

Room 1217

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Room 1217

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Summary

“You know, we don’t have to have sex or whatever if you don’t want to.”

Shane’s words stopped Ilya in his tracks. He leaned back slightly holding on to Shane’s neck.

“You didn’t come for sex?”

Shane laughed at Ilya’s sultry expression.

“No, I mean yes. I did, obviously. I just—I understand if you don’t want to.”

Ilya pulsed his hips upwards giving Shane a little bounce on his lap.

“I want to.”

Ilya and Shane's reconciliation sex scene in Season One Episode Five- I'll Believe in Anything.

Notes

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

Ilya held onto Shane tightly in his lap. He had no idea how long they had been like this; he cherished every second of it. He couldn't remember the last time someone comforted him while he cried. It was probably his mother. He didn't want to think about her anymore or his dying father, he didn't want to think about anything except fucking Shane Hollander.

Ilya weaved his fingers through Shane's hair and tilted his head for better access to his silky tan neck. Shane hummed as Ilya's tongue found that spot behind his jaw that never failed to make his loins flutter. Shane moved his hands to Ilya's chest and created a small distance between them to look into his blue eyes.

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"No, I mean yes. I did, obviously. I just—I understand if you don't want to."

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"I want to."

Shane giggled all the way onto Ilya's lips.

"Ok." He said pressing small kisses onto Ilya's face, the salt from his tears tasted sweet on his lips.

Ilya had enough of tenderness. He wanted to take Shane apart. He grabbed hold of his waist and hurled him on the bed next to him. Shane's breath hitched as Ilya climbed on top of him and knelt at his groin.

"We have to make up for last time so I might fuck you twice." Ilya whispered into Shane's ear as he undid his button.

"What do you mean?" Shane said propped up on his arms while Ilya slid down to the floor taking his shorts with him.

"Montreal game. Take off your shirt."

Ilya stood to remove his tank top and joggers.

Shane did as he was told and scooted up the bed. "Oh right, I thought you were angry."

Ilya yanked at Shane's boxers and ran his rough hands over his thighs. "I was, you lied about team meeting."

"I said I was sorry!"

Ilya hopped on the bed next to Shane. He kissed and nipped at Shane's smooth chest then latched on to his nipple sucking hard. In response, Shane whined as he grabbed onto Ilya's muscular arms that were roaming all over him. He missed those big hands touching his body. Holding him down.

Ilya paused briefly to add, "plus, you know, girlfriend. You're too chicken to cheat," then went back to work.

Shane scoffed in between moans. "She wasn't my girlfriend, we went on a few dates."

Ilya brought his lips millimeters from Shane's.

"So, if I texted you?"

Shane thought about it for a moment.

"I don't know, maybe I would have texted you back."

Shane immediately wished he didn't say that by the look on Ilya's shocked face.

"Naughty boy!"

Relief of his admission fell over him when he could feel Ilya start to rub his hardening cock. It made him feel brave.

"Only for you." Shane said as he squeezed Ilya's chin, pulling him for a hard kiss.

Holy shit. This was getting even more serious than the previous conversation. But Ilya couldn't stop. He had yearned for this reconciliation far more than he was willing to admit, especially to himself. He needed Shane to stop making these confessions that forced him to feel more than just lust. Because he did think about texting Shane before the game in Montreal. He wanted to think about Shane's hard cock under his cup and his salivating mouth when he crashed into him on the ice. That game had been a terrible display for the both of them. It did occur to Ilya that his rival's poor performance was due to their fallout, however, he refused to believe his lack of goals was because his mind was elsewhere. But it was, his mind was on Shane fucking Hollander. Asshole.

Ilya was done sharing, it was time to get to business. He didn't go looking for Shane on the beach so they could cry about their feelings, he wanted his lips around his dick.

Ilya rolled over, taking Shane with him. All he had to do to get Shane where he wanted him was to tug at his hair and slightly nod downwards. Shane wasn't the best with subtlety, he struggled with it his entire life, but for some reason he always knew what to do with Ilya.

Shane missed this, the smell, the taste, the stretch of his mouth, the weight on his tongue, the feeling of Ilya's fingers twisting at his roots, the sounds of grunting and slurping. Then he heard his favorite phrase, "Fuck Hollander." He took a deep breath and surged down as far as he could, his nose slightly tickled by Ilya's trimmed bush. At that moment, he wished he didn't need to breathe, he would spend eternity with Ilya Rozanov's cock lodged in his throat. His fantasy was shot lived when he felt his hair being pulled.

“Enough, get on your back.” Once again, Shane did what he was told. He loved it. The other two men he had messed around with in the distant past were awkward, he was unsure, constantly second-guessing himself too. Ilya never made him feel that way. Except for maybe the first time, when he acted like he was going to leave before reciprocating. It was even more thrilling when he didn’t leave, and gave Shane the best head he had received at that point in his life. He could think of a few times that surpassed it, not right at this moment though, Ilya was breaking another record with his mouth.

His moan echoed though out the small hotel room when he felt Ilya’s tongue sweep against his hole. His hamstrings stung as his legs were lifted above his chest. Ilya was using his tongue and thumb to open him up. It had been too long. When he was with Rose, he punished himself with self-deprivation. The couple of times he succumbed to the temptation his fingers nor his toy sufficed, his thoughts would always wonder to those brief encounters in hotel rooms, in his bed, on Ilya’s couch. The locked away supercut of Ilya’s lips and dick was the tool he used to have terrible sex with a beautiful movie star. He didn’t fool her. The only way to stop the memories flooding his brain was to forgo all sex, even with himself.

Shane’s eyes watered. The anticipation of finally feeling the stretch and burn after all this time was overwhelming. Fortunately, he did not have to pine for it much longer. Ilya grabbed the condom and lube from the nightstand. He slicked himself up, pouring a generous amount for Shane.

Ilya blew in through his pursed lips. Shane opened for him but strain against his fingers was more than usual, “You are so tight.” He knew a solution to this problem.

“It been a while,” Shane groaned as Ilya took his balls in his mouth, rolling his tongue. His head was on the pillow, his head back and eyes closed. He was trying to relax.

“You left your dildo all lonely,” Ilya sneered after he licked the underside of Shane’s super hard cock.

Of course Ilya broke his concentration.

“I didn’t—,” he nearly gave himself away. He looked up at Ilya who was staring at him, smiling, pressing a third finger into him. “Shut the fuck up,” he huffed, “I’m ready.”

Ilya readjusted so he was lined up with Shane perfectly. “All your manners gone?,” Ilya said handing the condom to Shane. “Put it on my dick.”

Shane scowled at the request. Ilya warned him the first time they hooked up that he liked trouble. But there was something other than sneaking around that made trouble. Ilya loved pushing his buttons, teasing him, toying with him and Shane loved it. Ilya could tell Shane loved it from the moment he stepped into that shower to see his cock twitch with just a glance.

After several failed attempts to open the wrapper with his fingers, Ilya yanked it back and tore it with his teeth then handed it to Shane. He grabbed Ilya’s length and unrolled the condom.

Ilya took him by the back of his crown and kissed Shane deeply. “Good boy,” He said as he pushed into his slicked up hole. Shane was telling the truth, he was ready for him. After a few miserable slow short thrusts, there it was, that tiny spot that made him shutter. Shane tightly wrapped his legs around Ilya’s waist forcing him to plunge.

Ilya squeezed Shane’s pecs as he steadily filled him up deeper with every roll of his hips. “You needy for it Hollander?,” he said with a rasp. He wondered how long it had been. If he had been fucked by anyone else after it ended with Rose. Probably not, he thought, but that wasn’t necessarily a good thing. He wasn’t fucking another man other than Shane, but that was different. Maybe it wasn’t different.

Ilya shook the idea out of his head and dived in. He heard Shane whimper so he slightly pulled himself back. “Too much?”

Shane shook his head, trying to remember how to speak. He hooked his hand around Ilya’s neck and kissed him, sucking on his tongue. Ilya understood.

Ilya gave Shane all of him, fucking him hard and deep with each snap of his hips. Shane’s head was cranked all the way back and his body was folded in half. The jingle of Ilya’s cross necklace in his ears helped reconnect his brain with his mouth. Shane opened his eyes to find Ilya peering down at him. “Fuck me Ilya, I wanted to feel it for days.”

“Fuck Shane.” They continued in this position for a few minutes. Ilya was intoxicated with the noises Shane expelled every time he took him to the tilt. But he knew how Shane really liked it. “Roll over,” Ilya commanded as he slipped out of Shane without warning.

Shane was in a daze. It didn’t stop him from being a dutiful servant. He would do whatever Ilya wanted in this moment, maybe in any moment.

“Jesus Christ,” Shane murmured as Ilya rammed into him. “Good?,” asked Ilya. All he could hear under him was “ya-huh.” That was a yes.

Ilya pushed the side of Shane’s head down on the pillow and wrapped his arm around his thigh. Shane was trapped; there was no where else he would rather be than under Ilya Rozanov filling him up and tearing him apart. The slapping sounds of sex played like a symphony all around them. At the precipice of his orgasm, Shane whispered, “Ilya please, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.”

Ilya roughly grabbed Shane’s hips and pummeled into him. That was it. Shane exploded all over his chest and pecs. Ilya only needed three more thrusts. His mind went blank and he toppled on to Shane.

They laid there a while, flesh against flesh, still connected, trying to catch their breath. A tear threatened to fall from Shane’s eyes at the loss of Ilya inside him.

Ilya slumped over so he wasn’t completely crushing Shane and slinked his arm under his head. The other caressed Shane’s slick body, massaging the crease in his thigh where he might have left some bruises.

“That was amazing,” Shane sighed as he turned his head. Ilya was gleaming, the sweat on his flushed face sparkled red and pink. Beautiful. The entire night could only be considered a miracle, there was no other conceivable explanation.

“Yes, it was.” Ilya did not want to say more. What he wanted to say terrified him.

They eventually entangled their bodies back together face to face. Holding each other tight, their noses danced around languid kisses. Ilya never wanted it to end, his heart had never been this happy.

Shane felt invigorated, like he had won a prize for his honesty. It made him want to share more, to be open. “I thought about it,” he said in a low voice in between kisses.

“What?” Ilya asked moving his lips to Shane’s neck.

“That night, at the club. I know you saw me there.”

Ilya looked at Shane, “Yes, I saw you standing in the middle of the dance floor staring at me while I was kissing that hot blonde,” then went back to teasing him with that spot under his ear.

“I wasn’t staring.”

“Yes you were.”

“Fine, I guess I was. You’re such an asshole.”

Ilya nipped at Shane’s neck then licked up to his ear lobe. “Tell me.”

“What?” Shane was enjoying the attentiveness. “Oh right—I thought of giving Rose some bullshit excuse and texting you to come over.”

Ilya’s tongue swept over Shane’s lips leaving light pecks. Shane chased his lips but Ilya backed away.

“Why didn’t you?”

“I don’t know. I was scared.”

Ilya whispered, “I would have come running,” in Russian then kissed him, his hands encompassing Shane’s face. His thumb brushed over his freckles that caught his eye the first time they met.

Shane didn’t know what Ilya said, but he knew whatever it was, he would have liked it. Shane’s hand made its way down between their close bodies to Ilya’s shaft that was surprisingly growing at his touch.

“I told you I would fuck you twice.” Ilya said smugly, impressed with himself.

Shane slowly pumped with a weak grip. “Well, you’re not hard enough yet.”

Ilya laughed while pushing down on Shane's shoulders, "why don't you get to work then?"

Shane hastily engulfed Ilya's cock. They had never done a round two before. It was always come and go, except the last time in Boston. But if Ilya fucked him again, which he guessed was about to happen, it would be another first for them. He felt vindicated. He was right, it was different, they were different.

"God Hollander, you're such a cock slut."

Shane paused only to say, "I'll take that as a compliment," then stroked Ilya while his mouth occupied his balls. No one could get Ilya this hard so soon after such an exhausting performance; only Shane and his mouth.

Ilya wrenched Shane's head up by his roots and swiftly slipped a condom on his dick and coated himself with lube. "Get on me." Ilya's assertive tone raised Shane to full mast. He kneeled on either side of Ilya's pelvis and took hold of his incredibly hard cock behind his back.

Ilya hissed as Shane slowly sunk down. Preparation was clearly not needed, Shane breathed through the initial bluntness but soon found his pleasure point. Leveraging with his hands firmly holding onto Ilya's chest, he rode him, gyrating his hips back and forth.

Ilya reached for Shane's face, sneaking his thumb through his lips. It drove him wild when Ilya did that to him, it was as if he knew he wished he could be sucking his dick while getting fucked. Shane wished there could be two of Ilya. Maybe they could use his dildo. His hole clenched at the visuals that popped into his mind.

"Fuck Shane, you feel so fucking good." Ilya was practically yelling. Shane bent down to stifle his shouts with his mouth. The kisses were clumsy.

Ilya spit into his palm and tugged at Shane's cock. "I thought about this when I was with her." Another admission spilled out of Shane, he felt insane.

Ilya didn't know what was happening when he heard himself say, "I went home alone. I jerked-off thinking of you in the hotel room." He really hoped that was in Russian.

Given that Shane instantly spilled over Ilya's fist, it probably was not in Russian. But he did not stop bouncing on his cock. He really was an unbelievable athlete. Ilya did not have time for regret giving into Shane's plan to share secrets, he shattered to pieces for the second time in less than an hour.

Shane laid on top of Ilya with his head on his chest. "You're a demon," Ilya said softly petting Shane's sweaty locks. That line did not compute so Shane decided to ignore it. He was spent. He didn't know how he was going to get back to his room when his body felt like jello.

After their breaths stilled, Ilya rolled Shane over and went to the bathroom to fetch a wet cloth. Shane hated feeling sticky and Ilya wanted to clean him up.

Ilya caught a glance of himself in the mirror as he quickly wiped himself down, it brought him back to reality. Shane gave him so much tonight. Shane came out to him, he told him he liked him, he held him as he cried, he spilled his guts, then made him cum, twice.

He turned on the sink and waited for the water to get warm. The least he could do was get rid of the evidence of their tryst. Their romantic, erotic, life-altering tryst that had Ilya imagining a world in which they did this more often than when their teams played against each other. Fuck. He was seriously fucked.

When he returned, Shane was sitting up looking down at the mess. "Oh, thanks." But as he reached for the towel, Ilya slid behind him and pulled him down against his chest. Then carefully cleaned Shane's pecs and stomach. Shane closed his eyes completely surrendering himself to his caring gesture.

Shane felt like he could be bold one last time. "Can I call you in the tomorrow after the game?"

Without hesitation Ilya said, "yes, please do."

Shane smiled.

"Send me a naked pic before," Ilya said in his ear before biting down. Shane replied with a playful elbow to Ilya's ribs.

Ilya laughed and tucked Shane closer, twisting his face so he could kiss his mouth.

"I better go," Shane sighed.

"Yes," said Ilya, even though that was the opposite of what he wanted.

Ilya unabashedly watched Shane as he got dressed. All concern for hiding his feelings had been stripped away. He couldn't manage to conceal his emotions anymore, at least not tonight.

Shane took one last look at Ilya who hadn't moved. His eyes were locked on him.

"What?"

"Nothing," Ilya paused, "Good night, Shane."

Shane huffed out a laugh, "Good night, Ilya."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I love comments, they keep me driven to write more. Check my other fics and my multi-chapter story about Keefe and Kelvin from the Righteous Gemstones entitled "Pure Indulgence". If you love a slow burn with intense yearning, you'll love that show and my fic.

Hollanov 4EV3R!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!