

## Balls in holes or whatever

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# Balls in holes or whatever

by [Baybee00](#)

## Summary

Ilya watches Shane play billiards and has several NSFW thoughts about it. Thoughts, obviously, turn into actions.

## Notes

So I really should be updating my other story but saw a TikTok video about cunty billiard players and thought of these two.

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

The bar was loud, packed with Raiders jerseys and the kind of manic energy that only came from a home team victory. Ilya was riding high on it, the adrenaline from the game still humming under his skin despite the shower and the drive over. He'd scored twice tonight. Beautiful goals, both of them. The kind that made highlight reels and shut up anyone who wanted to question whether he was worth his contract.

He was three steps inside the door, teammates crowding in behind him, when he saw them.

The Montreal Metros. Already settled at the long stretch of tables near the back, nursing beers and wearing the particular expressions of men who'd just lost 4-2 on enemy ice.

"You gotta be fucking kidding me," Feller muttered from somewhere to his left.

Ilya felt his lips curl into a grin. This night had just gotten significantly more interesting.

The Metros noticed them at almost the same moment. Heads turned. Shoulders tensed. Ilya caught sight of Hollander in the middle of their group, having changed into a more comfortable (but still ugly outfit), looking like he'd rather be anywhere else on earth. His jaw was tight, that little muscle ticking the way it always did when he was irritated. Ilya knew that tell intimately.

"Well, well," Marlow called out, loud enough to carry. "Looks like somebody didn't get the memo that losers are supposed to go home and cry into their pillows."

A ripple of tension went through the Metros contingent. Pike was already half out of his seat, face flushed and ready to start something.

"Big talk from a guy who got his ass knocked on his ass twice in the second period," Pike shot back.

"Still won though, didn't we?" Marlow spread his arms wide, the universal gesture of a man looking to escalate. "Scoreboard doesn't lie, buddy."

More Raiders were filtering in now, drawn by the commotion, adding their voices to the rising noise. The Metros were responding in kind, abandoning any pretence of a quiet drink to throw barbs across the increasingly charged space between the two groups.

"Maybe if Hollander could actually finish on his chances, you wouldn't be drowning your sorrows," Kovalev added, and Ilya watched something dangerous flash across Hollander's face.

"Yeah right," Pike scoffed, with an eye roll so sassy it'd be impressive if it wasn't him, "Refs spotted for you soft Boston boys." Someone knocked a glass, sloshing foam onto the table.

Ilya's blood heated. Salty fucks, still smarting from the *completely unfounded* dig. Varkov leaned forward, caught Gagnon's eye. "Luck? We buried you. Your captain couldn't buy a goal if he paid in cash and whores."

The chirping was getting nastier now, personal in the way that crossed lines. Ilya watched Hollander's hands curl into fists at his sides, watched him take a breath like he was physically holding himself back from joining the fray. Always so controlled, that one. Always so fucking perfect.

"Enough." Hollander's voice cut through the noise, not loud but carrying that particular authority that made men twice his size shut their mouths. He stood up slowly, placing his beer on the table with deliberate precision. "Everyone shut up."

The Metros fell silent almost immediately. The Raiders took a beat longer, but even they quieted down, curious to see what the golden boy had to say.

"We're not doing this," Hollander said, addressing his team but pitching his voice loud enough for everyone to hear. "We're not getting into it in some random bar the night before we fly out. Either we can be civil and share the space, or one of us leaves." His eyes swept over the Raiders, lingering for just a moment on Ilya before moving on. "And it's not going to be us. We were here first."

Ilya felt his competitive instincts flare. Hollander standing there, all calm authority and quiet command, acting like he had any right to dictate terms on Ilya's home turf.

"Is our city," Ilya heard himself say, the words coming out with that particular edge he reserved for moments like this. "Maybe you should be ones leaving."

Hollander's gaze snapped to him, and there it was. That look. The one that said do you really want to do this right now in a language only the two of them spoke. It was a warning and a promise rolled into one, and Ilya felt it land somewhere deep in his chest.

He thought about what pushing would cost him. Hollander after a loss was already wound tight enough to snap. Hollander after a loss and a public confrontation with Ilya would be something else entirely. The kind of something else that involved locked bedroom doors and cold shoulders and, worst of all, no sex. Hollander liked to pretend he could hold out, liked to act like denying Ilya was easy for him. It wasn't. Ilya knew exactly how much Hollander loved his cock, had heard him beg for it often enough to be certain. But testing that theory tonight, with Hollander already in this mood, seemed like a spectacularly bad idea.

Ilya held up his hands in mock surrender, letting his grin turn easy, unbothered. "Fine, fine. We share. Is big bar. Plenty of room for both losers and winners."

Hollander's jaw tightened at the last dig, but he didn't rise to it. He just held Ilya's gaze for another long moment before turning back to his team, gesturing for them to settle down and return to their drinks.

"You heard the man," Ilya said to his own teammates, clapping Marlow on the shoulder hard enough to make him stumble. "We celebrate over there. Let babies have their corner."

There was grumbling, but the Raiders followed his lead, claiming a stretch of the bar on the opposite side of the room. Close enough to keep an eye on the Metros, far enough to maintain the illusion of separate spaces.

Ilya positioned himself strategically, sliding into a booth that gave him a clear sightline across the bar. He told himself it was tactical. Keep an eye on the enemy. Make sure no one started anything. It had nothing to do with the way the low lighting caught the angles of Hollander's face, or how his jacket stretched across his shoulders when he moved.

Nothing at all.

A beer appeared in front of him, and then another. His teammates were loud and happy, reliving the game's best moments, debating which goal was prettier. Ilya participated when required, offered commentary that made people laugh, accepted the backslaps and congratulations that came with being the night's star player. But his attention kept drifting.

Across the bar, the Metros seemed to be settling into a different kind of energy. The initial tension was fading, replaced by the resigned camaraderie of a team putting a loss behind them. Someone had apparently decided that alcohol was the answer, because drinks were flowing freely now, and the volume over there was starting to rival the Raiders' side.

Ilya watched as a few of them gravitated toward the pool table in the back corner. The green felt glowed under the overhead lamp, and he could hear the crack of balls being racked even from here. He watched with idle disinterest as Pike broke, sending stripes and solids scattering.

A body slid into the booth next to him, close enough that a cloud of perfume hit him before he even turned to look. Blonde hair, low cut top, legs that went on for miles. She was saying something about the game, about how amazing he'd been, touching his arm with manicured fingers.

"You were incredible out there," she breathed, leaning in close. "That second goal? I've never seen anyone move that fast."

Ilya smiled automatically, the expression practiced and empty. "Is what they pay me for."

She giggled like he'd said something clever, pressing closer. Under normal circumstances, Ilya might have been interested. She was exactly his type. Or what used to be his type, before a certain irritating Canadian captain had rewired his entire sex drive.

But now, her perfume was too strong and her laugh was too high and she wasn't Hollander, so what was even the point?

He made appropriate noises, let her think she had his attention, while his eyes tracked movement across the bar. The Metros had fully taken over the pool table now. JJ was playing against one of the younger guys, and a small crowd had gathered to watch and heckle.

The blonde. What was her name? Katie? Kylie? She was talking about something. Her job, maybe. Or her apartment. Ilya made a sound that could have been agreement and took a long pull from his beer.

And then he saw it. Saw them. The Metros crowding around Hollander, who was shaking his head with that particular expression that meant he was about to be talked into something he

didn't want to do.

"Come on, Cap," Pike was saying, loud enough for Ilya to catch snippets across the bar. "One game. For morale."

"I'm not playing pool for team morale."

"Scared you'll lose?" That was Mitka, grinning. "I'll put twenty on it. Say you can't clear the table in under ten shots."

"That's a stupid bet. The odds are completely in my favour."

"Then take it, coward."

More voices joined in, more money being waved around. Ilya watched Hollander's resistance crumble in real time, watched him sigh that long suffering sigh and shrug out of his jacket, handing it off to someone nearby.

"Fine," Hollander said, rolling up his sleeves with the kind of deliberate precision that made Ilya's mouth go dry. "But I'm taking all your money."

The blonde was still talking. Ilya had completely lost the thread of whatever she was saying. Something about a vacation, maybe. Or a promotion. He really did not care.

Because Hollander was leaning over the pool table now, chalking a cue with practiced motions, and Ilya was suddenly having a very hard time remembering how to breathe.

He'd seen Hollander in a thousand different contexts. On the ice in full gear, aggressive and focused. In bed, naked and wanting. In the quiet moments after, soft and unguarded in ways he never let anyone else see. But this was something else. This was Hollander in his element in an unexpected way, confident and casual and so fucking attractive it made Ilya want to put his fist through a wall.

Hollander took his first shot, bending over the table in a way that pulled his white T-shirt tight across his back. The pants he was wearing did absolutely criminal things to his ass, the fabric straining across the curve of it in a way that could not possibly be legal.

Ilya shifted in his seat, suddenly uncomfortable in a very specific way.

The blonde. She was touching his thigh now. Her name was definitely something with a K. He should probably acknowledge her existence at some point.

"You okay?" she asked, following his gaze across the bar. "You seem distracted."

"Just watching," Ilya said. "Want to see enemy fail."

She giggled again. "You're so competitive. It's hot."

Ilya barely heard her as the torture started near immediately. He watched from his table, pulse kicking up as Hollander bent low for the break, jeans pulling taut over thighs thick from

squats. His ass flexed hard under the denim, seams straining and with a crack the cue surged forward, balls exploding apart. Cheers went up. He circled the table slow, lining up his next shot. In what seems to be the blink of an eye Hollander sink three balls in quick succession, moving around the table with an easy grace that spoke of hours spent playing. He'd never mentioned being good at pool. Then again, there was a lot they didn't discuss. Talking wasn't really what they did.

Hollander lined up another shot, and this time he did something that made Ilya's brain short circuit completely. He lifted one leg onto the edge of the table, leaning forward to reach an awkward angle, and the position put everything on display. The long line of his thigh, the way his pants pulled impossibly tighter across his ass, the arch of his back as he stretched.

Ilya was hard. Painfully, obviously, embarrassingly hard. Right here in a crowded bar with a woman who was not Hollander pressed against his side.

He grabbed his beer and downed the rest of it in three long swallows, trying to will his erection away through sheer force of will. It did not work. If anything, watching Hollander sink another ball with a satisfied little smirk made it worse.

"Wow, he's really good," the blonde commented, apparently also watching now.

Ilya wanted to tell her to look somewhere else. To stop watching his. Whatever Hollander was to him. But that would be insane, so he just grunted in response.

Hollander was circling the table now, considering his options. The overhead light caught his hair, turned it golden, and Ilya wanted to sink his fingers into it and pull. Wanted to mess up all that perfect composure. Wanted to make Hollander forget about pool and bets and his stupid teammates and focus on nothing but Ilya.

Another shot, this time perched almost demurely on the table, one foot still on the ground. His shirt rode up as he stretched to hit the steep angle, strip of skin flashing above his belt. Ilya's mouth went dry. Hollander's focus narrowed, the tip of his tongue unconsciously poking out as he stroked the cue back and then forward again. *Crack*. Ilya can't see if the ball went in from the angle that he's at and the response from the team is no help either, as cheers and groans erupt in equal amounts. The Metros were getting proper rowdy now, money changing hands as Hollander methodically cleared the table. He looked pleased with himself, that rare genuine smile tugging at the corner of his mouth, and Ilya wanted to bite it off his face.

This was torture. Actual, genuine torture. Watching Hollander bend and stretch and move, knowing exactly what was under those clothes, unable to do anything about it.

The blonde's hand was moving higher on his thigh. Ilya caught it before she could reach anything interesting, holding her fingers in a grip that was probably too tight.

"Need to use restroom," he said abruptly, releasing her hand and sliding out of the booth.

"Oh, okay. I'll be here."

He didn't respond, already moving. Not toward the bathrooms, at first. Toward the pool table. Toward Hollander, who had just cleared the last ball and was collecting his winnings with a smugness that made Ilya want to do violent, unsavoury things to him.

But then Hollander looked up, caught Ilya's approach, and something shifted in his expression. A flicker of heat, quickly suppressed. An awareness that said he knew exactly what he'd been doing.

The bastard.

"Need to take break," Hollander said to his teammates, setting down his cue. "Bathroom."

"Don't take too long," Pike called after him. "I want a rematch."

Hollander waved a dismissive hand and walked away, heading toward the back hallway where the restrooms were located. He didn't look at Ilya. Didn't acknowledge him at all.

But he left a trail of heat in his wake that Ilya followed without hesitation.

The blonde was probably watching. His teammates might have also been watching. The entire bar could have been watching but Ilya couldn't bring himself to care about any of it.

The hallway was dim, narrow, smelling faintly of stale beer and industrial cleaner. Hollander was waiting just inside the men's room door, and the moment Ilya pushed through it, hands were grabbing his shirt and pulling him in.

Their mouths crashed together, hungry and furious. Ilya shoved Hollander back against the wall, caging him in with his body, swallowing the small sound he made on impact. Hollander tasted like beer and victory and want, and Ilya couldn't get enough.

"You did that on purpose," Ilya growled against his lips. "The pool. The bending. You knew I was watching."

Hollander's laugh was breathless, smug. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Liar." Ilya bit his lower lip, hard enough to sting. "You are tease. Worst kind of tease."

"Maybe." Hollander's hands were in his hair now, pulling him closer even as his words pushed back. "Or maybe I just wanted to play pool."

"Bullshit."

They kissed again, deeper this time, tongues sliding together in a way that made Ilya's cock throb with urgency. He wanted more. Wanted everything. Wanted to drop to his knees right here and swallow Hollander down until he forgot his own name.

But when he started to move in that direction, Hollander's hands tightened in his hair, pulling him back.

"Not here," Hollander said. His voice was rough, wrecked, but there was steel underneath it. "You want more, you wait until we're at the penthouse."

Ilya made a sound that was embarrassingly close to a whine. "Cannot wait. Need you now."

"Then you should have thought about that before you decided to chirp me in front of everyone."

"Was being civil. You said be civil."

"You called us losers."

"Is technically true."

Hollander's eyes narrowed, and for a moment Ilya thought he'd pushed too far. But then those perfect lips curved into something cruel and knowing.

"You have two options," Hollander said, each word deliberate. "I can blow you right now, right here, and that's it. That's all you get tonight. Or." He paused, letting the word hang in the air between them. "You can be patient. Wait for me to come to your place and you can get whatever you want."

Ilya's cock was making a compelling argument for option one. Immediate gratification. Hollander's mouth on him in the next thirty seconds. It would be so easy.

But Hollander had said whatever you want, and Ilya's imagination was already running wild with possibilities.

"I can be patient," he said, the words costing him physical pain.

Hollander's smile turned genuine, pleased. He pressed a quick, soft kiss to the corner of Ilya's mouth. "Good choice. I'll let you know when I'm close."

"There's no need," Ilya corrected automatically. "Will be ready."

"Whatever." Hollander ducked under his arm, straightening his clothes with quick, efficient movements. "Give me five minutes before you come out. Don't be obvious."

"Am never obvious."

Hollander snorted, but didn't dignify that with a response. He slipped out the door, leaving Ilya alone with his aching erection and his racing thoughts.

Ten minutes. He could survive five minutes.

He splashed cold water on his face, stared at his reflection in the grimy mirror, and tried to think unsexy thoughts. Tax returns. Flat, wrinkly asses. Dull Skates. Hayden Pike.

That last one worked better than the others. By the time he emerged from the bathroom, he was no longer visibly aroused, though the want still simmered under his skin.

Back in the main bar, he found his way to the booth where the blonde was still waiting. What was her name. He really should have been paying more attention.

"Everything okay?" she asked, scooting closer. "You were gone a while."

"Is fine. Had to take shit."

She looked a bit grossed out by the information and therefore accepted it without further questioning, launching back into whatever conversation she thought they'd been having. Ilya nodded at appropriate intervals, his attention already back on the Metros side of the bar.

They were engaged in conversation, Shane kinda staring off into the distance, which wasn't the slightest bit adorable. Ilya watched Pike check his phone, saw him hold up a hand and call out to the group.

"Gotta head out," Pike announced. "Wife's calling."

The response was immediate and merciless. Catcalls and whistles and shouts of "whipped!" echoed across the Metros' tables. Someone made a whip crack sound effect that set off another round of laughter.

Hollander's voice cut through the noise. "Leave him alone. Go home and get some rest." He was already shrugging back into his jacket, checking his pockets for his phone and wallet. "We should all head out anyway. Flight's early tomorrow."

There were groans and protests, but the Metros began to disperse. Settling tabs, finding coats, making plans for breakfast before the trip to the airport.

Ilya watched Hollander say goodbye to his teammates, watched him shake hands and exchange those casual shoulder bumps that passed for affection among hockey players. And then, just before he turned toward the door, Hollander looked across the bar.

Their eyes met.

Hollander smiled. Small, private. Just for him. A flush crept up his cheeks, visible even in the dim lighting.

Ilya felt that smile land somewhere behind his ribs, warm and sharp and terrifying.

And then Hollander was gone, slipping out the front door and into the Boston night.

Ilya waited. Counted to sixty in his head. Then again. The blonde was touching his arm, saying something about an after party, her place, whatever he wanted.

He stood up abruptly, cutting her off mid sentence.

"Have to go," he said, not bothering with an explanation. "Was nice meeting you."

"Wait, but." She looked confused, disappointed. "I thought we were..."

He was already walking away. Catching Feller's eye across the bar, giving him a nod that could mean anything or nothing.

"Where are you going?" Marlow called out. "Night's still young!"

"Have somewhere to be," Ilya said, grabbing his jacket. "You babies can handle yourselves."

"Oh, mysterious," someone commented. "Got a hot date, Rozanov?"

He didn't answer. Just pushed through the door and into the cool night air, his keys already in his hand.

His Ferrari was parked in the lot across the street, gleaming under the streetlights. Ilya slid into the driver's seat, the leather cold against his back, and pulled out of the lot with perhaps more speed than was strictly necessary.

The drive to his penthouse took twelve minutes. He made it in eight, weaving through late night traffic with the kind of aggressive precision that would have given his agent a heart attack if he'd known about it.

The building's parking garage was quiet, his designated spot waiting for him. He took the elevator up, counting floors, willing it to move faster.

His penthouse was exactly as he'd left it. Spacious, modern, aggressively expensive. The kind of place that said I have more money than I know what to do with in a dozen different languages.

He tossed his keys on the entry table and started pacing.

Hollander wasn't here yet. Of course he wasn't. He'd only left a few minutes before Ilya, and he didn't have a car in Boston, which meant either a cab or a rideshare. It would take time.

Ilya paced from the floor to ceiling windows to the kitchen island and back again. He checked his phone. No messages. He paced some more.

Five minutes. Ten. Fifteen.

He ran his hands through his hair, tried to make it look artfully dishevelled rather than desperately nervous. Adjusted his shirt. Checked his breath.

This was ridiculous. He was acting like a teenager before his first date, not a grown man who'd been fucking the same person for years. Hollander had seen him in every possible state. Sweaty, bloody, exhausted, furious, delirious with pleasure. Looking good for him was beside the point.

And yet.

The knock, when it finally came, made him jump.

Ilya took a breath. Composed himself. Waited a calculated number of seconds before walking to the door at a measured pace.

He checked his hair one more time in the hall mirror. Opened the door.

Hollander stood in the hallway, still in his bar attire, looking exactly as put together as he had all night. Except now Ilya could see the flush on his cheeks, the slight dishevelment of his hair, the want in his eyes that he was no longer bothering to hide.

"Took you long enough," Ilya said, leaning against the doorframe.

"Traffic." Hollander pushed past him into the penthouse, shrugging off his jacket as he went. "And my driver was chatty."

"Should have told him to drive faster."

"I was being polite. Something you know nothing about."

Ilya closed the door, followed him inside. Hollander was standing in the middle of the living room, looking around like he always did. Taking in the space, the view of the city through the windows, the evidence of Ilya's life scattered throughout.

"Is same as last time," Ilya said, coming up behind him.

"I know. I was just." Hollander trailed off, shook his head. "Doesn't matter."

Ilya didn't give him time to finish the thought. He spun Hollander around, backed him up against the kitchen counter, and kissed him.

This was different from the bathroom. There was no time pressure here, no fear of discovery. Just the two of them and the whole night stretching out ahead. Ilya took his time with it, exploring Hollander's mouth like he had all the patience in the world, even though his blood was screaming for more.

Hollander made a soft sound against his lips, hands coming up to grip Ilya's shoulders. His mouth was hot and eager, responding to every stroke of Ilya's tongue with matching hunger.

Ilya's hands found his waist, pulled him closer. He could feel Hollander's erection pressing against his hip, could feel the answering throb in his own pants. They moved together in a slow grind, chasing friction, building heat.

"Bed," Hollander gasped when they broke for air. "Take me to bed."

Ilya didn't need to be told twice. He gripped Hollander's thighs and lifted, hoisting him up onto the counter first because he could, because he liked the way Hollander's legs wrapped around his waist automatically. He kissed him again, harder now, more demanding. Then lifted him properly, Hollander clinging to him as Ilya carried him through the penthouse toward the bedroom.

He laid Hollander down on the bed, took a moment to appreciate the picture he made. Flushed and dishevelled, lips swollen from kissing, looking up at Ilya with those eyes that always seemed to see too much.

"You're staring," Hollander said.

"You are worth staring at."

Another flush, creeping down past the collar of his shirt. Ilya wanted to chase it with his tongue, wanted to map every inch of skin that colour touched.

But first.

"I was good," Ilya said, crawling onto the bed and positioning himself over Hollander's body. "Was very patient. Waited whole time at bar, did not touch you even though wanted to. Went home like you said, waited even more." He leaned down, pressed a kiss to the corner of Hollander's jaw. "Think I deserve reward."

Hollander laughed, the sound a little breathless. "And what reward were you thinking?"

Ilya considered playing coy. Considered dragging this out, making Hollander guess. But he'd been waiting for hours and his patience was completely exhausted.

"Blowjob," he said. "You promised."

"I said you could have a blowjob at the bar or wait for more," Hollander corrected. "I didn't say you'd get both."

"But you will give me both." Ilya nipped at his earlobe. "Because you are generous and kind and you know how much I suffer watching you tonight."

"Suffer." Hollander's voice was dry. "You had some blonde hanging all over you. That looked like real suffering."

Something warm curled in Ilya's chest. Jealousy. He loved when Hollander got jealous, loved the proof that this thing between them mattered as much to Hollander as it did to him.

"Did not even know her name," Ilya said honestly. "Was only watching you. Your fault for being so." He searched for the word. "Distracting."

Hollander's expression softened, something vulnerable flickering behind his eyes. "Lay down."

Ilya raised an eyebrow but complied, rolling off of Hollander and onto his back. The mattress dipped as Hollander shifted, repositioning himself between Ilya's spread legs.

"You were patient," Hollander acknowledged, hands going to Ilya's belt. "And you did behave. Mostly." He worked the belt open with practiced efficiency, then the button of his pants, then the zipper. "So I guess you've earned this."

The first touch of Hollander's hand on his cock made Ilya hiss through his teeth. He was so hard it hurt, had been hard since the pool table, and even through his underwear the pressure was almost too much.

Hollander pulled him free, wrapped long fingers around his shaft, and Ilya had to close his eyes against the surge of pleasure.

"Look at me," Hollander said.

Ilya forced his eyes open. Hollander was watching him, holding his gaze as he lowered his head and licked a long stripe up the underside of Ilya's cock.

"Fuck."

Hollander smiled, looking pleased with himself, and then opened his mouth and took Ilya in.

There was nothing teasing about it. Hollander swallowed him down like he was desperate for it, like he'd been thinking about this as long as Ilya had. His mouth was hot and wet and perfect, and he knew exactly how Ilya liked it. Deep and messy, with suction on the upstroke and that twist of his tongue around the head.

Ilya's hands found their way to Hollander's hair, fingers tangling in the soft strands. He didn't push, didn't pull, just held on as Hollander worked him over with single minded intensity.

"So good," Ilya breathed. "Your mouth. Fuck, Hollander. So good for me."

Hollander made a sound around his cock, something that might have been agreement or encouragement. He took Ilya deeper, throat relaxing to accommodate him, and Ilya felt his control start to slip.

"Close," he warned. "Hollander. Going to."

But Hollander didn't pull off. If anything, he doubled down, sucking harder, moving faster, like Ilya's orgasm was exactly what he wanted.

And Ilya was helpless to stop it. The pleasure crested, crashed over him in waves, and he was coming down Hollander's throat with a groan that probably echoed through the whole building.

Hollander swallowed everything, working him through it until Ilya was twitching with oversensitivity. Only then did he pull off, sitting back on his heels and wiping at the corner of his mouth with his thumb.

"Oops," he said, and his voice was wrecked, rough from use. "Didn't mean to make you come yet."

And then, because he was an absolute menace, he brought his thumb to his lips and sucked Ilya's cum off of it. Slow and deliberate, maintaining eye contact the whole time.

Ilya felt his cock twitch, felt blood rushing back south with alarming speed. He'd just come harder than he had in weeks and already he was getting hard again, because Hollander was impossible and infuriating and the sexiest thing Ilya had ever seen.

"You are demon," Ilya growled, pushing himself up. "Actual demon sent to torment me."

Hollander laughed, the sound bright and genuine. "Demon? That's new."

Ilya pounced, flipping them over in one smooth motion so Hollander was pinned beneath him. He kissed him hard, tasting himself on Hollander's tongue, and felt Hollander melt into the mattress with a soft moan.

"My turn now," Ilya said against his lips. "Going to make you crazy. Going to make you beg."

"I don't beg."

*'Yes you do'* Ilya thought, but chose not to poke that bear. "You will."

He started with Hollander's shirt, rucking it up inch by inch and pressing kisses to each beautifully familiar piece of skin it revealed. Hollander was warm beneath him, breathing unsteady, hands clenching in the sheets like he was fighting to stay still.

"So pretty," Ilya murmured against his collarbone. "So perfect." He scraped his teeth over a nipple, felt Hollander jerk beneath him. "Going to take you apart."

He worked his way down Hollander's body with deliberate slowness, mapping the planes and angles with his mouth. The dip of his waist. The ridge of his hipbone. The trail of hair leading down from his navel.

Hollander was squirming now, making small needy sounds that went straight to Ilya's rapidly recovering cock. "Rozanov. Come on."

"Come on what?" Ilya pressed a kiss to the inside of his thigh. "Use words."

"Touch me. Please."

"Am touching you." He nipped at the sensitive skin, felt Hollander's whole body shudder. "Where do you want me to touch?"

A frustrated sound. "You know where."

"Want to hear you say it."

Hollander's head dropped back against the pillows. His cheeks were flushed, his chest heaving, his cock straining against his underwear. He looked wrecked and Ilya had barely started.

"Want your fingers," Hollander said, the words coming out in a rush. "Want you to open me up."

Ilya rewarded him with a slow stroke through the fabric, watching Hollander's hips chase the pressure. "Good boy."

He stripped the rest of Hollander's clothes off efficiently, tossing them aside without looking where they landed. Reached for the drawer in the nightstand where he kept supplies, because he was always prepared for this, always hoping for this.

The lube was cold when he slicked his fingers, but it warmed quickly as he reached between Hollander's spread thighs. He circled his entrance with one fingertip, watching Hollander's face for every flicker of response.

"Ready?"

"Yes. God, yes, just do it."

He pressed in slowly, one finger sliding home to the knuckle. Hollander's body clenched around him, hot and tight, and Ilya had to take a breath to steady himself.

"More," Hollander demanded almost immediately. "I can take more."

"Impatient." But Ilya added a second finger anyway, because he was weak for Hollander's demands. He worked them in and out, spreading and stretching, searching for that spot that made Hollander see stars.

He knew he'd found it when Hollander's back arched off the bed, a broken sound escaping his lips.

"There," Hollander gasped. "Right there, don't stop."

Ilya had no intention of stopping. He focused his attention on that spot, rubbing and pressing until Hollander was writhing beneath him, cock leaking steadily against his stomach, hands fisted in the sheets hard enough to pull them loose.

"Please," Hollander was saying, the word broken and desperate. "Please, I need."

"What do you need?"

"You. Your cock. Please, Rozanov, I need you inside me."

Ilya's own cock throbbed at the words, fully hard again and aching for relief. But he wasn't done yet. He wanted Hollander completely incoherent before he gave him what he wanted.

He added a third finger, stretching him wider, and Hollander keened. His hips were moving now, fucking himself on Ilya's hand, chasing pleasure with abandon.

"Look at you," Ilya said, awed despite himself. "So desperate. So hungry for it."

"Please." Hollander's voice cracked on the word. "I can't. I need."

Ilya withdrew his fingers, ignoring Hollander's noise of protest. He found a condom, rolled it on with hands that weren't entirely steady, and positioned himself between Hollander's thighs.

"Do you want my cock?" he asked, rubbing the head against Hollander's entrance.

"Yes."

"Where do you want it?"

Hollander made a sound of pure frustration. "Inside me. You know where. Stop teasing."

"Say it."

"I want your cock inside me. I want you to fuck me. Please, Roz, please."

That nickname. Hollander only used it when he was completely gone, when need had stripped away all his careful defences.

"Good boy," Ilya breathed, and pushed inside.

The feeling of Hollander around him, hot and tight and perfect, made him groan. He forced himself to go slow, to give Hollander time to adjust, even though every instinct was screaming at him to move.

"Okay?" he asked when he was fully seated.

Hollander's eyes were closed, his lips parted, his expression one of pure bliss. "Move. God, please move."

Ilya obeyed. He pulled back almost all the way, then thrust forward hard, setting a rhythm that had them both gasping. Hollander's legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him deeper, and Ilya lost himself in the slide and drag of their bodies.

"Harder," Hollander demanded. "I can take it."

Ilya gave him harder. Gave him everything. Fucked into him with a force that drove them both up the bed until Hollander's head was nearly hitting the headboard.

And then Hollander's hands were pushing at his chest, not to stop him but to get his attention.

"Want to be on top," Hollander said. "Let me."

Ilya blinked, processing the request through the haze of pleasure. They'd done this position before, but not often. Hollander usually preferred to let Ilya take control, to surrender and be taken care of.

But the look in his eyes right now was anything but surrendering. There was something hungry there, something determined, and Ilya found himself nodding before he'd consciously decided.

He rolled them over, Hollander ending up astride his hips, and the change in angle made them both moan.

"Fuck," Hollander breathed. "That's." He didn't finish the sentence, just started to move.

And Ilya forgot how to breathe.

Hollander rode him with an intensity that bordered on feral. His hands were braced on Ilya's chest, his thighs flexing as he rose and fell, and his face was a study in concentrated pleasure. He was using Ilya's body exactly how he wanted, taking what he needed, lost in the pursuit of his own satisfaction.

It was the hottest thing Ilya had ever seen.

Hollander's head fell back, throat exposed, and Ilya wanted to lean up and sink his teeth into it. But he couldn't, because Hollander had taken control now, thighs flexing as he rose and fell, setting a pace that was almost punishing. The sounds spilling from his lips were filthy, desperate, and Ilya was transfixed.

He reached up to touch, to feel, but Hollander caught his wrists and pressed them into the mattress.

"Stay," Hollander gasped. "Let me."

So Ilya let him. Watched him take what he wanted, use Ilya's body to chase his pleasure, and it was so fucking hot he could barely breathe.

Then Hollander's eyes slipped closed.

But as it went on, as Hollander's eyes went distant and his rhythm faltered, Ilya felt something twist in his chest. Something ugly and possessive. Because Hollander wasn't looking at him. Wasn't even acknowledging him. Was so lost in chasing his pleasure, like his mind had drifted somewhere Ilya couldn't follow. Like Ilya wasn't even there anymore.

And just like that, the heat curdled into something cold.

There was someone. During their "break". Ilya had agreed, initiated it even. He didn't have many regrets but that was one of them.

Was Hollander thinking about him right now? That other man, whoever he was, who'd gotten to touch Hollander during those weeks when Ilya couldn't? Was he replaying it behind those closed eyelids? Comparing? Wishing Ilya was someone else?

The thought burrowed under Ilya's skin like a splinter.

He'd never been insecure about sex. Never. He knew what he had, knew what he could do with it. Had never once wondered if he was good enough, if he measured up, if whoever was in his bed wished they were somewhere else.

But Hollander had a way of dismantling him. Of taking things Ilya had always been certain of and making them feel fragile. His first real relationship with a man. His first time being in love. His first time caring whether someone stayed.

And now, apparently, his confidence that he was enough.

The jealousy and the insecurity twisted together into something that felt like anger, and Ilya grabbed Hollander's hips hard enough to bruise and forced him to stop.

Hollander's eyes flew open, startled and frustrated. "What are you."

"Am not a dildo." Ilya's voice came out rough, jagged. "Not a toy you climb on and use while you think about someone else."

Hollander stared at him. Then understanding dawned, and something that looked like pain flickered across his face.

"I wasn't thinking about anything to be honest."

"Eyes were closed." Ilya's grip tightened. "Were somewhere else. Could have been anyone underneath you."

"It couldn't." Hollander leaned down, pressing their foreheads together. His breath was ragged, his voice low and intent. "I closed my eyes because it felt too good. Because I was trying not to finish in thirty seconds like some teenager." His hand came up to cup Ilya's jaw. "I'm here. I've only ever been here. That was nothing. You're everything."

Ilya searched his face, looking for the lie, bracing for it.

He found nothing but Hollander looking back at him, open and earnest and a little bit wrecked.

The cold loosened its grip instantly.

"Good," Ilya said finally, voice still rough. "Now let me show you why I'm better than every man."

He flipped them over before Hollander could react, used his strength and size to rearrange them until Hollander was on his stomach. Before Hollander could even get his knees under him, Ilya was covering him with his body, pressing him into the mattress, and thrusting back inside.

"Oh fuck," Hollander choked out, fingers scrabbling at the sheets. "Oh god."

This angle was deeper, more intense. Ilya could feel every clench and flutter of Hollander's body around him, could hear every desperate sound he made muffled against the pillow. He set a brutal pace, driving into him with everything he had, making sure Hollander felt every inch.

"This what you wanted?" Ilya growled against his ear. "To be fucked like this? To be taken?"

Hollander's only response was a broken moan.

Ilya shifted his hips, changed the angle slightly, and felt Hollander jerk beneath him as he found that spot again. He focused there, hammering it relentlessly, until Hollander was shaking and sobbing and making sounds that weren't even words anymore.

"Come for me," Ilya commanded. "Let go. Want to feel you."

And Hollander did. His whole body went rigid, a strangled cry escaping his lips, and Ilya felt him spasm around his cock, coming completely untouched against the sheets beneath him.

Ilya fucked him through it, prolonging the waves of pleasure, and then kept going. Hollander made a sound that was half protest, half plea, his body twitching with overstimulation, but Ilya was too close to stop now.

"Almost," he gritted out. "Just. Almost."

Hollander turned his head, looked back at Ilya with eyes that were wet and dazed and completely undone. "Come on," he whispered. "Give it to me."

That was all it took. Ilya buried himself to the hilt and came with a groan that seemed to come from somewhere primal, pouring himself into the condom while Hollander clenched around him in aftershocks.

For a long moment, neither of them moved. They just breathed together, coming down from the high, their bodies still connected.

Then Ilya forced himself to pull out, carefully, and dealt with the condom. He tied it off and tossed it in the general direction of the trash can, already moving toward the bathroom for a washcloth.

When he came back, Hollander had rolled over onto his side, out of the wet spot on the sheets but not much else. He was flushed from hairline to chest, skin gleaming with sweat, looking thoroughly debauched and so beautiful it made something ache behind Ilya's ribs.

Ilya wanted to bite him. Wanted to sink his teeth into that perfect skin and leave marks that would last for days. The urge was always there, but right now it was almost overwhelming.

He settled on the edge of the bed instead, bringing the warm washcloth to Hollander's stomach where his cum had smeared.

Hollander flinched when the cloth touched him, a small whine escaping his lips. "Cold."

"Is warm. Stop being baby."

Another whine as Ilya moved lower, cleaning him gently but thoroughly. When the cloth brushed between his legs, Hollander's whole body jerked, a hiss of discomfort escaping.

"Sensitive," he complained.

"I know. Almost done."

Ilya finished as quickly as he could, being as gentle as possible despite Hollander's squirming. He tossed the washcloth toward the bathroom door to deal with later and stretched out on the bed beside him.

"Come here," he said, opening his arms.

Hollander went willingly, curling into Ilya's side and resting his head on his chest. They fit together the way they always did, bodies slotting together like puzzle pieces, like they were made for this.

"That was," Hollander started, then trailed off.

"Good?"

A soft laugh. "Something like that."

Ilya pressed a kiss to the top of his head, breathing in the scent of him. Sweat and sex and something uniquely Hollander. "Sorry for being rough at end. Got. Carried away."

"Don't apologize. I liked it."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Hollander tilted his head up, met Ilya's eyes. "I always like it. Whatever we do. However we do it."

Something warm bloomed in Ilya's chest, something he wasn't ready to name. He kissed Hollander instead of responding, soft and slow, a counterpoint to everything that had come before.

When they broke apart, Hollander settled back against his chest, and Ilya felt him start to relax into sleep.

"Flight is early," Ilya reminded him. "You should not stay too long."

"I know. Just." Hollander's arm tightened around his waist. "Few more minutes."

Ilya didn't argue. He just held on, watching the city lights through the windows, feeling Hollander's breath even out against his skin.

A few more minutes. That was all they ever had. Stolen moments in hotel rooms and penthouses, hidden from teammates and media and everyone else who couldn't know what they were to each other.

But right now, in the quiet after, it felt like enough.

It felt like everything



## End Notes

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