along as he started walking toward his bedroom. “And it’s mine”. He could hear the Russian chuckle behind him as he was led up the stairs to Shane’s room.

Ilya’s hand connected with his ass in a soft slap, and he turned around to face him with a big grin on his face. He stopped in front of his bed, crossing his arms behind his back.

He exhaled, telling himself to stay in character. “This is awkward. This room ist available to the guests.” He drew out the last words as he met Ilya’s eyes.

“Hmm. Disappointing” Ilya said as he mirrored Shane’s position, also putting on an air of seriousness.

“I’m sorry, sir. We’d really like to accommodate you, but…” he trailed off and Ilya seemingly had enough, because he suddenly pushed him onto the bed, instantly crawling on top of him to press him into the mattress.

His knees bracketed Shane's hips as he pinned both his wrists on each side of his face, holding him down tighter when he struggled against the hold.

"Sir, I'm just a bellboy! You can't treat the staff like this!" Shane protested loudly as he was pinned down, but he was laughing up at Ilya when he leaned down.

Shane surged up to try and kiss him and struggle against the hold, but Ilya put a couple inches between their lips as he spoke. "Oh I think I know how the staff likes to be treated after all those years, hmm?" Ilya said, voice deeper than normal, and he had a dangerous smile adorning his face.

His weight on Shane's lap pinned him down, and when he moved his legs to try and gain some leverage it was fruitless. Getting out of his hold wouldn't be hard at all if he really tried, but he liked feeling like this. He loved giving over his control to the other, craved it if he was honest with himself.

Finally Ilya leaned back down to kiss Shane breathless, tongue swiping against his bottom lips after a few seconds of their lips moving against one another. He instantly depend the kiss, tongue sliding into Shane's mouth like it had so many times before.

Shane let himself be practically devoured by the man on top of him, struggling half heartedly from time to time to get him to tighten his hold and press him deeper into the pillows.

They were both still smiling into the kiss, partly from the roleplay they couldn't quite take serious and partly from the pure happiness and relief of finally being able to do this, in broad daylight at that. It was silly and playful, but somehow it got them both going.

Ilya's lips moved down to Shane's neck, who couldn't hold back the moan, half in protest, when the hold on one of his arms lessened. Instead, he felt that hand move down to tease along the seam of his shorts at the inside of his thigh. His hips twitched up, seeking friction.

His head fell back into the pillows, eyes closing at the relief of finally being touched again after way too long apart from the other man. Then Ilya's lips were back on his, demanding and stealing away any thought Shane previously had.

His wrists were gripped and raised higher up on the pillows "keep them there" Ilya's voice was deep in his ear, accent thick, before he pressed a small kiss to the shell of it. Shane nodded eagerly, anything to please the man on top of him.

His fingers clutched the sheets as Ilya started unbuttoning his light blue shirt, wrinkled from the manhandling he was put through the past minutes. Not that he was complaining.

Every button Ilya opened was followed by a hot, wet kiss to his chest, then down his abs, until he finally reached the small trail of hairs leading into his shorts. Their eyes met again, Ilya's mouth still open from the kisses, and it instantly wrapped into a knowing smile when he saw the look on Shane's face.

Ilya moved back up his body, making Shane whine inwardly, and mentioned for him to pull the now open shirt off fully. Shane still followed the silent order, despite wanting nothing

more than Ilya's mouth on his dick, sitting up as Ilya gave him room to do so.

They kissed again, breathing and laughing against each other's lips. "I think I have to give this hotel a bad review" Ilya muttered against his lips as he pressed him back down into the bed, mirroring their earlier position.

"Why's that? I think the staff has been quite… accommodating" he gasped out when his hands were pinned above him again and Ilya's hot mouth was back on his neck. God he loved the feel of his lips on his skin.

"Hmm, yes, this one bellboy for sure" he paused for dramatic effect, drawing out the tension. "Maybe he has to convince me this place is not that bad" he teased. Their eyes met again, and a look passed through Ilya's eyes as if he was asking "is this okay?"

Shane nodded, a bit out of breath from the arousal pooling low in his gut. "Yeah, yeah he… he's willing to demonstrate how… *dedicated* he is" his voice was unsteady, but he still looked up at Ilya with a challenging grin.

He was suddenly flipped around onto his belly, one of Ilya's strong hands gripping his ass, and he groaned at the feeling. He drew his arms in to prop himself up on the pillows so his face wasn't squished in, but Ilya tutted behind him and gripped his wrists.

Shane's arms were pulled behind him and crossed, held against his lower back, Ilya holding them there in a steel grip. "Ass up, *bellboy*" he said, and Shane could practically hear the smirk in his voice as he called him that. Shane, of course, complied, moving his knees under him to raise his ass up. It would have been embarrassing he always acted this quickly, if he wasn't so incredibly turned on.

"Is possible for you to hold them here," he tightened his grip on his arms for emphasis "or do I need to tie up this naughty hotel staff?". Shane half laughed, half moaned at the words.

"Sir, I think it's better you tie me up" he said coyly, and wasn't sure where the surge of confidence came from, but he relished in the stifled groan coming from Ilya at the words.

Ilya was suddenly gone from behind him, and Shane twisted his head around to see what he was doing at the bedside table. He was leaning over, fiddling with something, before he straightened up again. The phone charging cable dangled from his grip and he smiled down at Shane. His other hand held lube and a condom, a promise of what was to come.

He just laughed and shook his head, but he didn't have a better idea for what they could use as rope, and he was definitely not going to run to his dresser to find a tie or something. So the charging cable it was.

He didn't even realise he had moved his hands away broom his back, but Ilya was quick to remind him with a slap to his butt. He scrambled back into position, probably too eager, but he didn't even care anymore.

The cable was wrapped around his forearms, and Ilya tied some sort of knot, checking in if it was too tight or cutting into his skin anywhere. Shane shook his head, it could definitely be

worse, but it was by no means comfortable. Still, having his arms tied behind him set something going inside him, and he shifted his thighs, hoping to get any sort of friction on his aching dick.

The shorts he wore didn't stay on his body for long, thrown somewhere into the room, followed by Shane's underwear. All the while Ilya was pressing kisses to his back and palming himself through his own pants to take the edge off.

Shane was jostled by the cold feel of two lubed up fingers circling his entrance. "Fuck, warm it up at least" he complained, twisting his head to look at Ilya over his shoulder. The sight was downright amazing, Ilya must have lost his shirt and pants too in the process of undressing Shane, and his chest had a slight sheen of sweat on it.

The cross resting between his pecs glistened in the midday sun streaming through the windows. God, Shane needed him, needed him to fuck him into sheets so hard he couldn't think straight anymore.

The first finger slipped in, closely followed by another, twisting and scissoring to open Shane up. Shane whimpered at the stretch, face buried in the pillows to hide the blush covering his cheeks. He usually enjoyed being opened up by Ilya, it was intimate and he trusted him to go slow, but right now he just wanted to be fucked. Desperately.

He moved his ass back, fucking himself onto Ilya's thick, long fingers, which earned him another slap to his left asscheek, making him moan in turn. "Eager, are we?" came Ilya's cocky voice. He loved when Shane was needy, when he was this close to begging Ilya to move, to speed up.

"Shut up" Shane groaned back, eyebrows drawn together and squirming against Ilya's grip on his hip. He knew Shane was desperate, and he slipped in a third lubed up finger. He didn't want to hurt him, not after not seeing each other for two whole months. His cock was straining against his own clothes however, needing to be buried inside the man in front of him.

Ilya chuckled "Is that how you speak to a guest?", he whispered against Shane's ear, draped over him, fingers still pumping in and out at a steady pace. He grazed his prostate, making Shane shudder and whine in response. He arched his back, hoping to entice the Russian to do something, *anything* but play with him.

Ilya deemed him prepared enough after a few moments, and to Shane's delight finally pulled his own rock hard cock out of his boxers. He gave himself a couple strokes, swiping his thumb over the tip. The view of Shane Hollander, bent over, face down ass up and his hands tied behind his back was burning itself into his eyes. He was sure to never forget the sight.

When Shane heard the crinkle of the condom packet, his head snapped up. "Wait, uh… Sir?" He wasn't sure if he should stay in character for this. "Don't, don't use one" he said, meeting Ilya's wide eyes behind him. They rarely fucked without a condom, but Shane needed him close, as close as humanly possible.

“Fuck, love when you call me that” Ilya groaned, lining himself up with Shane’s hole. “So needy, so desperate for cock, hmm?“ he growled when his tip breached his entrance, stretching him further than the fingers did. Shane struggled against the binds holding his arms behind him, he wanted to touch Ilya so bad, to bury his fingers in his hair or grip his bicep.

Ilya placed one hand on Shane’s tied wrists, the other spreading him open to see himself disappear in his body. The warmth and tightness, for the first time without a layer separating them, nearly made him shoot off instantly. But he held back, he wanted to see Shane come all over his cock like a slut. Shane was moaning like one at least, breathy and muffled by the pillow his face was shoved into.

Once he bottomed out, abdomen flush with Shane’s plump ass, he draped himself over his body again. Pressing kisses to his neck and shoulders, he waited for the signal that he could move.

“Fuck… so tight” he let out a deep groan, “gripping me like virgin” he whispered into the hair at the back of Shane’s head. He grinned at the whimper Shane let out at his words, loved how much he affected him.

Ilya started moving his hips once Shane started twisting his hips impatiently. His tongue traced a path from his neck to his shoulder blades, sucking a mark into the tan skin there. “So naughty, letting guest do this to you, like whore” he muttered once he was speeding up more, punching little “ah ah”s out of Shane.

Shane’s dick was weeping, bobbing forgotten with every thrust that just barely missed the spot he needed penetrated. Ilya was doing it on purpose, he loved toying with him, breaking him down, even after all these years. He shifted his angle, finally hitting Shane’s prostate, making him moan punched out breaths. His mouth was open against the pillows, and he could bet he was drooling a bit.

As much as he loved seeing Shane being fucked from behind, Ilya needed something else even more. He pulled out, making him whine in confusing. With a grip around his chest, Ilya lifted his front off the bed until his back was flush with Ilya’s chest. “Want you to ride me, show how good you are, okay?”, his lips never straying too far from Shane’s flushed skin as he spoke.

He was nodding eagerly before he even realised it, and Ilya switched their positions quickly so Shane sat in his lap, arms still bound behind his back, and Ilya was resting against the pillows.

He stared down at Ilya, at a loss of what to do. He never rode someone without the support of his arms, always holding on to Ilya’s chest or the headboard. Said man, now under him, noticed his struggle. “Come on, you can manage, right? I think you said you wanted to show dedication?” He mocked him, hands resting on his ass, squeezing the heated flesh. His lips were shaped into that crooked grin that always ignited something in Shane, and he knew they both loved a challenge after all.

Taking pity on him, Ilya held his cock steady for Shane to sink down on, letting gravity and his muscles do the work to let himself down slowly. His head tipped back as soon he was

sitting fully on top of Ilya, he was reaching so much deeper inside of him like this.

Shane shifted his hips, drawing small circles on top of Ilya. He was nudging his prostate consistently, making himself see stars. But he wanted to make this good for him, and he started lifting himself up, until only the tip remained inside. Sinking down again, he let out a loud moan, biting down on his bottom lip.

He continued the pattern, taking Ilya's groans and facial expression as a sign he was doing well. His lips were slightly open as he looked at Shane as if he was the prettiest sight he ever laid his eyes on. "So good" he praised him, making Shane's lips quirk into a grin and more pretty sounds fall from them.

"Are you-" he gasped "satisfied, sir? Meeting your expectations?" He asked, a wild smile on his face as he found his rhythm, his legs flexing under Ilya's fingers. The answer he got to his teasing was a spank to his ass and a groan from Ilya, who seemingly couldn't take his eyes off his body.

He almost wanted to bite down on his hand to stifle his sounds, but they were still tied behind him, making his movements unsteady. When he felt a finger pushing between his lips he opened his eyes, which he couldn't even remember closing, and a second finger instantly plunged deep inside as soon as he opened his mouth to let them in.

Ilya rested his fingers on Shane's tongue, letting him suck and drool around the digit as he moved desperately in his lap. His head was bobbing up and down, in time with the pace he set. His thighs were burning, and he was relieved when Ilya's other hand helped guide his movements with a tight grip. A part of him was hoping he'd see the marks left on his hips when they were done.

A whine almost left his mouth when the fingers where pulled from his mouth, but it transformed into a moan when they wrapped around his untouched dick instead. Ilya shifted his legs under him, and he started fucking up into him, nearly making him fall forward.

Jesus Christ, Shane wouldn't last long like this. The grip around his dick was tight, just how he liked it, and Ilya made sure to swipe his thumb over the tip on every upstroke to collect what was dribbling out. "Fuck" Ilya said between heavy breathing and groaning, "So wet", and with a look up to the man riding him he could see the words were affecting him too. The added pleasure from Ilya hitting this spot deep inside him every time made him squeeze his eyes shut, mouth falling open around the sounds he was letting out.

"I'm gonna, fuck I'm coming" he groaned, head tipping back as his movements got sloppy. He was tugging at the cable holding his arms to feel it dig into his skin, reminding him that he was at Ilya's mercy. "Don't stop, don't fucking stop" Ilya's hand tightened on his hip, urging him on.

Shane finally came with a loud moan, coating Ilya's hand and his own belly with it. Ilya was shooting off just a few seconds later, deep inside him. The knowledge that he was filling him up with his cum, tainting his insides, was enough to make Shane double over, face buried in Ilya's chest. He felt muscular arms wrap around him, and seconds later his arms were freed again.

He instantly reached up to Ilya's face, pressing their mouths together. Ilya was also gripping his jaw, one hand wandering into his hair to grip the black strands, the other wrapping around his throat as they made out. If he hadn't already come, the hand around his neck would have done it for him, and he moaned into the kiss softly.

At some point it was more breathing against the others mouth than kissing, and Shane felt Ilya slowly go soft inside him. With a wince he lifted himself one last time, letting him slip out of him, and laid down on top of Ilya properly.

They stayed like that for a bit, letting the afterglow settle over them. "… so" Shane murmured against Ilya's sweat slick skin, voice hoarse from overuse "do I get a tip for my services, *Sir*?". Ilya laughed at that, shaking his head and Shane couldn't help but join in too. The cum on Shane's stomach and Ilya's hand was starting to dry, and their bodies called for a shower.

When Shane sat up, he could feel Ilya's release drip out of him, sliding along his thigh. The idea was hot, but now he just felt increasingly uncomfortable. He swatted Ilya's shoulder when he saw the smile he was holding back at Shane's grimace, but he ended up being pulled in and kissed again.

He was so in love with this man, and he was sure Ilya could see it written all over his face when he pulled away to swipe his thumb over his bottom lip and looked gently into his eyes.

They ended up lazily making out in the shower bordering Shane's bedroom, and cuddled on the couch afterwards.

Then they ate the 8 burgers Shane made.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed these 3.6k words of pure smut and three hours of my free time :)

Btw consider leaving kudos or comments bc they genuinely make my day

If you want, you can also check out my other works, especially the Pirate AU I'm working on

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!