

The Rules of Service

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The Rules of Service

by [Blink_Blue](#)

Summary

A bellboy. A star guest. Shane's just doing his job... until Ilya Rozanov arrives. A little consensual mischief turns into an irresistible game.

(Because we need more than five seconds of that roleplay scene.)

Notes

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

Shane says his name like a confession.

Rozanov—*Mr. Rozanov*, he reminds himself belatedly, because this is supposed to be pretend—closes the door behind him. Shane tenses for a moment before quickly scrambling to his feet. His book lies forgotten on the comforter. His pulse jumps in his throat, like his heart is chasing something. And like always with Ilya, it feels like his body reacts before his brain has a chance to catch up.

“Mr. Rozanov,” Shane says again. “Is there a problem? Is your room not to your liking, sir?”

Rozanov hums and sidesteps the question. “You work very late hours.”

The thick accented voice sends a tremor down Shane’s spine. “Yes, sir. Hospitality doesn’t sleep.” His voice wobbles despite his best efforts to keep it professional. He forces his palms flat against his thighs, trying to anchor himself. Trying to remember the script. Bellboys don’t want to be pushed onto beds by their guests. Bellboys would report that sort of thing. Bellboys don’t notice how broad a guest’s shoulders are, how strong those hands would feel—must feel against him.

Rozanov looks around the room slowly, pointedly, and doesn’t speak.

The silence stretches between them, and then Rozanov steps closer.

“Um, if there’s a problem with the room, we do have another guest suite. Let me show you, it’s got a great view—”

Shane reaches up to remove his glasses, and that’s when Rozanov jumps into motion. He closes the space between them in two steps. A hand shoots out to wrap around Shane’s wrist, catching it next to his face and tugging it not so gently away.

“No,” Rozanov says, his voice low. “I like them on.”

“I’m—um, happy to accommodate, sir.” Shane swallows. His heart is hammering now, as he’s suddenly very aware of the lack of space between their bodies.

Rozanov’s hand comes up, not touching this time, just hovering near Shane’s collarbone. Close enough that Shane feels the heat of it. Their bodies are pressed close—too close. This is so inappropriate, he thinks. He shouldn’t be this close to a guest. A guest shouldn’t be touching him at all—

“Um. I’m—I’m sorry, sir,” Shane stutters. “But... you really shouldn’t be here.”

“And why is that?”

“This is... this is my personal room. If you needed me, you could have called. I would’ve come right away to address your needs.”

A corner of Rozanov's mouth twitches. "My needs?" His grin turns wicked, eyes darkening with unmistakable intent.

Shane freezes at the sight. He shouldn't. The rules are clear. He knows the rules. He's built his whole life around them. He always sets clear boundaries. But Rozanov is looking at him like he wants to devour him. Like he wants to take him apart to see what makes him tick.

"It's just that... my um, my room, sir... it's off limits to guests."

"Mmm. Disappointing."

Shane's breath catches when Rozanov pushes him back toward the bed. His feet stumble, awkward and unsteady, and he would have fallen if not for Rozanov's hands closing around his upper arms, steadying him even as he keeps pressing him back.

"Wh-what are you doing?"

"Do you know who I am?" Rozanov asks. His voice is low, intimate, pitched just for Shane.

"Ilya Rozanov. Star center for the Boston Raiders." Shane chuckles weakly, a little breathless. Then decides to lay it on thick just for the fantasy. "Best player in the league."

A growl comes deep from Rozanov's throat. He shoves Shane back onto the bed and follows immediately, crowding him down, straddling his hips in one smooth motion, hands pressing Shane's wrists flat against the mattress.

"Sir, I'm just a bellboy!" Shane yelps in shock. "You can't treat the staff like this!"

"Oh, I think I know exactly how the staff likes to be treated."

Shane does his best to ignore the wave of heat that pools deep in his stomach. "I could get fired," he whispers.

Rozanov smiles then, slow and sharp. "I could buy the hotel."

Shane lets out a shaky breath. "You can't just—"

"I can," Rozanov interrupts. "And I will. Unless you tell me to stop. Unless you tell me right now, you don't want this."

That stops him cold. The pressure eases around his wrists, just slightly. The choice sits between them, as the line between command and permission blurs.

Shane looks up at him through his lenses, his heart lodged in his throat. "I'm just a bellboy," he says again, quieter this time.

Rozanov's gaze darkens. "Then be very good at your job."

Shane doesn't answer. He doesn't say no. But he doesn't pull away either. He drags in a few slow, even breaths, trying to will his thundering heart back under control, all the while

acutely aware of the man above him—watching, waiting, letting him choose.

Rozanov is gorgeous. Built unmistakably like an athlete, solid and powerful. With muscle layered on muscle, defined in a way Shane could never hope to achieve. The strength is undeniable, in the heavy thighs that keep him trapped, the broad, tank-like chest looming overhead, in the arms that pin Shane to the mattress without effort.

“What are you going to do to me?” Shane asks, once he’s sure his voice won’t waver.

Blue eyes glint in the dim glow of the room. A hand releases a wrist to climb up under his shirt and pinch a nipple between rough, calloused fingers. “Whatever I want,” Rozanov growls.

Shane—to his absolute horror—blushes.

“Oh my god—”

The other hand clamps over Shane’s mouth. “Shhh,” the Russian breathes into his ear. And then there are fingers in his hair, gripping hard and yanking his head back. Lips find the bared line of his throat and graze over sensitive skin.

“Don’t want anyone to hear. Thin walls.”

Heat shoots up Shane’s spine. Desperately, he keeps his arms in place, trembling above his head even though nothing holds them down anymore. Every brush of Rozanov’s lips against his skin burns like fire.

“You... you can’t do this, sir,” he manages to say.

“I am Ilya Rozanov. I can do whatever I want.”

The man shifts his weight, but keeps enough of it on Shane’s hips to keep him immobile. His eyes narrow on Shane’s mouth, and he gives a slow smirk. “Besides, you seem to like it.”

“Fuck you,” Shane gasps.

Strong fingers wrap around Shane’s throat, the pressure tight for only a moment before they creep up his jaw. Rozanov’s eyes darken, and then his thumb slips between Shane’s lips.

“Only if you ask nicely.”

A moan slips out before Shane can stop it. Instinctively, his lips close around the thumb, cheeks hollowing as he sucks. He gasps, caught off guard by the hand that gropes the front of his pants. He’s shocked to realize he’s already hard under Rozanov’s touch. When the fuck did that happen?

“Behave for me, baby,” Rozanov whispers.

“Fuck,” Shane breathes, his voice garbled from the digit still in his mouth. He tries to protest.

“We can’t do this.”

Rozanov chuckles, low and heavy near his ear. The hand pulls away from his mouth and rests again on his throat. The pressure is back, not hard enough to hurt—but enough to send waves of heat straight to his groin.

Shane hears the jangle of a belt buckle. Rozanov pulls himself up to his knees. Now he straddles Shane's chest, his broad form filling Shane's vision as he looms over him.

"Open," he commands.

Rozanov's cock is a beauty. Shane has never considered a cock beautiful until he saw Ilya's. Thick, lengthy, and painfully proportional—with a slight curve and a shapely head. Now, it forces Shane's mouth wide open, hits the back of his throat before Shane sputters, whimpers, and reminds himself this is supposed to be the first time he's sucking *this* cock.

Rozanov groans above him, one hand buried in Shane's hair, the other tenderly touching the side of his neck. His cock drags slowly in and out of Shane's mouth, going deeper each time, until Shane takes all of him without gagging.

"You have such a pretty mouth," Rozanov tells him, as he admires the sight of his length disappearing between his lips, his width stretching him apart. "Mouth made for sucking my cock, isn't that right?"

Shane makes a muffled sound in the back of his throat—"Mmhhgff."

Rozanov grins now, and drives himself in deeper, then deeper, until he's buried in the back of his throat. Until Shane's nose is touching the thick curls at the base. He holds it there for a moment, reveling in the sight of Shane's throat thick with the cock he's taking in it. He smiles down at him with bright eyes and traces a thumb across the bottom lip that's stretched around his girth.

Shane blinks up at him, jaw aching and lungs burning from the weight on his chest and the cock in his throat. He pleads desperately with his eyes, and it must be enough because the weight disappears, and Rozanov slides his cock out, leaving Shane coughing and heaving for air.

"Please," Shane begs, his voice breaking, when he can finally speak.

"Please what?"

"We... we can't. My... my manager could walk in."

"Hmm. That would be hot." Rozanov's hands creep up under his shirt, fingers tracing each muscle before circling his nipples with deliberate intent.

Shane groans, and his hips give a jolt before he gets them under control again. "Fuck—No, no, I could lose my job." He gives a shake of his head.

His shirt is tugged up and over his head. Shane doesn't even see where it lands. Deft fingers make quick work of his pants, fabric and underwear dragged down his legs in a single, efficient motion. He must be protesting—he *must* be—but the breath punches out of his

lungs, any words dying in his throat before they reach air when Rozanov bends down and gets his mouth on his dick.

“Oh, god—” Is that the sound of his voice? That weak, little whimper of a thing?

Shane gets one good thrust in before Rozanov’s big hands firmly grip his hips, holding him down and still while he whines above him.

“Oh, fuck—” Shane bumps at him with a thigh. Somewhere in his head, he knows he’s supposed to be resisting this—but there’s a very real possibility that if Ilya doesn’t stop, he’s going to blow his load and end the fun far sooner than either of them wants.

Thankfully, Rozanov pulls back, slow and teasing, letting Shane fall from his lips with an obscene, wet pop.

Shane’s chest heaves with breath. He braces himself for one last decent struggle. It helps that Rozanov is strong enough to throw him around a bit.

The world tilts, and suddenly Shane is on his stomach, flipped over in a single fluid motion. He shivers, then tenses when he feels those large hands groping and squeezing the lobes of his ass. “Fuck! What—what are you doing?”

He can’t see behind him, but he gets his answer all the same—felt through his body, without any words being spoken.

Shane yelps when a firm, wet tongue slides between his cheeks against the puckered opening of his hole. “Stop,” he whimpers, and it comes out small and weak and helpless. The tongue presses against the tight ring of muscle, thrusts in and out of him slowly. Too fucking slow. He throws his head back as a filthy moan tumbles out of his throat. His hips drive back, trying to get more of that tongue inside him.

Shane hears a chuckle behind him, but he doesn’t care. His only concern is the heavy, wet swipes of that tongue on his most sensitive region that has unintelligible sounds falling from his lips. He’s not proud of how he begs—is he begging him to stop or begging for more? He can’t even tell.

“I think you like this,” Rozanov growls behind him. A wet finger replaces the tongue that was fucking him, and it’s quickly joined by another, scissoring and stretching him open. “I think you like the possibility of getting caught. I think you want to be fucked by my cock. You’re begging for it.”

Thank god Shane’s face is buried in the pillow. He doesn’t have any words left in him—just breaths, coming in shaky pulls, his mind too wrecked to form anything coherent.

He hears the quiet snap of a bottle opening. That’s the only warning he gets before Rozanov’s cock, wet with lube, starts pushing into him. He can’t help the scream he lets out as the thick cock splits him open. It burns with pain, no matter how much prep they do, no matter how easily Ilya goes on him—he always just needs a moment to adjust.

Shane loves the way it hurts almost as much as the pleasure he gets from being fucked by that monster cock.

His body relents, gives in to what his mind has already agreed to.

“Wait, wait, wait—” Shane gasps. His fingers clench hard on the pillow next to his head. “You’re too big. I can’t—”

“Yes, you can, darling.” Rozanov’s hand presses into the back of Shane’s neck, fingers curling into the hard flesh with deliberate weight. “I’m going to fuck you. And you’re going to scream for me.”

He makes good on that promise. Rozanov pulls out just long enough for Shane to feel the aching emptiness, before driving his thick cock back in, hard enough to leave him screaming. He fucks him again and again, until it’s too much, too good, and Shane realizes his screams have subsided to broken little whimpers.

He’s close, too close—and of course, that’s when Rozanov stops. The hand on his neck strokes down his spine, all the way to his ass, where he grabs a handful and squeezes. There’s a slow drag of his cock, out and back in again—so fucking slow that it pulls an embarrassingly desperate whine out of Shane’s throat.

Rozanov pauses again when he’s buried to the hilt. Their bodies are pressed tight, back to stomach, not an inch of air between them. Rozanov’s nose nuzzles the back of Shane’s head. He’s damn near trembling, his untouched cock dripping beneath him. He wants—needs Ilya to move, but he can’t ask for that. So he grinds his hips back, hoping the other man will get the message and have mercy on him.

“Beg me.”

Shane pulls his bottom lip between his teeth and groans. Of course Ilya wouldn’t go easy on him.

“Beg me, Shane.”

“Fuck—” Shane gasps as he clenches around Ilya’s cock, so desperate for the other man to move, to fuck him the way he needs. He finally chokes out a single: “Please.”

“Please what?” He sounds amused and refuses to move.

Lips press wet kisses along Shane’s neck, all the way down to his shoulder. And then the teeth sink in, right at the junction where they meet. And that’s when he starts begging earnestly. “Fuck, just fuck me please! Mr. Rozanov, *please*,” he begs, thrusting his hips back with all the strength half a lifetime of hockey has given him. “I need you to fuck me—I need your cock so bad, sir—just fuck, fuck, *fuck*—just fuck me please—”

A moment crawls by.

A kiss is pressed to his ear, then a low voice says, “Call me Ilya.”

“Ilya, please!” Shane gasps. “Please fuck me!”

“All you had to do was ask.”

Shane gives a full-body shudder when Ilya starts moving again. He shouts, he can’t fucking help it, when his cock drives into his prostate with every thrust. A hand comes down hard on his ass, taking him by such surprise that he yelps and buries his face in the pillow to muffle the sound that he makes.

Behind him, Ilya hisses and groans in pleasure as he fucks him, each motion purposeful now, unrelenting, and impossible to ignore.

Shane closes his eyes. He knows he’s close when a particularly good thrust sends a white hot spark from his prostate up his spine. He groans, tears prickling at his eyes, the sheer pleasure of being fucked making every nerve in his body feel alive.

“Oh, fuck,” Shane whimpers.

“You going to cum for me?”

And then Shane does. His moan gets choked in his throat as his body tightens all over. The intensity of his orgasm sends blinding flashes behind his eyelids. His ass clenches hard around Ilya’s cock, and he shoots his mess over the sheets. The thrusts into him only get more savage, and Ilya keeps fucking him through his orgasm and then some, each grinding motion driving into his prostate until he’s a whimpering, overstimulated mess.

He’s just about to lose his mind when Ilya’s hips finally stutter, and he feels a shocking flood of heat, cum drenching his tender walls. He whimpers again, just as Ilya lets out a deep, throaty groan behind him, his body pressing in on Shane from every angle.

They collapse onto the mattress, and Ilya is considerate enough to shift them to the side so Shane doesn’t land on his own mess.

They lie there, breathing hard and ragged. Ilya doesn’t pull out just yet, letting himself go soft inside him. Letting the moment linger.

This shouldn’t be so hot, Shane thinks, his chest still hammering.

Shane finally pulls his glasses from his face and lets them fall onto the pillow beside him.

“They’re all smudged now.”

“You should keep them on,” Ilya replies, amusement lacing his voice. “You look very professional.”

Shane groans. “I hate you.”

“Not true,” Ilya murmurs, pressing another soft kiss to his shoulder. “You are terrible liar.”

Shane twists to give him his best glare. “As a guest, you should show a little more respect to the staff.”

Rozanov tilts his head, seeming to consider that. “As a guest, I think I have some needs that have to be addressed.”

Shane’s mouth quirks as he bites back a shiver. “Like what?”

“Housekeeping for one,” Ilya says smoothly, a sly grin tugging at his lips as he nods to the soiled sheets. “And perhaps a little... discipline, if the staff resists.”

Shane groans again, laughing despite himself. “You’re impossible,” he says, even as the heat pools low.

Ilya leans closer, brushing his nose against Shane’s temple. “I love how well you follow the rules... and how good you are at breaking them when I ask.”

Shane swallows hard, his breath hitching. *This shouldn’t feel this good. It’s supposed to feel wrong—but it doesn’t. Why? Why do I want him to hold me down and keep going when I tell him to stop?*

“I’m just doing my job, right?” Shane whispers, his voice shaky. “Anything the guest needs.”

Ilya chuckles softly, warm against his skin. His lips brush against Shane’s shoulder. “I’m very well taken care of.”

Shane shivers again, torn between embarrassment, thrill, and the undeniable truth that he *is* into this, despite every rational part of his mind yelling that it’s crazy.

And even as his mind spins with confusion and heat, want and desire, Shane knows—somewhere deep down in his bones, he knows that he’s safe with Ilya. That he can surrender fully, and let himself dive in without fear.

End Notes

[X](#)

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