

Subservient

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Subservient

by [AC91](#)

Summary

Ilya realises that Shane doesn't just respond to his needs during sex. He's taking orders – and getting off on it. They both are.

Get on your knees.

That had been the first time Ilya had tested Hollander's boundaries directly. He had noticed during their first couple interactions that Hollander seemed to like the guidance that Ilya gave him. Ilya relished in it; Hollander was the first person who seemed to actually listen to him and do what he was told to do.

It was thrilling.

But Ilya didn't realise the depth of Hollander's submissive streak right away.

The first time he had invited him to drink more water, that day in the hotel gym, Hollander had done it immediately. Ilya had figured that Hollander had just had permission to take more than what he thought he was allowed to and didn't think anything of it. When Hollander had admitted that being with Ilya was his first time being with a man, Ilya assumed that he was shy and nervous, his brown eyes docile and timid. Ilya was determined to make it as easy as possible for Hollander to explore – whatever this was.

He remembered being nervous with Sasha, and how Sasha had coached him patiently in how to fuck men. Ilya had been so focused on being good in bed that he hadn't had too much time to be truly terrified, which was great for him, but Ilya could tell that wasn't Hollander's motivator.

And that first night in Hollander's hotel room had left Ilya with questions.

The way Hollander had immediately dropped to his knees once Ilya had pressed his thumb into his mouth was...something. Like he'd been given some sort of unspoken permission to do something Ilya would have never told him he couldn't do, and once he got it, he came alive. Ilya had never experienced someone become so dazed before, so lost inside sex that the outside world didn't even seem to exist anymore. His eyes...it was like Hollander wasn't truly in his body.

The way Hollander hadn't asked for reassurance, for guidance, the way he needed to know if what he was doing was good but refused to ask Ilya outright was surprising, but Ilya could *feel* that he needed it. He'd praised him, of course – Ilya had never come so quick in his life, and he was sure Hollander would have known from that alone that he was good at sex, despite his inexperience. Or maybe in spite of it. But when he stared into those big, sad brown eyes, surrounded by the prettiest freckles he'd ever seen, Ilya could tell that Hollander was less worried about the sex being good, and more worried about *Ilya* feeling good.

It was an important distinction to someone like Ilya, who spent most of his free time bringing people to orgasm because watching the exact moment they fell apart because of him was better than any drink or drug he'd ever taken. Knowing that he was responsible for someone losing control like that, crying out his name, was powerful. *He* felt powerful in those moments. Useful.

And somehow, none of those moments felt anywhere near as heady as when he had made Hollander cry out for him, his strong hands buried in his hair, desperately trying to yank him off his cock as he came, unable to push Ilya off of him because his body was completely at Ilya's mercy. Nothing had ever felt as good as watching Hollander's eyes become faraway, filled with unshed tears, red rimmed and desperate as he stared up at Ilya, waiting to take whatever he would give him.

Because Hollander didn't need him. He wanted him.

Ilya could feel the difference.

He needed more. And he was certain Hollander needed more, too.

Ilya tested the boundary again the next time they hooked up. He gently requested Hollander get on his knees, just to see what he would do, and Hollander dropped to the floor so fast Ilya couldn't believe it.

He'd half expected Hollander to tell him to go fuck himself, or to get on his knees instead.

But Hollander had hit the ground so hard Ilya had flinched at the sound of his knees hitting the floor, barely able to breathe as Hollander desperately pulled his sweatpants down and suckled at his cock so fast Ilya nearly came right then and there.

So, he'd been curious.

More than curious. Fixated. *Obsessed*. Unable to stop thinking about what Hollander would let him do to him. He found himself wishing the women he would meet in every city would somehow reveal themselves to have the same quirks so Ilya could indulge himself with them, and stop thinking about fucking Hollander.

But he couldn't. Ilya couldn't stop thinking about Hollander, and god knows he'd tried not to think about him.

Tried not to think about when he'd ordered Hollander onto his stomach, how he had flipped over immediately for him, despite being nervous. He'd tried not to think about how when Ilya had asked him if he'd been fucked before, Hollander had tensed, but when he pressed a finger against his hole, he'd relaxed completely under his touch. How when Ilya had tried to find out if Hollander was a virgin, he had offered up that he fucked himself with a dildo. How when Ilya had pressed two fingers inside him that night, Hollander had scoffed and said he could take more than that, but refused to tell Ilya how big his dildo was. How when Ilya fucked him, Hollander's eyes would become wetter and more intense, how all he could do was stare at Ilya through heavy breaths and frantically touch every part of him, moaning his name.

The more Ilya tried not to think about Hollander, the more he became consumed by him.

Ilya needed to know what else he could instruct Hollander to do. Within reason, of course. Ilya just wanted to give Hollander everything he didn't know he needed.

There was no one else like him. Ilya had fucked enough people to know that.

The first time they'd had sex, Ilya had been cautious about making demands, but he still needed to know if he was onto something.

Come here.

Hold your legs up.

Turn over.

Tell me how it feels.

Don't be quiet. I want to hear you.

They'd barely be considered orders by any sane person, but Ilya could tell that Hollander wasn't someone who expressed himself without being pushed. And when Ilya pushed, Hollander unravelled. He unravelled fast, and desperately.

It was kind of beautiful.

Ilya wondered if anyone else had worked Hollander out the way he had. If anyone else could make him react the way Ilya could. If anyone else made Hollander come the way Ilya did.

If Hollander fell to his knees, his eyes glazed over, staring up dazedly at anyone else the way he did for Ilya.

Probably not, if Hollander was a virgin.

Vegas had been the turning point.

Ilya had instructed Hollander to sit on the bed before him and touch himself, and Hollander had *done it*. He had sat there, naked and on display for Ilya, touching his beautiful body, his perfect skin, fingering himself open for *Ilya*, his nerves seemingly disappearing as if they never even existed. As if all Hollander had needed was a watchful eye and unwavering desire for him to come alive.

Ilya had to force himself to stay seated for as long as he could, out of reach, not moving a muscle even though he had been desperate.

Desperate to touch Hollander's soft skin. To make those eyes water with overwhelm, to hold him down, to make him sweat, to taste him. Ilya had done his best to hold firm, to see what he could get away with.

Not that his games mattered. The second Hollander had said he *needed* him, his wide brown eyes staring him down, daring him to say no, his lips curled up like he already knew he had Ilya eating out of the palm of his hand, Ilya was on his feet, stripping off his clothes and reaching for him.

He didn't realise until he was fucking Hollander so hard he could see tear tracks on his pillows that they each held some sort of power over each other that nobody else did. That this obsession probably went both ways, the two of them desperately needing to please one another.

Ilya was okay with it, though. He'd never admit it to anyone, but he loved it. He loved being needed the way he and Hollander seemed to need each other.

He just hated that he had to wait weeks or sometimes months in between hook ups with Hollander to keep testing his theories on what he could get away with.

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"Hold yourself open," Ilya demanded – *pleaded*, but he was sure Hollander was so far gone that he couldn't tell the difference.

He watched as Hollander shifted flat onto his stomach, reaching behind himself to grab his ass cheeks, pulling them apart for Ilya. He knelt over Hollander, unable to stop himself from reaching down to press two fingers to his gaping hole, biting his lip as Hollander moaned softly at the feeling.

Ilya made sure to watch Hollander's face to see how he really felt; he didn't ever want to hurt him. He just wanted to push him so far beyond limits Hollander never even knew he had in the first place and leave him wanting more.

But Hollander looked happy. Completely blissed out – his eyes dreamy and soft, a smile threatening to break free as he bit his lower lip, red and swollen from hours of kissing and sucking, moaning a little louder as Ilya pressed two fingers inside him, his entire body so relaxed no part of him even tensed.

Ilya had been fucking him for so long, working them both up to orgasm then easing them back down without release. They didn't often have this long together, and Ilya was desperate to leave his mark on Hollander and make the most of tonight.

He was going to make damn sure he was the best Hollander ever had, and that sex with anyone else wouldn't be anything like it was with Ilya.

It was only fair.

Hollander whimpered as Ilya fucked him with his fingers, running his free hand down his back. Hollander had the most beautiful skin; he was so soft, not a single blemish aside from a small scar on his left shoulder that Ilya was desperate to know the backstory of. He traced his way down his spine to the little dimples Hollander had in his lower back, down to his muscular, full, perfect ass, tiny white stretch marks spanning the flesh there, barely visible underneath Hollander's hands, holding himself taut and open for him.

Ilya bent down to bite his left cheek, wishing so badly he could leave a mark there, smirking when Hollander squirmed beneath him.

“What do you want?” Ilya asked.

He loved making Hollander say it. He was still too shy, too green to make demands, and Ilya *loved* the way his cheeks flushed red when Ilya made him beg for it.

“Fuck me, please,” Hollander said, opening his eyes and craning his head awkwardly to look at Ilya behind him.

Please. He was always so polite. Ilya loved that about him.

Ilya crawled forward, still working his fingers inside Hollander as he kissed the scar on his shoulder, looking at him properly. His eyes were hazy, wet and faraway, completely lost in this moment with Ilya.

“Fuck you how?”

Hollander huffed, but Ilya could see him practicing in his head, choosing his words so he felt less awkward saying it out loud.

“Fuck me hard,” Hollander mumbled. “So hard – do your trick, please.”

Ilya smiled as he moved back, pulling his fingers out of Hollander slowly and pressing the tip of his cock to his loose, relaxed hole. He'd done good, asking for what he wanted.

The least Ilya could do was give it to him.

Ilya fucked inside Hollander, not letting him catch his breath or react before he set a punishing pace, knowing that he liked it as hard and rough as Ilya did. That was what always got Hollander over the line, coming untouched as Ilya grabbed his hips, pulling him back against his thrusts.

Hollander came faster than either of them expected, shouting out as he pressed his face into the mattress, rolling his hips as he came untouched, desperately trying to get some friction against his cock, spurting onto the duvet. Ilya showed mercy, leaning closer to reach forward and grip him tightly, jerking him hard and fast in time with his thrusts.

Watching Hollander come was the hottest fucking thing Ilya had ever seen. He never got sick of it, of hearing his desperate moans and gasps, needing more.

Ilya gave himself permission to let go, satisfied that Hollander was sated. He took a long moment to stop moving, his hips and his hand finally stilling as he looked down at Hollander, motionless against the duvet, looking like he was asleep.

It wasn't until he came back from the bathroom after cleaning up and disposing of the condom that he realised Hollander was still pressed flat against the mattress, his hands spreading his cheeks, waiting.

Ilya couldn't help himself.

He moved quickly, kneeling between Hollander's legs on the floor and burying his face between his cheeks. Hollander cried out, but Ilya pressed his hands over Hollander's, pushing him open even further as he licked and kissed his way to his hole, hungrily pressing his tongue inside.

Even as he came a second time, Hollander didn't move.

He didn't move until Ilya gently grabbed his wrists and forced him to let go of himself, making him roll over onto his back and wipe him down with a wet towel, trying to bring him back to himself.

Hollander looked too blissed out to even know where he was.

Ilya rubbed his back as Hollander's breathing finally calmed down, already dissecting the sex they had just had, and formulating a plan for next time he was in Montreal in nine weeks.

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Do you think you could take my fist?

Ilya stared at his phone, waiting for Hollander to reply. He smiled when he saw the three dots appear on the screen immediately, knowing that he was probably on the other end of the phone, trying to hide his screen from the boys in the locker room and agonising over how to respond.

The dots appeared and disappeared six times before Hollander replied.

Not sure. Three feels like too much sometimes. Maybe four?

Ilya couldn't contain his grin – not that he even tried to. He could see Marleau watching him out of the corner of his eye, but Ilya couldn't bring himself to care all that much. Let Marleau think whatever he wanted. Ilya didn't care about anything other than Shane Hollander earnestly discussing how much of him he could take.

Maybe four: That was exactly what he wanted to hear.

He watched the three dots appear and disappear again, grateful that he already had his pads on and that nobody could see how hard he currently was. If he knew Hollander, and he felt like he did by now, at least a little, he knew that he'd be worked up for the entire game.

Ilya was right. Hollander's eye caught his as they took to the bench before the game, and he could see it.

Desperation. Excitement.

Anticipation.

Ilya knew how he felt.

Getting through the game was painful.

The Metros were up by two points, and Ilya couldn't think of anything less he wanted to do right now than score points. He wanted this game over, and he wanted to get out of the fucking rink and inside of Hollander.

He barely heard it when the game was called. He knew he should have been disappointed that the Raider's lost, but all Ilya was focused on was jumping in the showers, catching a cab to Hollander's and get to work stretching Hollander up –

“See you in the morning, Captain,” Marleau winked.

Ilya didn't dignify that with a response as he made his way out to the player's exit, still damp from the showers, hiking up his hoodie over his wet hair and walking half a block away to hail a cab where nobody could see him.

He was practised at this by now. Catch a cab away from the rink, get dropped off a block away from Hollander's apartment and walk down the quiet side streets where nobody would recognise him, then text when he was around the corner so Hollander had exactly enough time to get downstairs and open the door as soon as Ilya made it to the back entrance.

Hollander didn't say a word as he let him in. Ilya followed him up the stairs, recognising the tension in Hollander's walk.

He was nervous and excited and clearly trying not to be.

Ilya didn't know why. He had long stopped pretending that he didn't love sex with Hollander. But Hollander seemed a little slower than him, always two steps behind in accepting how he felt about things.

Just one of many things Ilya was better at Hollander at. He had to make sure to tell him that some time.

He followed Hollander straight into the bedroom, dropping his bag by the door and reaching for his hips before he turned around. Hollander sighed softly as Ilya kissed his neck, his hands moving to his waistline to unzip his jeans. Ilya couldn't get enough of the softness of Hollander's hips, the softness of his stomach that hid the hardness of his athletic body underneath.

“You can't text me shit like that before a game,” Hollander said lowly, but there was no heat behind it, Ilya could tell.

“But I needed to know,” Ilya said honestly.

“You could have asked any other time,” Hollander said. Ilya could hear the smile in his voice from behind him.

Hollander made a soft noise as Ilya shoved his jeans down his hips, biting his shoulder gently as he palmed his cock, already hard for him. Ilya smirked as Hollander went lax against him, pliant and ready and waiting to be told what to do.

“Take this off,” Ilya said, smiling when Hollander pulled away from him and immediately reached to take off his shirt, shimmying out of his pants. He looked at Ilya expectantly as he tucked his thumbs into his underwear, taking them off slower as he maintained eye contact.

Hollander *knew* he was sexy. Ilya had watched him grow from shy and unsure of himself to standing proud and naked before him, waiting for his next instructions, his eyes alight with excitement. Ilya caught the way Hollander would notice the way he stared at him, opening himself up to Ilya to get a better look, or touching himself where Ilya wanted to touch him.

Sometimes it felt like too much.

Other times, like tonight, it didn’t feel like nearly enough.

Ilya followed suit, stripping quickly and tossing his clothes on the pile Hollander had left. Less and less would Hollander pause to fold his clothes, Ilya noticed. More and more he was just as desperate to get his hands on Ilya.

It felt nice, being so wanted.

Ilya moved closer, placing his hand on Hollander’s stomach and pushing him until he hit the bed, shoving him down a little roughly. Hollander smiled as Ilya climbed over him, kissing him before sucking kisses down his chest before taking his dick into his mouth.

Ilya didn’t even have to look at Hollander to know how he felt. They’d done this enough times for him to know what every deep breath, every touch meant. He could feel Hollander’s hands in his hair, gripping tightly and trying to push him off, his body tensing beneath him.

He needed Hollander to come before he got to work, though. It was the only way either of them were going to make it through the night, he could tell.

Hollander came fast, with a moan so loud Ilya could feel it reverberate down to his toes. Ilya moved off his spent cock slowly, kissing his way down Hollander’s thighs before he climbed off the bed and shuffled to the bedside table, rooting around the bottom drawer for the lube they kept there.

“You still want to try?” Ilya asked.

“Yes,” Hollander breathed. Ilya turned to look at him, smiling when he saw how spaced out Hollander already looked. He was on a mission tonight, but he couldn’t stop himself. He climbed back on top of Hollander, grabbing him by the neck and kissing him deeply. Hollander kissed him back, whimpering softly into his mouth and reaching down for Ilya’s cock and stroking him languidly.

He reluctantly pulled away; tonight wasn’t about this. Ilya would indulge in that some other time. Tonight, he had a question he needed answered.

“Turn over,” Ilya said, watching as Hollander rolled onto his stomach without hesitation. He reached for the lube, uncapping it and pouring some onto his fingers.

They'd done this so many times, but Ilya still loved doing this to Hollander. There was nothing better than working him up, making him cry and beg and writhe against the sheets, desperate for whatever Ilya chose to give him.

Tonight, it would be a lot. Ilya hoped, at least.

He eased his pointer finger inside, watching Hollander's back for signs of tension. But Hollander just sighed, crossing his arms under his head and burrowing into them. Ilya watched him carefully as he fucked his finger inside Hollander slowly, feeling proud when he moaned softly, pushing back against him.

"More?" Ilya asked.

Hollander whimpered softly. Ilya pressed his middle finger inside him, watching as Hollander grunted lowly, raising his hips. Ilya moved slower, leaning down to bite Hollander's ass cheek and smack it gently with his free hand.

"Rozanov," Hollander muttered. The sound of his moans made Ilya's cock twitch, but he did his best to ignore it. He'd worry about that later; he was focused on Hollander right now.

Ilya looked up at him, spellbound for a moment by how wrecked and beautiful he looked. His cheeks were flushed, his hair sticking out in every direction, his eyes bleary. Ilya had to tear his eyes away; if he kept staring into those big brown eyes, he wouldn't even get the chance to try what he wanted to try tonight.

He pulled out slowly, pouring more lube on his hand and pressing back in with three fingers.

Hollander whimpered, pulling away from Ilya from overstimulation. Ilya leaned forward, wrapping his free arm around Hollander's waist and pulling him closer, unwilling to let him move away from him.

They stayed like that for a while. Hollander moaning into his arms while Ilya fucked him so slowly, waiting patiently for him to hit that dazed, dreamy state that he usually did when he fell so far into sex that Ilya had no choice but to follow him to wherever he went, unwilling to leave him alone, even inside his own head.

Ilya felt the exact moment Hollander's entire body gave way to what they were doing.

He pulled his fingers out cautiously and pressed in four fingers.

Ilya watched Hollander's face like a hawk, but aside from a small twitch in his eyebrow, he didn't move.

He was being good for Ilya.

Ilya watched carefully as Hollander moaned loudly, his hole stretched further than it ever had before. He assumed – Hollander still refused to show him his dildo, but Ilya was certain that until this moment, his cock was the biggest thing Hollander had taken. His cock, hanging heavy and hard between his legs, twitched again. He was desperate to jerk himself off, to pull

his fingers out of Hollander and fuck him roughly, but he needed to see how far he could push him.

“How does it feel?” Ilya asked.

Hollander just nodded, his eyes glassy, barely able to focus on Ilya. He mumbled something against his forearm, pushing his ass back against Ilya again.

Ilya took that as a green light.

He fucked Hollander faster, relaxing his fingers and letting them spread him open just a little bit more. Hollander’s noises became louder and more desperate as Ilya moved faster, eager to make him come.

Ilya pulled him closer by the waist, pressing kisses down his spine, sucking a small bruise on the back of his arm, above his elbow where nobody would suspect a hickey. Maybe a wayward puck.

He kissed his way back down to the cleft of his ass, mouthing at the top of his left ass cheek as he plunged his four fingers in deep, massaging his prostate –

Hollander moaned loudly as he came, clearly caught off guard by Ilya’s change of pace. Ilya didn’t stop, his own cock aching as he fucked Hollander, watching his face contort with pleasure as he cried out.

Ilya pulled out, leaning over Hollander and jerking his cock desperately, needing barely any attention before he came over the small of Hollander’s back. He gasped when he felt Hollander’s hands reaching for him, reaching for his hand and holding it as he rode out his orgasm.

“What the fuck,” Hollander breathed as Ilya moved, laying down next to him.

“Was it okay?” he asked, worried.

“Okay?” Hollander repeated hazily, turning his head to look at him properly, still laying spread out on the bed, covered in lube and come. “Was amazing.”

Ilya smiled as he leaned over, kissing him softly. “I still want more,” he murmured against his lips. A promise for next time.

Hollander turned away shyly, his cheeks flushed so red he could practically feel the heat coming off of him, but Ilya caught his tiny nod.

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Three months without seeing Hollander had Ilya climbing the walls.

He’d felt annoyed, constantly on the edge all the time. The boys on his team had even commented on it, telling him to go and get laid and blow off some steam. And Ilya had; he’d

gone out to clubs and called some of his regular hook ups, but none of them were cutting it lately. Nothing was satisfying him.

But right now, he had Hollander pinned against the door to his hotel room, kissing him wildly, and Ilya already felt better. They had a couple of hours together before they had to fly out to their next engagements, and Ilya was going to be sure to use every moment they had together effectively.

“This is a nice hotel,” Ilya said between kisses.

Hollander frowned at him, confused, the small line between his eyebrows looking absolutely adorable as he kept kissing him. “Okay.”

“The bathrooms are fancy,” Ilya said, putting his hands on Hollander’s strong hips and pulling him away from the door. “Do you want to see?”

Hollander moved to where Ilya guided him, looking curious, but not asking questions. Ilya loved that about him – how he always seemed to trust him, letting Ilya do whatever he wanted to him. How Hollander knew that Ilya knew what he wanted.

He pushed him into the bathroom, watching through the huge mirror over the vanity as Hollander nodded.

“Yeah, the bathrooms in here are pretty cool,” he agreed. “You know how some hotels use cheap mirrors and it kind of distorts the way you look? These look expensive. I wonder how much they cost.”

Ilya didn’t catch everything that Hollander said, but he knew what he meant. He had thought the same when he’d come into the bathroom for the first time, surprised by how clear he looked in the mirror.

It had given him an idea.

He moved behind Hollander, watching in the mirror closely as Hollander’s eyes closed at his touch, leaning back into his body. Ilya reached for the buttons on his dress shirt, slowly unbuttoning them as he watched.

Hollander seemed to cotton onto what he was doing when he finally pulled his shirt down his shoulders.

“Really?” he asked, nodding to the mirror.

Ilya nodded. *Really*. He wanted to be able to see every part of Hollander as he fucked him, see every inch of his perfect body, watch his every movement as Ilya made him come. He ducked his head to kiss the soft skin of his neck, watching through the mirror as Hollander stared back at him.

“Take off your pants,” Ilya said.

Hollander obeyed immediately, unzipping his pants and kicking them off before he turned in Ilya's arms, reaching for his jeans.

"You too," Hollander said lowly.

Ilya nodded, yanking his shirt up over his head and getting as naked as Hollander. He felt like he could breathe again, finally pressed up against Hollander, his smooth, warm skin feeling like honey against his own. Ilya licked inside Hollander's mouth, wishing he could taste him whenever he wanted. In a perfect world, Hollander would be at home, waiting for him, every single day.

Ilya pulled away and tried to clear his head, unsure where that thought came from. Hollander leaned forward, chasing his lips blindly, and Ilya kissed him again. What else could he do other than give Shane Hollander exactly what he wanted. What they both needed.

"Turn around," Ilya said, kissing his way down Hollander's neck. He turned around in Ilya's arms, pressing his hips back against Ilya's hard cock. He grabbed the lube in his toiletry bag, pouring some on his finger and immediately pressing it to Hollander's hole, watching through the mirror as Hollander's face slackened.

He couldn't take his eyes off him. Ilya watched him intently as Hollander gasped softly, his cheeks flushed, every single freckle on his face dancing every time he moaned. He watched the way his taut muscles moved under the softest, most perfect skin he had ever seen, Hollander's body betraying how hard he worked on the ice. Ilya worked him up to two fingers before he decided he couldn't wait anymore.

He cleaned himself off and reached for a condom, smirking when Hollander braced against the sink, leaning forward slightly so Ilya could reach him better. Ilya pressed himself behind him, grabbing his hair with one arm as he fucked inside Hollander slowly, watching his face.

Hollander's mouth was hanging open as he breathed deeply, his lips swollen and red. His chest was flush, shiny with sweat, and the veins in his neck were tense, popping out as he clearly tried to hold himself together.

Ilya didn't want Hollander holding himself together.

"It's okay?" he checked, waiting for Hollander to nod before he moved his hips.

Slow, at first. Ilya was so slow, so practised and calm as he fucked Hollander. He watched the mirror carefully, studying every line of Hollander's body as Hollander took him.

Hollander loved this. Ilya could see it written in his face, in his body. He loved being fucked by Ilya more than anything in the world. He looked happier, full from Ilya, than he looked even on the ice.

Ilya could relate.

He yanked Hollander's hair a little, moving his free hand up to press two fingers inside his mouth. Hollander sucked on them reflexively, moaning louder as Ilya snapped his hips a little quicker, surprising Ilya with just how loud and echoey the bathroom was.

Hollander didn't seem to notice. His eyes were heavy, almost shut, but still watching them, Ilya could tell. Ilya moved faster, buoyed by the loud, desperate moans Hollander couldn't contain.

"Louder," Ilya couldn't stop himself from asking.

He moved his fingers away from Hollander's mouth and gasped when Hollander cried out, the bathroom sounding like the dancefloor of a club. Ilya fucked him harder, watching as Hollander grabbed his wrists, trying to pull Ilya closer, as if he could even get closer –

Ilya reached around and grabbed Hollander's cock, jerking him roughly, kissing his shoulder as Hollander bucked wildly between his cock and his hand.

Watching Hollander come was always exciting, but hearing him like this when he was normally more contained was something else. Ilya came with Hollander moaning his name, crying out for more.

He briefly wondered if anyone could hear them outside their hotel room.

When Coates casually asked Ilya at breakfast the next morning how his evening was, nudging a couple of the other boys who smirked and waited for him to say something, Ilya couldn't even pretend to regret it.

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Ilya hated the couch in Hollander's apartment.

It was soft, but sturdy. A light brown leather, very classic and clean. Ilya liked sitting on it.

But he hated the way the leather stuck to him when he was naked, and even worse, how it felt when he was sweating.

At least Hollander was on his knees between his legs, sucking his cock so ardently that Ilya could momentarily forget about the way he was sticking to the material.

"Stop," he said suddenly, pushing Hollander's head away.

Hollander had learned a new trick, and Ilya was desperate to ask him where he picked it up, but he didn't want to waste any of their limited time together being annoyed at the idea of Hollander with another man. But it had made his blow jobs somehow even better.

"What's wrong?" Hollander asked, looking up at Ilya from his knees, his lips wet and red, and his eyes not faring much better, glazed over and faraway.

"I don't want to come yet," Ilya answered honestly. "I want to be inside you."

Hollander shrugged, casting his eyes downwards to his cock. "I don't have to come."

That made Ilya freeze. "What?"

The shock on his face must have been obvious, but Hollander kept his eyes down. Ilya waited, knowing that he was choosing his words carefully, but he was desperate to know what he meant.

This was always the worst part about being with Hollander. Having to pretend to be patient for his words, all the while dying inside with anticipation.

"I would be okay if you came and I didn't," Hollander finally said.

"I wouldn't be," Ilya said.

Hollander finally looked up at him, his eyes glassy. Ilya grabbed him by the shoulders, pulling him up onto the couch with him, pleased when Hollander climbed into his lap.

"I don't come until you come," Ilya said, realising that even after years of doing this, Hollander might not have pieced that together.

He could see it in his eyes that Hollander *hadn't* realised that. That hadn't been how they'd done this since that first night in that shitty hotel room when Ilya had walked out, disappointed that Hollander stayed on the bed and didn't kiss him goodbye.

Ilya pulled him in for a kiss by the back of the neck, kissing him until Hollander started to relax.

"I come because you come," Ilya reiterated, because Hollander seemed to need clarity.

Hollander locked eyes with him, seeming to come back to himself a little bit. Ilya waited, but Hollander just kissed him again, reaching between their laps for Ilya's cock and jerking him lazily.

If Hollander wanted him to come first for once, Ilya would. But he wasn't going to make a habit of it.

>>>

Ilya figured he knew Hollander better than most people. He'd spent enough time inside of him to know how he worked, how he felt, how he moved through the world. What got under his skin and what didn't.

So when Hollander bit at his lower lip and tried to push back on Ilya a little rougher than normal the second he walked through the door, Ilya knew it was because he was trying to hide the tears in his eyes.

He didn't quite understand what was happening. Hollander had won the game, and Ilya had caught his interview with ESPN on the cab ride over to his apartment. He had made a couple

of jokes, been a little cocky in a way that Ilya found incredibly sexy, and walked home a winner – it should have been a great night for him.

But Hollander looked...distraught.

Ilya kissed him, pulling him close and trying to settle him, but Hollander was too tense.

“What is wrong?” Ilya finally asked.

Hollander shook his head, his jaw clenched. Ilya could see the hardness of his face and the tears in his eyes, threatening to spill over. It made his heart ache a little.

Hollander was already so tense and so sad so much of the time. Ilya hated the idea that he could feel like this when they were together.

He’d have to change that.

Ilya placed his hands on Hollander’s chest, taking a deep breath. His lip twitched when he felt Hollander mimic him, taking a second breath, and waiting for him to follow. Ilya could feel his heart slow down, from racing to only a little frantic.

He rewarded him by pulling him in for a kiss. A deep, slow kiss.

Hollander melted against his chest. Ilya ran his hands through Hollander’s hair before he gently grabbed his chin, pulling away to look at him.

His eyes were still red rimmed, but there was less stress in them now. More tension.

“Beg for me,” Ilya said.

Hollander blinked slowly, his eyes moving from his mouth to his eyes.

“What?”

“I want you to beg for me,” Ilya repeated.

He wasn’t sure if this was the best tactic to get Hollander out of his head, but he had to try something. Their usual push and pull wouldn’t be enough to distract Hollander from whatever was going on. He needed something more drastic to bring him into the moment with Ilya – something more tangible to focus on.

Something to upset him in a totally different way than whatever else was on his mind, something that Ilya could use to rile him up. Whether Hollander did what he was told, or whether he snapped and refused to play along, Ilya was going to reward him. He was going to fuck him so hard and so filthy that Hollander would forget whatever was on his mind and feel better either way.

And these games usually went better when Ilya framed them as something Hollander could do for Ilya instead of letting Hollander realise they were about what Ilya could do for *him*.

Not for the first time, Ilya wondered who was subservient to who.

Ilya waited as Hollander considered it. He could tell he was debating whether to play the game tonight or not. If he didn't, it would be a first.

Before Ilya could walk it back, Hollander dropped to his knees.

Ilya looked down at Hollander, staring up at Ilya, his hands moving to Ilya's waistband.

For a long moment, it was silent. Ilya was completely fixated by the way Hollander was so locked onto him, his entire front pressed against Ilya's legs. He could feel Hollander's cock, hard and heavy against his knee. Ilya reached out to cradle Hollander's face, one hand holding his chin, the other running through his hair.

Hollander closed his eyes, looking serene as Ilya touched him. Ilya watched as the tension slowly melted from his shoulders, his eyebrows becoming less furrowed, before Hollander leaned forward, nuzzling his cock through his jeans.

Ilya didn't say anything. He just kept caressing Shane's face, watching as Hollander seemed to relax. Ilya was so hard in his jeans, and Hollander kept rubbing his face against his cock, but he didn't move.

This wasn't about him.

Hollander sighed against him as he pushed his hips forward just a little, into Ilya's leg. It took everything inside Ilya not to push back, being careful to keep his body still, only letting his hands roam over Hollander's face.

Which was difficult. Ilya swore he could have come there and then when Shane opened his eyes and looked up at him, looking completely – devout.

Ilya wanted to kiss him so bad. He wanted to get on his knees and kiss Hollander until all of the confusion and sadness and secrecy that blanketed them disappeared. He wanted to count every single freckle on his face and see what shapes were hiding in them. He wanted to lay him down and kiss every inch of skin until Hollander was smiling again.

Hollander nuzzled his head against his cock again, his eyes pleading. Ilya watched as Hollander reached for the zipper of his jeans, looking at him expectantly.

"Please," he finally whispered.

Ilya nodded at him once. It was all Hollander needed to unzip his pants and pull them down his hips, not taking his eyes off of Ilya as he reached for his underwear.

Ilya kept his eyes locked on him as Shane pulled his underwear down, his eyes still trained on Ilya as he stuck his tongue out and waited.

Ilya tightened his hold on Hollander's chin, gripping his hair a little tighter as he pulled him closer to his cock. Shane made a soft noise, not quite a whimper, but in the stillness of the

apartment, it disturbed their silence. Ilya let go of Hollander's hair to grab the base of his dick and guide it into Shane's open mouth –

He gasped when Hollander closed his lips around him, his eyes fluttering shut as he swallowed him down. Shane made a grateful noise as he looked back up at Ilya, waiting.

Ilya grabbed his hair again and slowly guided him forward.

Shane followed his directions, not doing any more or any less than what Ilya wanted. Sometimes it felt too heavy, how much trust Hollander put in Ilya.

He had promised himself years ago that he would never abuse it.

Ilya pulled Hollander off his cock, grabbing his arm and pulling him up to standing, kissing him fiercely. Shane kissed him back desperately. It was messier than their usual kisses, but Ilya thought that they needed that right now.

He pushed Shane over to the living area, shoving him down onto the couch. Hollander went easily, reaching for his shirt and stripping it off as Ilya pulled his pants and underwear off.

He climbed on top of him, finally, blissfully, naked, kissing him. Ilya could barely remember what the game was when he had first come over. All he knew was that Shane was melting into him, his stress and his anger seemingly gone, and Ilya just wanted to keep him that way.

Ilya moaned lowly when Shane reached for his dick, stroking it confidently.

“Please?” he asked again.

Ilya nodded, reaching into the coffee table for the lube he knew Hollander had hidden back there.

They both knew that he'd never say no to Shane.

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Can you get away right now?

Ilya smiled as he read the message. He was in the hotel bar with his team, talking about the charity match tomorrow when Hollander text him. He looked up, scanning the crowd and smirking when he saw Hollander watching him intently.

Fuck it.

Ilya held up his hand to indicate five minutes and turned back to his boys, sculling his beer and finishing the conversation he was a part of before he left. The boys ribbed him a bit, and Morleau looked at him knowingly, but Ilya did his best to play it cool until he made it to the elevator and pulling out his phone to check his messages.

1639 was all Hollander had messaged him.

Ilya had been excited to find out they had both volunteered for the charity match for the children's hospital. They hadn't messaged about it, but Ilya knew they would be meeting up.

They always met up.

The only thing that was new was Shane messaging *him*, asking to see him. Demanding, really. Demanding that Ilya walk away from his team and fuck Shane then and there.

But who was Ilya kidding. He would have bent Shane over the hotel bar in front of everyone and made him scream his name if that was what he wanted.

Ilya barely had a chance to knock on the door before Hollander was opening it, pulling him in by the arm.

"That was more than five minutes," Shane said, shoving him against the wall and kissing him.

"Sorry," Ilya said, surprised that he meant it.

"I'll forgive you if you fuck me," Shane said.

Ilya pulled away to look at him properly. He seemed lighter this time; his eyes were still and clear, his heart rate even, and he seemed...happy.

He wondered if that was how he looked to Hollander. Finally at ease now they were together again. As if Ilya wasn't just grinding away the days, stretches of empty time until he got to see Shane again.

"Yes, sir," Ilya joked, grabbing him by the elbows and shoving him back onto the bed, laughing as Shane tried to catch himself and failed.

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