

Do What You Want To Me

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by [ToastMaloneIII](#)

Summary

They don't fuck in Nashville, but boy do they get close.

Notes

👉 Hey guys! Last time I posted on here I had no idea Hollanov existed. Now look at us. Who woulda thought?

Anyway, I binged this entire series in December and I've been stewing in my thoughts. It's finally time to start posting! Let me know what you think, I'll be back with more soon!

Title comes from Wet T-Shirt by Ruby Waters.

“In the shower. The water will drown out...anything.”

Ilya crowds in behind him while the water heats up. Steam wafts lazily through the room and the mirror is just beginning to fog around the edges as fingers settle on his hips and squeeze. Shane feels the soft brush of lips against the back of his neck and he leans against the vanity, head dropping forward. Ilya's cock is grinding against the crease of his ass and Shane bites back a whine. *We aren't fucking tonight*, he reminds himself with a twinge of disappointment. Waiting is the smart thing to do, but it doesn't mean he's happy about it.

There's a quiet rustling to his right and Shane watches the reflection in the mirror as Ilya grabs something suspiciously lube-shaped from his toiletry bag. He meets Shane's gaze and his eyes are soft but playful, “I am not fucking you, promise.” He grins and drops another kiss to Shane's shoulder before pressing close against his back and taking Shane's cock into his hand, stroking purposefully. Shane gasps, hips bucking forward as his eyes track the movement. A slick finger trails between his cheeks, rubbing against his hole, and Shane whimpers helplessly. “I just want to play with it. Will you let me?”

Shane falls to his forearms on the counter with a whimper, gaze still fixed on Ilya's in mirror. He adjusts his stance, leaning forward and spreading his legs wider so that he can arch his ass up. Ilya's eyes go dark and he groans. He's staring at Shane's ass like a man possessed, one hand spreading him open while the other prods gently at his entrance. “Fuck, Hollander. So *pretty*.” Shane huffs and buries his face in his arms to hide his blush. This is such a bad idea, probably the worst he's had so far, but he just can't bring himself to stop it.

Those strong, confident fingers continue to toy with his hole, pulsing and circling until Shane is close to begging for more. He's sure that's exactly what Ilya wants and he bites his lip, rocking backwards with a moan instead. Ilya watches him in the mirror, eyebrow quirked as if daring Shane to do it. He circles once more. Twice. A third time. Shane glares back at him, lips pressed into a tight line and Ilya lines one finger up, just the tip of it pressing into the very center of the furred muscle. It pushes forward and Shane's mouth falls open, exhaling with a gasp as he's finally filled. His eyes widen and Ilya's brow furrows in mock concern, making Shane's cheeks burn.

“Is what you need, yes?” Shane squirms in his hold, attempting to stand up, but Ilya smacks his ass and pushes him back down. The hold is firm, but not punishing, Shane knows he could break from it if he wanted to. If only he wanted to. Ilya teases a second fingertip forward, “You will get what you want much faster if you ask nicely.”

“Fuck you,” Shane retorts but he’s breathless and fucking his hips back against Ilya’s hand. He’s not going to beg. He won’t. Ilya pulls away and Shane nearly does just that, but he’s already being guided into the shower and under the warm spray. Ilya places a hand on the back of Shane’s neck and pushes him toward the wall, arranging him until his chest is pressing into the warm tile and his legs are spread wide.

“No. No fucking Hollander, remember?” Ilya’s mouth is back on his neck and he’s grinding his cock between the cheeks of Shane’s ass in long, torturous thrusts. The head of his dick teases at Shane’s wet entrance on every upstroke. *Fuuuuuck*. Ilya’s teeth scrape against the curve of his shoulder and his tongue follows the path. Shane wants him to bite down, he wants bruises to look for tomorrow. Ilya knows better and Shane can’t bring himself to ask for it, not when he knows how much he’ll love it. “Mmm but you want to, don’t you?” Ilya growls the question against his ear, nudging two fingers into his ass and fucking him roughly. He presses unerringly against Shane’s prostate, because of course he knows exactly where to find it.

“R-Rozanov, *fuck*. ” Shane is steadily rolling his hips to meet Ilya’s thrusts, head thrown back and gasping, “c’mon, give me more.” Ilya laughs and gives him a third finger, moving slower but just as confidently. Shane grunts, eyes screwing shut as he breathes through the stretch. He fucking loves this. This is everything.

“*Чёpm*. I know, I know. You want it so bad.” Ilya coos the words against Shane’s jaw, heat blooming beneath his lips and he sighs. His fingers slow, stretching wide at the entrance before pulling out, and Shane feels a thumb tug at his rim. It presses in the slightest bit and rubs, back and forth in a slick, easy slide that makes Shane feel stretched open and desperate. He risks a glance over his shoulder and finds Ilya watching his thumb, his opposite hand wrapped around his own cock and stroking slowly. He meets Shane’s gaze and grins wickedly, “You should see it, Hollander. So pink and pretty, begging to be fucked.”

“Jesus, Rozanov.” Ilya pushes those three fingers back into him and fucks him steadily. He’s dragging his fingers over Shane’s prostate making his cock drip onto the tile below. He looks down and sees it hanging heavily between his thighs, red and swollen and wet. Shane knows this is going to ruin him. He’s going to be thinking about this every waking second, and maybe even the not awake ones, for the next two weeks. Until Ilya does one better and fucks him for real. He can’t really imagine it getting any better than this.

Shane comes all over the shower floor, knees wobbling as Ilya strokes his prostate over and over. Drool trails from the corner of his mouth and his vision whites out, pulse thundering in his ears. Ilya is wringing every drop from him, the overstimulation decadent and heady and he's not sure how much more he can take. He never wants it to end. Shane's thighs tremble and Ilya wraps an arm around his chest, supporting his weight as he pulls out. Fingers tangle in Shane's hair, pulling his head back until their mouths meet and Ilya grunts into the kiss, rutting against Shane's ass. "Wait, I want-". Shane drops to his knees and swallows Ilya's cock.

Trembling fingers tangle in Shane's hair and he looks up, relaxing his jaw and dropping his hands to his thighs. Ilya's cheeks are flushed and he bites at his lower lip as he feeds his cock into Shane's mouth. He cradles Shane's head and thrusts steadily, adjusting his angle until he's fucking the head directly into Shane's throat. He doesn't gag, he's good at this and he's learned how to take Ilya, but his vision blurs and Shane quickly blinks away the tears. He wants to watch, wants to see the way Ilya's chest heaves and his arms bulge. He looks like a god, golden and strong and taking his pleasure like it is owed to him.

Slick, filthy sounds echo through the shower and Ilya mumbles something in Russian between gasps. He brushes a thumb high on Shane's cheek, just below his eye and manages a few more thrusts before he pulls out. He comes in thick, hot spurts across Shane's chest, fingers still tangled in his hair.

When Shane manages to steady his breathing, he glances up at Ilya and finds him grinning lazily. "Two weeks until you get real thing," he rasps with a wink and offers a hand to help him up.

Shane scoffs and slaps the hand away. "Shut up."

They shower off and Shane gets dressed. He lets Ilya put his number in his phone and tells himself he'll delete the message thread later. They can't do this again, Shane is losing his grip. Whatever this...thing between them is, it's gotten out of hand.

"This isn't a yes, just so you know."

Shane avoids his reflection in the glossy elevator doors as they slide shut. He's got a sinking feeling that it's always going to be a yes when it comes to Ilya Rozanov.

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