do you want to stick with me?

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do you want to stick with me?

by Sporkess

Summary

Ilya is two hours late to meet Shane and now has to make it up to him. Shane doesn't always have the words to explain what he needs, but fortunately Ilya has learned his body enough to figure it out and give it to him anyway.

Notes

This is a sequel but uhhh quite tonally different in that the first one was 7k of awkward-but-sweet bonding between Ilya and Yuna, and this is 3k of smut.
If you're not up for 7k of elevator-related bonding, the only things you need to know to understand this fic are:

- It's January 2016 and for the purposes of this fic Ilya and Shane have both just played in an All Star game
- Ilya and Yuna got stuck in an elevator together for 2 hours, during which time Yuna saw a different side of Ilya, felt maternal towards him, and gave him a bottle of Gatorade
- Ilya was therefore 2 hours late meeting 'Jane'
- Ilya made a mild joke to Yuna about how he might need to get on his knees to convince 'Jane' to forgive him

Thanks to all the commenters on part 1, whose enthusiasm convinced me to seeing how far I can take this fanfic thing before the possession ends!

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Хочешь застрять со мной? by masturblaine

“No chance,” Hollander had said when Ilya invited him to share the hotel’s remaining working elevator with him.

“Scared to be stuck with me?” Ilya asks, as they step into the stairwell. Hollander’s returning elbow job is a pathetic effort, half-hearted at best – Ilya barely has to twist for it to miss him.

“I wouldn’t be stuck with you because I’d throttle you before five minutes were up,” Hollander shoots back.

“No, would not happen. I would win you over.” The stairs are wide enough that they’re walking side by side, so Ilya can give Hollander the full effect of his smirk. “Like your mother.”

Hollander’s next elbow jab isn’t so easily evaded, but Ilya doesn’t mind. If Hollander was truly angry with him, he wouldn’t be throwing elbows, he’d be locking down tight around the building pressure and heading for the nearest exit. “You are unbelievable,” Hollander bitches. His face is starting to scrunch up into a glare and Ilya grins back at it. “I can’t believe *Mom* didn’t throttle you. I can’t believe you made a *blowjob joke* in front of her!”

“English is difficult language –”

“You know the word ‘beg’, asshole.”

“You want to read that again, Hollander?” Ilya’s smirk is back full force, but he can feel it trying to turn into a delighted smile as he watches Hollander do an instant replay in his mind and turn pink and mortified as he clearly thinks of the various ways Ilya could rebound that on him.

“Don’t – if you say a *fucking word –”* Hollander hisses in a strangled whisper, and it’s almost as satisfying as actually teasing Hollander to know how easily he could. Like a moment on the ice, when the game goes a certain way and they can both see exactly how the goal is going to happen before the puck is in the net. But Hollander’s eyes flick away from his and apprehensively around the stairwell, and Hollander’s posture is changing, starting to draw in smaller, and Ilya hates that.

“Okay, Hollander, wow, I said nothing,” Ilya says placatingly. Hollander gives him a suspicious look but then turns his gaze to the stairs and starts climbing faster. Ilya’s learned that sometimes he needs to wait; Ilya prefers Hollander wound-up and snapping back at him to closed down, but he likes him best of all when the tension’s taken off and the digs come like passing to a teammate rather than shooting for a goal. So he matches his pace easily for six steps, until Hollander’s had time to listen for the sound of other footsteps, doors opening and closing on other landings, until the tension is a little different in Hollander’s jaw, before saying, “She did not know it was a joke about blowjobs.”

“Can you please keep your voice down?” Hollander says quietly; tense, but it’s the tension now of a held position rather than of something pulled too far, so Ilya’s timed it right.

“She thought it was joke about cunnilingus.”

Hollander’s flush is bright and quick like a flicked switch and Ilya’s core clenches for a moment, a triple hit of affection and victory and lust. “Jesus Christ, Rozanov! She’ll be in this stairwell any second!”

“What, you don’t think she knows that word?”

“I swear to god if you keep talking about this I will shove you back in that elevator and *lock the fucking doors*.”

Ilya laughs, he can’t help himself, and Hollander shoulder checks him to get a headstart and speeds up his climb even more.

It’s only one more flight to Hollander’s floor – so only enough time for Ilya to check Hollander back once and for Hollander to jam him into the frame when Ilya reaches for the door – and then Hollander’s stepping into the corridor, looking carefully up and down.

Ilya waits on the landing, holding the door and holding himself still. Meets Hollander’s eyes when he looks back, flicks his own upward, back to Hollander’s, a questioning beat. Hollander’s tightened in again, his shoulders just starting to curl down, and he palms his keycard and walks halfway up the corridor before he jerks his head in a nod.

Just that is enough to have Ilya’s muscles loosening, heat curling through him, but he keeps his pace steady. Hollander swipes the keycard and disappears into his room, the door almost closing behind him, and then Ilya is there.

Shane is waiting for him on the other side of the door and Ilya is done waiting. The hoodie Shane’s wearing is soft, loose, and Ilya grabs a handful of it at each side and uses it to pin him against the wall as he leans in. Ilya kisses him like he’s been wanting him all day, like he spent all of last night checking his phone just in case Shane’s changed his mind about it being too risky to skip team dinner, like he’s spent days thinking about Shane’s mouth. Shane’s hands are in his hair and Shane’s tongue is in his mouth and hates having to pull back to breathe.

Ilya nips Shane’s lower lip and Shane moans, angling his hips up to press against Ilya’s, hands sliding down to Ilya’s chest and pushing Ilya’s jacket back off his shoulders. Ilya releases his grip on Shane just long enough to throw his jacket to one side, and then he’s touching Shane again. He pushes up Shane’s hoodie, strokes a hand up over the muscles of Shane’s stomach, up to his pecs as Shane scrambles to pull the hoodie off over his head and away, then down to cup Shane through his sweats. Shane’s moan is more like a whine as he bucks his hips into the touch.

“So hot, Hollander. You are so ready for me,” Ilya murmurs. He presses a kiss onto Shane’s freckles, by his ear, the corner of his jaw.

“I was ready for you two hours ago.” Shane’s working on the buttons to Ilya’s shirt but keeps fumbling them as Ilya strokes him through his sweats, and Ilya smirks against Shane’s neck.

Sets his teeth lightly into Shane's skin – just grazing, a tease more than a bite. The faint prick of salt sends a shiver through Ilya.

"So eager. You waited? You didn't jerk off?" Ilya slides his hand into Shane's sweats and wraps around him, loving the way he shudders and bucks into his hand.

"No. Ah, yes, fuck. I thought you were teasing me, making me wait." Ilya likes the idea, files it away. He'd linger in the hotel bar, sipping vodka, texting Shane. *Be there soon. Delayed – get yourself ready for me. Are you ready? If you are going to be ready for my cock you will need to do more. Don't cum until I get there. Be good. If you are good I will fuck you just how you like.* "But you didn't answer. I didn't know what the hell… Two fucking hours, Rozanov!"

"I know. I'm sorry." The feel of Shane's body against his has changed, and Ilya releases Shane's dick and pulls him closer so he can wrap his arms around him instead. Rubs slowly over the tense muscles of his back. Kisses him again, more softly this time.

Shane lets out a slow breath. "It wasn't your fault." Shane closes his eyes, hands loosely gripping the shirt at Ilya's shoulders; leaning into the kiss, leaning into him. "After an hour, Dad texted me. Told me Mom was stuck in an elevator with you. I couldn't make sense of it, it was like some stupid prank…"

"I am not that kind of asshole. I would not leave you wanting, not without a message."

"Yeah," Shane says on a sigh, but his lips are still pulled too tight.

"What, did you think I found a better offer?" Shane doesn't answer, not in words, but his eyes are still closed and his body leaned into Ilya's is still contracted in. "Is not possible. You are so fucking hot, Hollander. No one else in this fucking city has freckles like yours, mouth like yours, *ass* like yours…" As he speaks, Ilya slides his hands down to grip the firm muscle of it, letting his fingertips tease into the cleft through Hollander's sweats.

Shane's breath catches, and his mouth opens under Ilya's; Ilya takes the invitation, licking in and insistently teasing at Shane's tongue with his own. Shane's back shifts, starting to arch, Shane's fingers clench on his shirt and Ilya presses himself harder against Shane's hips, spreads his hands over his ass and lifting him up.

Shane toes off his shoes, wraps his legs around Ilya, and kisses him once more as Ilya moves to carry him to the bed. Ilya's bruised shoulder protests the lift but he doesn't care, can't care about anything else. "Did you. Did you just throw that Gatorade bottle into a corner when you came in?" Shane asks breathlessly.

Ilya feels an absurd bloom of fondness. "You want to talk about that now?" he asks as he drops Shane on the mattress. Shane apparently managed to get through all the buttons in the end, so Ilya throws his shirt on the floor to join the Gatorade bottle as Shane leans back on his elbows, sweats low and showing his ileac furrows and the bulge of his erection. Shane is looking at him and his eyes are so dark and his hair is mussed and his lower lip is slick with spit and slightly swollen. He's so beautiful, and Ilya wants to take him to pieces, wants to put thumbprints on his hips, wants to be the one who makes that tension unspool.

Ilya unbuckles his belt. Shane flicks his eyes down, licks his lips and a surge of desire runs through Ilya and straight into his dick. Shane looks back up and meets Ilya's eyes for just a moment before he peels off his sweats. The tip of Shane's dick is shining with fluid – already leaking for him - and his voice is a little rough as he says, "You couldn't throw it away somewhere else rather than messing up my hotel room?"

It takes Ilya a second to parse it, and then he wants to roll his eyes or kick Shane in the shins or maybe slide his mouth over that perfect dick and work his fingers inside him and wring pleasure out of him until he's forgotten how to speak. "Jesus Christ, Hollander! I just want to fuck you, I promise I will put the fucking bottle in the trash after if you will suck my fucking dick right now!"

Shane sits up and reaches for him, pushing down his trousers and briefs impatiently and letting his erection spring free, tugging him closer and onto the bed. Ilya kicks his trousers off the rest of the way along with his shoes and pushes Shane back and down against the pillows, crawling over to bracket Shane's chest between his knees, Shane's arms wrapping his thighs and gripping his hips to pull himself closer. "Most hotels don't separate out recycling from the room trash," Shane says breathlessly. "So if I suck your dick right now I want you to find a recycling bin for it,"

People tell Ilya he's an asshole but no one else gets to see Shane this way, lips open and wet and eyes gleaming with mischief and soft-lidded with desire and so fucking hot, and he loves it, loves that Shane trusts him enough to be a little shit to him even when he's naked underneath him and panting for it. Ilya is going to fly apart from how much he wants him so he just says "Yes, fuck, Hollander, I will promise anything if you stop talking about boring recycling and give me your fucking mouth."

Finally, *finally*, Shane's mouth closes on the tip of his erection, tongue lapping over his slit, and Ilya groans. "Yes, Hollander, fuck. You feel so good." Ilya reaches blindly to brace himself on the headboard and lets his head drop back for a moment as the feeling of it ripples through him, but only for a moment; he wants to see Shane. His mouth feels so good, eager and hot as he takes Ilya in, but he wants to see Shane's lips stretched around him, Shane's eyes looking up at him and going hazy with lust, Shane's face going lax with pleasure.

Ilya reaches his free hand to cup Shane's neck, feeling the lines of taut muscle under his fingers as Shane moves around him. "Let me," he says, and the tension ebbs as Shane relaxes into his hold, slackening the grip of his arms, trusting his weight and motion to Ilya. Ilya feels warmth of a different kind even as he chases his own pleasure and fucks deeper into Shane's mouth. He knows Shane's body, knows his limits and he bites the inside of his lip to keep his pace measured and his thrusts careful, but Shane's muscles stay pliant and his mouth eager as he lets Ilya guide him. "Fuck, Hollander, you take my dick so well. You are being so good for me, like you are made for me." Shane moans around Ilya's dick at the praise, his eyes fluttering, and Ilya groans at the sensation. "You like this, sucking me, being good for me." Ilya knows it's true - he's seen Shane crawl across a bed and lick the fabric of his trousers over his erection, and plead for Ilya to let him suck his dick - but it's still somehow a revelation every time he gets to have this, every time Shane gives him his mouth and trusts Ilya enough to be undone by it. Shane moans again, a needy sound. "Touch yourself for me, Hollander. Show me how much you like this."

Shane trusts more of his weight to Ilya and drops one arm from around Ilya entirely, reaching underneath him instead to take himself in hand. Ilya feels the ripple of tension in him as he does, the arch and shift of Shane's chest between his legs, the change in his breathing.

"You're close, yes? So close already, after I kept you waiting so long. You are so good, Hollander, so good for me, tell me when you need to cum…"

Shane's hand tightens on Ilya's hip, fingers digging in hard and urgent, and Ilya pulls out of Shane's mouth and shifts back to watch him come apart, flexing under him, moans shuddering through him. It's beautiful, Shane's beautiful, and so fucking hot that Ilya has to stroke himself through it. He's close enough himself that it doesn't take much, and with a gasp of "Fuck – Hollander –" he spills himself onto Shane's chest.

Shane slowly slumps back into the pillows. Ilya stays where he is for a long moment, enjoying the view. His cum is spattered on Shane's collarbones, and Shane is still catching his breath, and as Shane's eyes clear and he realises the way Ilya's looking at him a light flush spreads all the way down to his chest.

"What?" Shane asks.

"Good view," Ilya says appreciatively, eyes lingering pointedly on the drops of fluid. "Very sexy."

Shane looks at himself and his nose wrinkles as he takes it in. "Gross," he says, and Ilya grins. There's a box of tissues on a table beside the bed – he suspects Shane's forward planning – and he grabs it, carefully wiping off Shane's chest for him before finally moving to lie on his side next to him. Shane does his own quick clean up, and starts to rise, but Ilya pushes him back down, takes the wadded up tissues, scans the room, and shoots them into a trash bin in the corner.

"You are so lucky that didn't go on the floor," Shane tells him.

"Not luck," Ilya says dismissively. "I don't know if you know this, but I am very good at scoring goals." Shane snorts, and Ilya reaches for him and traces his fingers over the freckles on Shane's cheekbone. "But I am lucky for other reasons," he murmurs. Shane squirms the tiniest bit, as if unsure whether to tilt his face into the touch or duck away from it. Ilya drops his hand lightly to Shane's neck, idly tracing the lines of muscle down onto his shoulder. "Throat okay?" he asks.

"It's okay," Shane says. "It was, uh, good."

He's pink again, awkward, and Ilya finds it absurd somehow that this does it for him; that when Shane stumbles over saying he liked having his face fucked all Ilya wants to do is work him up again and force him to say the words before Ilya lets him have what he wants. "You are the good one," he murmurs instead, and Shane squirms again and has to look away.

"You should have ice on that shoulder," Shane tells him.

Ilya shoulder is throbbing now, faintly, but he still doesn't care. "Hollander. In choice between putting ice on my shoulder and you sucking my dick, is no choice at all."

"Me sucking your dick won't stop your shoulder being swollen tomorrow."

"Tomorrow I will deal with tomorrow," Ilya says dismissively. He leans down, brushes a kiss onto Shane's chest, but he can feel the shift now.

Ilya knows Shane's body here, too. Shane's muscles go loose and pliant after Ilya makes him cum, but after the orgasm clears his system it never takes too long for an certain tension to return. Sometimes poking at Ilya helps – a script Shane knows how to follow – but as soon as he runs out of words it's as if Shane doesn't know what to do with himself, where to put his hands or how to arrange his legs, who he's meant to be when someone else is there.

Ilya thinks about kissing him through it, thinks about saying *relax, Hollander*, and slinging an arm and leg over him to give Shane's body permission to go quiet, thinks about telling Shane to go to sleep, promising to see himself out… Thinks about staying for just a little while first, to watch Shane sleep.

The thought sits sourly in Ilya's stomach, and he rolls away from it, rolls away from Shane, and sits on the side of the bed. "I have a morning flight," he says steadily.

"Oh. Right, yeah, of course," Hollander says. Behind Ilya, there's the sound of him sitting up in bed, rustling as he reaches for clothes that Ilya knows he doesn't actually want to put back on. "Do you want to shower here, or…?"

Ilya shrugs, stands, fishes his briefs out from the tangle on the floor and pulls them back on. Shakes his shirt out, shrugs into it, starts to button it. "Is late. Already past your bedtime. You shower, I'll go." Trousers, belt – he dresses with more focus on efficiency than neatness. It's well past midnight now, and if he passes anyone on his way to his room, they're not likely to question why he's coming back looking like this. More likely to congratulate him.

Ilya doesn't make a point of looking away from Hollander while he dresses, but he doesn't make a point of looking at him, either. By the time he's grabbing his jacket, Hollander's sitting on the edge of the bed, awkward and uncertain, torn between a soft smile and a tension in his jaw.

"See you later, Rozanov," Hollander says.

Ilya can't resist – he walks over and kisses Shane once more, brief and hard, before he puts his jacket on.

"See you in Boston, Hollander," he says.

He takes the Gatorade bottle with him as he goes.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! This is undoubtedly the most explicit thing I've ever written so I hope you all enjoyed.

I'm definitely thinking about continuing this as a series if anyone is interested (though probably I will go back to the original roots of 'soft bonding between Ilya and the Hollanders', sorry to anyone who would be mostly wanting more porn!)

Works inspired by this one

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