

backwards hat

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backwards hat

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Summary

Ilya silently yearns for frat boy Shane Hollander and his backwards hat, he swears he hates him so why is he in a bathroom on his knees?

Notes

Frat boy Shane holds a special place in my heart

Also I do struggle with conversation when I write but I swear I tried my best feel free to let me know in the comments <3

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

The first time Ilya saw Shane Hollander he decided then and there he was going to hate him

Hollander with his stupid backwards hat and his stupid perfect face, even the friends he was with, all laughing at a joke he couldn't understand and god that laugh Ilya hated it the most, how it sounded like smooth honey gentle and soft like a kind caress he'd long since forgotten, he especially hated how much he wanted to be the reason for that laugh

He'd sat unassuming letting his eyes trail the man willing Shane to meet his gaze just for a moment just so Ilya could have a taste of something real, yet he never did only Ilya's world tilted that day and he hated the other man for it

Maybe he started looking for him in his own classes but it meant nothing at least that's what he kept telling himself and there in advanced sports science he heard the voice he'd only had a glimpse of and saw that fucking hat still falling backwards

"I can't tonight man, I have a quiz I need to study for" Ilya couldn't help but look catching Hollander's friend swing an arm around his shoulder, "Boring dude how am I supposed to get Jackie to be my girl without my best wingman? And trust I'll set you up with this guy he's like super cool I promise"

Ilya kept his head down tuning out everything but the voice he swore to himself he hated, heart rate speeding up at the mention of another man, Ilya couldn't help but feel a surge of hope maybe Hollander wasn't so unattainable maybe he had a chance, not that Ilya would do anything about it but a small voice in the back of his head was drowning out anything rational except the overwhelming need for Shane

"I told you I'm good I don't need you to play matchmaker Hayde plus you and Jackie are practically locked in already" Shane's voice held a rough edge his eyes rolling and fuck if it didn't make Ilya's already fragile restraint crack

He needed him like he needed fucking air he wanted to feel the weight of Shane's body the press of his lips god he even wanted Shane and that backwards hat staring up at him from his knees

Ilya felt a tension pull lower, discreetly adjusting himself before sinking further into his seat losing track of Hollander and his friend, the urge to look for him, to have him in his line of sight again was overwhelming, Ilya gripped the desk so tightly trying to shove down his lust, he hated Shane Hollander more than ever before

His professor was speaking he knew that much but for the life of him Ilya couldn't take in anything being said, Shane's words running through his head over and over those brief words that were not Ilya's to hold but somehow were his only focus

As soon as he made it back to his dorm he knew exactly what his foolish heart was going to do, before he even made it fully through his door he was calling out to his roommate, "Marlow! We have party tonight get dressed" He said it like demand mind already made up hoping his desperation wasn't seeping through the cracks

His saw marlows eyes light up “dude thank fuck i was worried your dick stopped working” Ilya glanced back at marlow eyes narrowing “my dick works fine want to see?” He reached his hands down to his zipper looking back to see his roommate glaring as expected, reaching for a pillow before launching it at Ilya, he merely dodged his laughter ringing out, hands continuing to search through his closet for an outfit that might make Shane look twice at him

A frat party was nothing new to Ilya, he’d been frequenting them since his first semester yet this time he felt nerves grip him, an unprecedented anxiety overwhelming him, all over Shane fucking Hollander, he felt like a fumbling teenager again

The music was loud drowning out conversations, lights bouncing off walls, Ilyas eyes tracked the group of people in front of him hoping to spot the man occupying his thoughts to no avail, his feet carried him further into the chaos drinks being spilled, body’s grinding onto each other, hands reaching out for him but none of them were the hands he craved, his eyes continued to sweep the room pausing over any backward hats he saw yet none of them were Hollanders

When he finally made it to the kitchen he let out a heavy sigh accepting the fact that Hollander wasn’t here and probably wouldn’t be, he glanced down at himself with a frown hating the effort he put into looking good, he felt ridiculous facing the reality of his desire feeling his heart grow just a bit heavier, he was Ilya rozanov he didn’t do crushes certainly not on popular pretty boys not like this not so carelessly

Turning towards the counter he reached for a cup deciding he might as well get fucked up, at least then he could drown out his suffocating disappointment, his hand was mid pour when he felt the pressure in the air change his whole body tuning into a frequency he wasn’t aware existed until recently, his head whipped around eyes searching frantically and there just outside the gaggle of drunk students was Shane, wearing that infuriatingly sexy hat smiling playfully at something his friend was saying

Ilya felt his heart kickstart again beating at a rhythm that didn’t feel healthy, he couldn’t tear his eyes away transfixed by the man in front of him, he’d taste so sweet, he’d probably make the prettiest sounds underneath him, fuck Ilya thought trying to shut down his thoughts before it became everyone’s business

He leaned himself back on the wall drink clutched in his hand eyes never straying from Shane, he couldn’t help but wonder how many times they’d crossed paths without him knowing, how much he missed out on, how he could walk past the man in front of him without so much as a second glance, because now he couldn’t stop himself from looking even if he wanted to

The burn of alcohol sliding down his throat was grounding, it was the cheap stuff he hated but Shane was still laughing eyes crinkling at the edges and Ilya needed his mind to quite down, he downed the rest of his drink before pouring himself another but when he finally turned back the man of his undoing was gone the space he’d occupied glaringly empty now

Fuck Ilyas thoughts raced his body moving without conscious decision, determined to track down Hollander and not miss this one opportunity to have him the way he craved, his drink

was forgotten about discarded on the counter and soon he reached the stairs hoping he'd guessed right as he walked up them

The first room he tried was locked as was the next one, frustration began to build as he came across more empty and locked doors, until finally he found himself inside a cramped bathroom with big round eyes staring back at him

A lazy smirk graced Ilya face, hands shoved casually in his pockets as if his heart wasn't doing backflips at finally having this man so close in front of him, Ilya wanted to reach out to touch the speckling of freckles across Shane's face, to bury himself in him, to get on his knees and worship him like a god with devoted passion

"Party's downstairs no?" Ilya drawled eyes sweeping over Shane, "sorry, did you need the bathroom? I was just leaving" came the mumbled reply soon accompanied by the prettiest blush Ilya had ever seen

Ilya shook his head leaning back against the door teeth sinking into his bottom lip "we can have party up here yes? More fun that way" if Shane was blushing before it was nothing compared to the pink of his cheeks now, his freckles standing out even more, Ilyas whole body tensed blood flowing south, he made a show of adjusting himself hoping Shane wouldn't run, begging Shane to feel what Ilya was feeling to allow Ilya a taste of his foolish desires

Shane's eyes quickly dropped to Ilyas hand, the one holding his dick before bouncing back up and meeting Ilyas gaze, "holy shit...you-" he could see Shane swallow eyes travelling to Ilyas crotch again, his tongue sweeping across his lips hands gripping the sink tighter "say no Hollander we forget whole thing" please say yes Ilyas mind begged, eyes bouncing between Shane's for any sign this wasn't what he wanted

He saw the moment Shane's eyes became hooded desire flashing in them matching Ilyas own, before he could think they were crashing into each other mouths colliding in a messy kiss, Shane whimpered allowing Ilya to slip his tongue inside his mouth teeth biting down on Shane's lip, his mouth trialed down Shane's neck leaving wet kisses behind before gently biting down on the juncture of his neck suckling softly, his knee slid between Shane's legs his hands gliding under his top roaming along Shane's stomach and reaching up to grip his chest, gently plucking at Shane's nipples

He could hear Shane's breath become more shallow, moans being ripped from him a sound more beautiful than he could of conjured up in his imagination, he felt the moment Shane started grinding his hips down onto his thigh, more soft whines escaping Shane's mouth just as his hands fall onto Ilyas shoulder as if they were the only thing holding him up

When Ilya glanced up Shane's eyes were closed his mouth parted bliss overtaking his features, he connected their mouths just as he slipped his hand into Shane's pants cupping his hard length, he felt the moisture on Shane's underwear wet and all for him, it made him feel like a king

"So wet Hollander is all for me?" Ilya teased quickening his pace jerking Shane harder, Shane dropped his head onto Ilyas shoulder whimpering incoherently, Ilyas lips grazed

Shane's cheek as he whispered lowly his voice like gravel "fuck you're so hot need to taste you" before he dropped to his knees and dragged Shane's pants down with him "please, Ilya" Shane breathlessly whimpered

He gripped Shane's dick eyes locking with the man above him before he dragged his tongue up the underside of it, swirling his tongue over the tip tasting the precum slowly leaking out, "fuck taste so good" he spoke making a show of swallowing before he took Shane back into his mouth head bobbing at a maddening pace that left Shane a whimpering mess, his head thrown back exposing his neck and the red mark on it where Ilya's mouth had just been

Shane's hands reached out and gripped Ilya's hair guiding him along as Ilya quickened his pace, tongue swirling around Shane's dick pulling more of those hypnotic noises from the man above him

The only sounds were Shane's whines and the wet sound of Ilya's lips around the other man's dick, he knew hollander was close and when the hand in his hair tightened he doubled his efforts relaxing his throat and taking Shane's cock further into his mouth letting his tongue swipe along his slit and swallowing around his length

It wasn't long before he heard Shane's hypnotic voice "fuck I'm c-cumming fuck" It came out as a broken moan echoing in the bathroom, his hand trying to pull Ilya's mouth off him, Ilya kept Shane's dick heavy and hot in his mouth just as he reached his peak swallowing down Shane's release, his eyes remained locked on the man above him whose legs were shaking and eyes clouded over lost to his own pleasure

Ilya knew he was fucked, the image in front of him would haunt him for the rest of time "Good boy, best fucking meal" a grin spread across Ilya's face and his own hand reached down to palm his own uncomfortable erection

Shane's hands soon reached down hauling Ilya up slamming his mouth onto his own, when they finally pulled apart Shane spoke forehead resting on Ilya's "want to taste you too" it was spoken so gently as if anything else would break the bubble they'd found themselves in and Ilya knew he couldn't deny this man anything, his hands reached out adjusting the hat on Shane's head before guiding him down into his knees hand caressing his cheek, his thumb softly pulling at Shane's lip

He felt the warm heat of Shane's mouth as he took the digit between his lips, his tongue swirling around it eyes hooded and staring back at him "fuck, you kill me" Ilya mouthed replacing his thumb with his throbbing cock gently tapping onto Shane's outstretched tongue, feeling his dick grow harder at the drool slipping out of Shane's mouth, Ilya's thumb wiped it away before he started thrusting into Shane's warm mouth

He knew he wouldn't last long not when his fantasy was unfolding in front of him, his own moans coming out broken and choppy his breath stuttering, fuck Shane looked like a dream so perfect and all his, his mouth was moving cheeks hollowing sucking on his cock so perfectly Ilya felt unmoored, a feeling he'd locked away surfacing just as his hips stuttered slipping his cock out of Shane's mouth and letting his cum paint Shane's face

Shane blinked up at him, he was a vision, cheeks flushed and cum dripping down his face, “Hollander that mouth of yours so good” Ilyas voice was hoarse his words catching on the way out emotion bubbling towards the surface, he quickly turned towards the cabinet finding a washcloth to clean Shane’s face with

The other man was stood now pants pulled back up, his hat no longer perfectly placed on his head “my face really? You could of warned me” he grumbled making Ilyas lips quirk up “not as fun yes? You look so hot like this should take picture” Ilya heard a choked breathe behind him, he glanced over his shoulder to see Shane glaring which only made Ilyas heart soar higher, “you’re such an asshole” came the grumbled response but Ilya could hear a fondness that didn’t make sense to him

“so boring Hollander, next time I’ll miss face okay?” He expected Shane to laugh or glare some more but all he was met with was silence, when he eventually turned around washcloth hanging from his hand he saw the confusion on Shane’s face it was only then Ilya realised what he said, of course Shane perfect fucking Shane Hollander wouldn’t want more from him than this

Ilya quickly placed the washcloth into Shane’s hand, eyes downcast refusing to look at the man in front of him before reaching for the door, his hand was gripping the handle when Shane’s voice reached him “why did you find me Ilya? Did you know it would be me in here?” He sounded so small Ilya didn’t dare look back “is just fucking does it matter?” Ilyas voice sounded empty to his own ears stripped bare of any of the emotion he’d felt before, there was an audible breathe shaky and quiet, Ilya waited for the final blow to come, until he could escape and hold his encounter with Shane like a precious treasure and keep it safely locked away

“It was more than that for me okay? I- I was always looking, you just never- i thought maybe it more for you too...” a reply Ilya hadn’t been expecting, if he thought his world had already been tilting in went into free fall at Shane’s admission, his heart stopped, surely he would of noticed, he would of known if this infuriatingly perfect man wanted him but hadn’t he uttered his name so confidently hadn’t he so willingly folded under Ilyas presence... “I am stranger Hollander is no good” his words were sharp and hollow barely holding back the need to take his chance to fall blindly into Shane Hollander but it wasn’t safe Ilya was not taking more than he deserved

“You run every morning through the park on campus, you stop and pet every dog you see, you drink that shitty sweet coffee that has to give you indigestion, your eyebrows scrunch up when you’re confused or lose track of a conversation, I see you Ilya I have for a long time don’t tell me I don’t” Shane snapped words harsh and final, Ilya wordlessly turned around finally looking back at Shane, seeing his chest rising and falling rapidly, he reached his hand out pulling the other man close “breathe Hollander you’re okay breathe” he whispered with a gentleness he didn’t think himself capable of, he rubbed his hand softly over Shane’s back petting his hair until his breaths evened out

He gently guided Shane’s head up searching his eyes for the truth he knew was there, “you’re right is more Hollander I’m sorry, I come here for you only you” he slotted his mouth over Shane’s softly pressing their lips together, tender and fragile “guess that means I win this time

right?” Shane murmured softly a small laugh escaping him, “you frat boys and competition I win next time yes? When you are under me and begging” Shane’s face scrunched up a needy sound escaping him “who says I don’t top?” Hollander demanded his cheeks flushing that pretty colour again, Ilya swiped his finger over it pressing into his cheek slightly “you are bad liar Hollander, so red for me”

Ilya placed his lips onto Shane’s cheeks peppering kisses over his nose and his eyelids “so next time yes?” Shane slowly nodded eyes round and full of so much tenderness is made Ilyas chest constrict “next time” he agreed that perfect fucking smile lighting up his face, a smile he now decided he needed to keep for the rest of his life

So yeah, Ilya concluded he definitely hated Shane Hollander and that fucking backwards hat, so much that he’d handed his heart over without even realising

End Notes

Yearner Ilya remains undefeated

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