

Fool for You

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Fool for You

by [Wolftales](#)

Summary

“Hi,” Hollander says, leaning forward, his lips grazing Ilya’s.

Ilya pulls back. “Are you going to behave?”

Hollander considers this and, for a rare moment this evening, sounds completely genuine when he responds, “Is that what you want?”

Or

Shane walks Ilya like a dog and gets exactly what he wants.

Notes

We as a society need to start acknowledging Shane's brat tendencies more.

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

Las Vegas 2015

The MVP trophy looks right at home in Shane Hollander's hands.

Ilya stood and applauded along with the rest of the crowd as Hollander stepped up on the stage. There was not a single gasp or raised eyebrow when his name was announced, everyone knew this award was a done deal weeks ago. As for Ilya, he couldn't even feel bitter that he didn't go back-to-back. It was Hollander's year. Stanley Cup, and now MVP.

Hollander cannot stop smiling as he stumbles through his speech. A couple of times, he pauses just to stare at the trophy, distracted by it, unbelieving that this has happened to him, as if he isn't so far ahead of the rest of the competition this year, as if he wasn't clearly the best in the league, even Ilya knows that, though you couldn't waterboard that admission out of him. Hollander's wide-eyed energy is so precious that Ilya could throw up. He does his best not to smile with any fondness and keep his expression neutral.

It's hard not to think about last year's NHL Awards as he's watching Hollander now. The award had meant a lot to him, sure, but during his speech he was barely thinking about the achievement. His mind had been fixed on Hollander in his bed later, what he would do to him. And oh, what an evening that had been. Hollander splayed out on the sheets in front of him while he—

Ilya glances down and crosses his legs. It probably isn't a good idea to be remembering that night while he's in public.

The crowd roars their approval when Hollander finishes his speech, blushing and grinning. He raises the trophy in the air as he walks off stage right. Ilya imagines Hollander's parents are right there waiting to throw their arms around him in congratulations.

The dreadfully dull ceremony is wrapping up now, MVP being the final award of the night. As the closing speeches are droning on, Ilya takes a glimpse at his phone and frowns. No messages.

He had texted Hollander before the show asking if he wanted to meet tonight and hasn't gotten a response. Ilya tries not to feel deflated, but it grates him a bit. Even though he knows Hollander had a lot to be distracted by. Maybe Ilya could get his attention during the after party. Or maybe Hollander has plans. Or maybe he just doesn't want to meet tonight. That's fine. Obviously. Why wouldn't that be fine with Ilya?

His palm itches.

Once they are finally released from the awards ceremony, Ilya finds Marleau and some of his other Boston teammates easily enough by the bar at the after party. He orders himself a beer and glances around, seeking one person.

The room erupts into applause and Ilya turns around, seeing Hollander come down the stairs, trophy in hand. The crowd claps and whistles as he shows it off. It is funny seeing him like

this, not unlike when he won the Stanley Cup, but still, Ilya has the inkling that Hollander is enjoying the attention and this atmosphere. Ilya wouldn't have expected that. But it had been quite a year for him.

The trophy is handed off to someone, and Hollander moves through the room, being pulled in a thousand different directions, everyone wanting to shake his hand and offer him their congratulations. Ilya remembers this part of the evening last year very well. He hated every second of it.

"I know he was never losing this year," one of his teammates says. Ilya looks around at him. "But I was still hoping you'd steal that trophy from him, Rozanov."

Ilya smiles slightly. True, it may have been satisfying to upset Hollander for the award, but Ilya couldn't tamp down on feeling a little happy for his rival. "He probably cried for few days when he lost last year," Ilya says, attempting a jovial tone of voice. "They had to throw him a bone."

That earns him a round of laughs, and they carry on with their recap of the evening, as well as some plotting for next season. When Hollander finally starts to move in their direction, Ilya tries to catch his eye without thinking about how he's trying to catch his eye. But he gets nothing. Hollander doesn't even spare him a glance as he glides past him and his Raiders, apparently done with the pleasantries, and joins some of the Montreal players. They greet him with hugs and slaps on the back.

Ilya ignores the stab of disappointment in his stomach, turning back to his teammates.

These official NHL always feel so artificial to him. Their only real purpose is for them to rub elbows with the commissioner and other higher-ups in the league. Then everyone gets drunk, but Ilya would much rather get drunk with his teammates after a game in Boston than do this, dressed up in tuxedos for the big wigs.

The evening slows to a crawl for Ilya, but the party is still going full force, particularly in the Montreal corner of the room, which is still fully intent on celebrating Hollander. Ilya steals looks at Hollander every so often, trying not to draw the attention of anyone while also trying to make eye contact. Hollander never meets his gaze, and a buzz of irritation keeps growing in Ilya's chest.

It isn't like Hollander to flat out ignore him like this. He didn't respond to all of his text messages, but he usually did if Ilya asked him a direct question, like tonight when he had asked if he was free. No, this feels deliberate. Hollander is ignoring him.

Ilya clenches his jaw and looks over at him again. He looks as happy as Ilya has ever seen him. He's talking to Scott Hunter, who has made his way over to the Canadian crowd, now, and Scott must be saying something very funny for the first time in his life because Hollander throws his head back and laughs.

His chest tightens. Hollander has never laughed like that for Ilya.

He mentally slaps himself. Who cares? He's had Hollander in his bed a dozen different ways at this point, has had Hollander whining and begging underneath him, something only he has had the pleasure of witnessing. Who cares if Hollander doesn't laugh like that with him?

He sets down his drink and contemplates if it's a good moment to leave. He's felt pathetic standing around checking to see if Hollander is looking in his direction for over an hour and senses it's time to abandon any chance of having Hollander naked and bent over tonight. Ilya turns slightly to announce his exit to his teammates.

And that's when Hollander suddenly reaches up to touch Scott's shoulder, leaning in close to whisper something in his ear.

Ilya's brain stalls. All of the tension in his body flows into his hand, fingers turning red as he tightens them around his glass. He glares, suddenly not giving a shit if anyone notices where he's looking. It only lasts a second. Hollander is already an appropriate distance away from Scott again, and Scott appears unaffected, only chuckling at whatever Hollander said to him.

Oh, Ilya is going to remember this for their first game against New York next season.

Calming himself before anyone realizes he's about to break his glass in his hand, he pulls out his phone and brings up his text message exchange with Hollander. His hackles are raised again when he sees the still unanswered message but quickly sends off a new one.

Ilya

Give me your room number.

He watches as Hollander feels the phone vibration in his pocket, pulls out his phone, and reads the text. Ilya notices Hollander's lips quirk before he looks up and finally, *finally*, looks directly at Ilya, not even needing to search for him, like he knew exactly where Ilya had been standing all night.

They stare at each other for a few seconds. Ilya knows he's scowling, and that Hollander probably knows why, but he can't help it. Hollander considers him, his eyes amused, before his mouth twists into his smirk, his teeth showing. He holds eye contact with Ilya as he makes a show of pocketing his phone. Then he turns away, leaving Ilya's text unanswered.

Ilya's palm itches again.

It had been a long time since Ilya had told Hollander to do something and he didn't do it. Long enough that Ilya couldn't remember the last time it had happened. Hollander loved being told what to do, Ilya had known that since they were eighteen. For him to so outwardly deny Ilya now...the sensation is unfamiliar and it leaves Ilya feeling baffled and unsure what to do.

God, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit (*What did I do? Tell me please* he thinks) really must have it out for Ilya tonight because it is at this moment that Hayden Pike decides to come up behind Hollander and throw his arms around him, bear hugging him and burying his face into his neck. Hollander laughs and twists around in his arms, returning the hug.

Pike looks like he's had one too many because he keeps himself draped over Hollander even when they pull back from the hug. Hollander has his arm around Pike's waist and Ilya zeroes in on it.

This is not particularly unusual behavior from them. Ilya has watched enough Metros games to know Hollander and Pike are friends, and they often embraced after a victory. Pike was the first-person Hollander skated to and embraced when the clock ran out in the Stanley Cup game. Though still, Hollander being this openly affectionate with anyone takes Ilya aback. It just isn't his way. He adds it to the growing list of deeply confusing things from this evening.

Ilya hasn't spent more than thirty seconds of his entire life thinking about Hayden Pike. But now, watching him get handsy with Hollander, after Hollander has spent the entire evening dodging him, he suddenly wants to punch Pike in that stupid face of his.

He's in the midst of trying keep himself from doing something very stupid when Hollander, as Pike is saying something, plants a kiss on the other's cheek and they both break out into giggles like they're a couple of schoolgirls.

Enough.

Ilya sets off towards the two of them, weaving his way around the crowd. He knows it's nothing. Pike and Hollander have kissed each other's helmets on the ice after a goal or a good play a hundred times. Pike is drunk and the kiss was obviously the two of them messing around. And he *certainly* knows Hollander has nothing going on with another player. But none of this matters to Ilya as he barrels in their direction. He just knows that whatever game Hollander thinks he's playing stops now.

"Hollander," Ilya says when he parks himself directly in front of them. The two men both snap their heads in his direction at the same time. "Do you have minute?"

That's not what he wants to say. He wants to order Hollander out of the room and watch as his ears go red before he submits without complaint. Or alternatively, bodily drag him out of the room as he kicks and complains. Both have their appeal. Unfortunately, they're in public. He needs a modicum of tact right now, even though he's on the verge of erupting.

Hollander is eyeing him with interest.

"What the fuck do you want, Rozanov?" Pike asks, his arm still wrapped around Hollander and pressed against him. Ilya is about ten seconds away from peeling him off.

Ilya keeps his eyes trained on Hollander. "Please do not speak, Pike. Your voice is dying goat sound."

"Oh, is it?" Pike says, raising the volume. "Does my voice *bother* you, Rozanov? Best news of my day!"

"Hollander," Ilya says again, doing his best to convey without words that if he doesn't agree to talk to him right now, then damage might be done.

Hollander tilts his chin up and surveys Ilya, like he's deciding if he's worth the time. Both of Ilya's palms are itching now.

"Rozanov you really do know how to spoil a party," Pike says, a huff in his voice.

"It's alright, Hayden," Hollander says. Then he leans in close to Pike's ear and, keeping his gaze on Ilya, mock-whispers, "I know how to handle him."

Pike smiles and finally releases Hollander from his hold, stepping away and turning his attention back to other Montreal players, but not before he casts a look over his shoulder that Ilya assumes he's supposed to take as a warning. Albeit the least intimidating warning of all time.

Hollander keeps his smile. "I'm guessing you don't want to chat here."

Ilya glares, saying nothing.

"Let's find a quieter spot, then," Hollander says. He steps forward and bumps Ilya's shoulder as he goes, making his way into the crowd and towards the exit.

Ilya lets out a breath through his nose, trying to steady himself, and follows Hollander. He notices Hollander doesn't once look back to make sure Ilya is following, and this irritates him, feeling like a dog, a dog that has been begging for attention all night and now his owner is graciously taking him for a walk.

Once they pass through the exit and into a quieter hallway, Ilya thinks about grabbing Hollander and dragging him into the nearest bathroom or closet, regaining some control of the situation. But watching Hollander's confident stride, like he knows exactly where they're going, he doesn't. He lets himself be led for once.

When they arrive on a balcony, the Vegas skyline stretching out in front of them and not a soul in sight, Ilya realizes immediately that this is the same spot Hollander found him in at the awards show during their rookie season. He takes note of the corner he had pushed Hollander into and kissed him against before Hollander had panicked and run away.

"Still a nice view," Hollander says, nodding towards the skyline. He sounds tipsy, but not drunk, still very much in control of his faculties. He turns around, his back to the balcony, and assesses Ilya. "Not a bad view this way either."

Ilya rolls his eyes at the line. "Hollander, what are you doing?"

"I think that was flirting, but I've never been good at it."

"Oh, I think you are very good at it," Ilya bites out, thinking back to him whispering into Scott Hunter's ear at the party.

Hollander's eyes drop and he frowns disapprovingly. "Your tie is crooked."

Ilya quickly glances down and then back up. "My—?"

“Here, I’ll fix it.” Hollander steps forward and stops directly in front of him, bringing his hands to his tie and fiddling with it.

Ilya is momentarily at a loss. He feels like he has been trying to uncover the answer to a riddle ever since he walked into the party earlier this evening. Hollander’s behavior has always been fairly easy for him to read, predictable. But this? How he has acted tonight? Ilya must be missing something.

“Hollander—” he starts.

“There,” Hollander interrupts. Moving his hands from Ilya’s tie and sliding them down his chest. “All fixed.”

“Are you going to tell me what you’re doing?” Ilya asks. It’s a question, but his tone brokers no argument.

Hollander’s eyebrows draw together. “I fixed your tie.”

“Okay, is enough.” Ilya grabs Hollander by the elbow and pulls him closer to the balcony. He bypasses the corner that he had pushed Hollander into to kiss him years ago and rounds it to the other side, shielding them from the entryway and from the view of anyone that might come by.

“Oh!” Hollander says when Ilya pushes him into the wall, something he has become rather adept at doing. Hollander puts his hands on Ilya’s shoulders, fingers digging in. “Yes. Better.”

Ilya takes Hollander’s wrists in his hands and pushes them down to his sides, holding him there. “One more time, Hollander.” Ilya leans in close. “What are you doing?”

Hollander exhales and fidgets a bit at Ilya’s proximity. “Celebrating my MVP win?”

“By letting your teammates grope you like you are puck bunny?” Ilya spits out before he can stop himself.

“My—you mean *Hayden*?” Hollander barks out a laugh and immediately tries to quiet himself, but his eyes are lit up in amusement. “Rozanov, Hayden is probably the straightest man in the world. And he’s *drunk*. He likes to touch everyone when he’s drunk.”

Ilya’s chest is burning, remembering Hollander kissing Pike on the cheek. “You liked it.”

“You’re *jealous*.” Hollander’s eyes are going very wide with delight. “You’re jealous of *Hayden*.” He is obviously having a hard time containing his laughter.

Ilya growls, tired of being laughed at and made a fool out of all evening and flips Hollander around so his front is pressed against the wall. Hollander makes a startled noise and starts squirming when Ilya steps closer, his chest against Hollander’s back.

“Is a cute show from you tonight,” Ilya hisses in his ear. “Ignoring text. Making me watch as you throw yourself at everyone in room.”

“No one made you watch, Rozanov,” Hollander shoots back, making a halfhearted attempt to elbow Ilya in the chest.

“But is done now,” Ilya says, grabbing the offending arm and pinning it behind his back. “Now, you will go back to party, be polite, say your goodbyes, and then you will come up to my hotel room, and I will deal with you.”

“Oh, and let me guess how,” Hollander grits out. He drops his voice several octaves. “*Take off your clothes. Get on your knees.*”

Ilya pauses at that. Is Hollander trying to say he hasn’t been satisfied with him? That didn’t seem possible. Ilya had made him come twice within thirty minutes the last time they were together. Hollander never seemed even close to discontent whenever Ilya was finished with him. So what the hell was this from him now?

“You don’t want, you don’t come up,” Ilya says, reaching around to Hollander’s front. He finds what he hopes. Hollander is already half hard. Ilya lets out a breath, somewhat reassured. “But I think you want.”

Ilya gives his half hard cock a squeeze before releasing him and stepping back. Hollander immediately smooths out his suit jacket, making himself presentable, and turns around. Ilya isn’t sure what to make of his expression. There’s the expected desire, yes, but something more as he looks Ilya up and down, like there’s a question he wants to ask.

Hollander leaves Ilya there without saying anything, and Ilya is still at a loss to explain anything about this evening.

A knock at Ilya’s door comes an hour later.

Ilya had gone straight up to the penthouse after being left on the balcony, not bothering to say goodbye to anyone at the party, and texted Hollander his room number on his way. Again, there had been no reply, and again, Ilya was deeply annoyed about it.

He had stripped out of his suit jacket and tossed it aside along with his tie. Sitting on the couch in the penthouse, having a moment to think without Hollander in sight, it became abundantly clear that Hollander had put on this act tonight with a purpose. And Ilya was mildly annoyed that he played right into his hands with his own behavior. Getting jealous over Hayden fucking Pike felt like some sort of humiliation ritual, and he handed it to Hollander on a silver platter.

And as he continued to sit alone in his penthouse, thirty minutes turning into forty-five, he had the distinct impression that Hollander was intentionally making him wait. The itch on his palms had become a full-blown burning sensation.

Ilya had shot off the couch immediately when the knock at the door came but forced himself to wait ten seconds before he opened it.

Hollander had apparently dropped off his jacket and tie in his own room before arriving here. Ilya pulls him by the shirt into the penthouse and pushes him against the door when it closes. The small smile on Hollander's face only increases Ilya's irritation. Hollander has been far too at ease all evening.

"Hi," Hollander says, leaning forward, his lips grazing Ilya's.

Ilya pulls back. "Are you going to behave?"

Hollander considers this and, for a rare moment this evening, sounds completely genuine when he responds, "Is that what you want?"

The answer to that question has always been yes when it comes to Hollander. Nothing got Ilya hard quite as fast as watching Hollander do whatever he told him to do without question or complaint. Knowing that Hollander got off on it too only heightened the pleasure, how badly he wanted to please Ilya. To be *good* for him.

Right now, after the evening he has had, part of him wants to order Hollander to his knees and watch as Hollander does so without hesitation and then fuck his mouth until Hollander is tapping on his leg for reprieve. Usually, Hollander would want that too. But Ilya thinks back to Hollander's mocking words from the balcony, imitating his voice. Is that not what Hollander wants tonight? Maybe that's not what Ilya wants tonight either.

But he's always been good at improvising.

Ilya takes hold of Hollander by the back of the neck and pulls him from the door, following his first instinct, bringing him into the living space of the penthouse.

"Hey!" Hollander protests, wriggling in his grasp. He shoves Ilya's arm away from him and steps back.

Ilya hesitates for a second, wondering if he had stepped over some line, but then he sees the tell-tale desire in Hollander's eyes, a look he has grown familiar with, and the way Hollander's tongue darts out to wet his lips in anticipation. Ilya steps closer and Hollander steps back in tandem, watching Ilya's movements carefully.

"Don't make me chase you, Hollander," Ilya warns quietly. "Not tonight."

"Or what?" Hollander asks, and Ilya can hear the curiosity and excitement that underlies the words.

Ilya shakes his head and holds his hand up to beckon Hollander closer with his index finger, then he points to the floor directly in front of him. He doesn't say it, but this is his last warning.

Hollander leans forward slightly, like he's going to follow Ilya's directions, but then abruptly turns and takes quick steps away from him. He doesn't make it very far before Ilya has his hand around his wrist, tugging him back. Their bodies crash into each other as Hollander

stumbles back into him. Ilya tries to get his arms around the other but is met with twisting resistance.

It's something of a wrestling match then, and one that Ilya is more than a little thrilled by. He knows how strong Hollander is, has had the pleasure of experiencing his strength both on the ice and in bed, but this is different. Hollander had never pushed back like this before, and he does it well, giving as good as he gets.

Ilya gains the upper hand; because of course he does. He knows it has at least a little to do with Hollander letting him, but the ecstasy of victory is still there as he pushes Hollander down face first over the armrest of the couch, seizing his wrists in one hand and pinning them behind his back.

Hollander is still resisting, or at least making a show of it, but all he's able to accomplish in this position is rubbing his perfect, upturned ass into Ilya's crotch. Ilya watches for a few seconds, transfixed. The temptation to tear down Hollander's pants and then his own and fuck him right over this couch is unrelenting, but that felt all too easy.

Instead, he brings his free hand down hard on Hollander's ass, grabbing him there.

The noise Hollander lets out is unlike any Ilya has heard him make before, a cross between a whine and a gasp that reverberates throughout the quiet penthouse. Ilya stills, assessing him, needing to be sure of things before he makes another move.

Hollander has stopped squirming, no longer trying to pull his wrists free. He doesn't say a word of protest, but Ilya needs more than that so he reaches down to grab Hollander's face, twisting him so he can see his expression, see how he's feeling.

And *oh*.

Hollander's mouth is hanging open with heavy breaths, his cheeks are flushed, and his eyes...as cloudy with lust as Ilya has ever seen them. Nowhere is the anger or discomfort that Ilya feared he would see. They hadn't technically crossed any lines they haven't already crossed in the past, but he knows they are close, and he needs to know that Hollander is okay with this.

And when their eyes meet, he has his answer.

"Let me go," Hollander says without any real conviction.

Ilya smirks and presses himself harder against his ass, letting Hollander feel him. "No, Hollander. I think you are exactly where you want to be."

With that, Ilya brings his hand down hard on Hollander's ass again, no longer bothering to pretend this is anything other than what it is, making Hollander flinch forward on the couch and break eye contact as he buries his face back in the cushion. Ilya is usually quite intent on witnessing every single one of Hollander's micro expressions on his face when they are together. But he allows him to hide for now because of how new this is.

This isn't the first time Ilya has done this, though his previous experiences had been with girls who just liked to be spanked once or twice in the middle of sex. He had enjoyed it, sure, but this? This is something else, and as his cock grows harder with every smack, Hollander is not even trying to conceal his gasps and moans. Ilya doesn't know if the act itself is what's turning him on, or if it was how badly Hollander clearly wanted it.

As Ilya brings his hand down again, the sound Hollander makes is almost pornographic, and he must restrain himself from tearing Hollander's pants and briefs down his legs and carrying on without any barriers. He wants to see the many shades of red and pink his ass can turn, where he's especially sensitive. But they had never done this before and Ilya thinks they need to ease into it, so he holds himself back, pulling his own shirt off and dropping it to the floor.

He has, however, had enough of Hollander hiding his face in the couch. Grabbing his chin again, he turns his face up. If Hollander was pink before, he's red as an apple now, eyes glassy, jaw slack. Ilya barely stops himself from groaning at the sight of him.

"You like this, Hollander?" He takes a brief pause to rub his clothed cock against Hollander's ass again. "You needed this? This why you act like little brat all night?"

Hollander blinks wet eyes at him and mumbles something under his breath.

Ilya spans him again, harder this time. "Speak up, Hollander."

"I *said*," Hollander's voice is a breathless mess, but he's still able to garner up some defiance in his voice. "*One of us* had to get creative."

Ilya once again remembers back to what Hollander had said to him on the balcony, parroting the orders Ilya usually gives him, and ponders this. The sex between him and Hollander had been good. Great, actually. But had it become...predictable? Was Hollander looking for more? Ilya is momentarily in awe of his curiosity and boldness.

"I bore you, Hollander?" Ilya asks as he smacks him again.

Hollander winces at the strike but shrugs in answer to the question.

Huh. When had Ilya become the boring one?

"Hm." Ilya reaches around to unbutton Hollander's pants and shove them down his thighs, leaving him in his black briefs, which cling perfectly to his sculpted ass. Ilya tries not to drool as Hollander jerks his hips forward, seeking some friction against the couch armrest. Ilya holds his hips still with a disapproving sound and spans him again through his briefs, making Hollander yelp at the closer contact.

"Are you bored now?" Ilya asks, bringing his hand down hard again.

Hollander grits his teeth hard and shakes his head in answer.

Another spank as Ilya tsks at him. "Use your words."

Hollander swallows and, with a great deal of effort, "No, Rozanov. I'm not bored."

Ilya smiles. Having Hollander under him and under his control like this was always a thrill, but after a night like tonight, with Hollander doing everything he could to get under his skin, it is something extra special.

Reaching around to cup Hollander's cock through his boxers, Ilya finds he is leaking like a faucet. He chuckles. "All this from a little spanking, Hollander? Now what does that say about you?"

Hollander squirms, saying nothing.

Ilya thinks, for the thousandth time, about how incredible it is that he is the only one who gets to see Hollander like this. Maybe Hollander has a fling here or there, who knows? But what he does know is he is the only one who can reduce Hollander to a leaking, whining mess like this. After all, why else does he keep coming back?

The part of Ilya's brain that points out that he also keeps crawling back, and that no one else makes him feel quite this way, he immediately silences.

"Take me to the bed," Hollander gasps out after a smack to his upper thigh.

"You give orders now, Hollander?" Another spank. "Ask nicely."

Hollander is nearly curling in on himself now. "*Please* take me to bed, Rozanov. *Please*."

"Better." As curious as he might be to see if he could make Hollander come just from this, his desire to fuck him is much more powerful, at least for today. He pulls Hollander's pants the rest of the way down and off, kicking them to the side. Then, pulling Hollander back to his feet and turning him around, he allows himself a moment to kiss him.

Hollander returns the favor, licking into his mouth as Ilya unbuttons his shirt the rest of the way and throws it on the couch. He knows Hollander will be annoyed about that later, but he does not have the patience right now to let Hollander fold all his clothes in a neat pile.

Lifting Hollander up and into his arms, he makes his way into the bedroom where he unceremoniously dumps Hollander onto the bed.

Not even a second after landing, Hollander tries to reach down his briefs and stroke himself, eliciting a growl from Ilya, who grabs his wrist and pins it to the bed. He pins the other wrist too when Hollander persists in trying with his free hand.

"None of that," Ilya tells him.

"Why not?" Hollander protests, almost looking pouty. He is more alert now, like he was when he first arrived in the apartment, and now that there's some distance between him and their little experiment on the couch. "You like to watch."

"When you are good boy for me, yes," Ilya says, leaning down to mouth at Hollander's jaw. "Were you good for me tonight?"

Instead of answering, Hollander tries to pull his wrists free, but Ilya holds firm and scans his face. Hollander always has a certain look in his eyes when he goes completely under for Ilya. There were glimpses of it when Hollander was bent over and looking up at him from the couch, but he keeps resurfacing. He's resisting it now, Ilya can see, not wanting to dip into that sweet abyss just yet.

But Ilya will help things along.

"You can't be trusted," he says as Hollander continues to try to reach for his own cock. Moving down, Ilya pulls Hollander's briefs off him. They're damp from his pre-come, and Hollander's hard cock is finally free for him to look at. It's red and leaking, and Ilya knows he must be aching.

Hollander continues to struggle as Ilya crawls up to straddle him over his chest, seizing Hollander's hands in his and pinning them near the headboard. Ilya brings the briefs up and Hollander's legs start kicking when he realizes what he's doing. The material of the briefs is stretchy enough that Ilya can tie it easily around both of his wrists.

Ilya smiles, pleased with his work.

Pulling at his restraints, testing how he is hobbled, Hollander looks up at Ilya. Annoyed, yes, but still nowhere close to wanting this to stop. His eyes dart between Ilya's face and his cock, straining in his trousers and nearly in his face with Ilya's position on top of him.

"You want?" Ilya shuffles a few inches closer and wraps his hand around the back of Hollander's neck, lifting his head from the bed and bringing him closer.

Hollander makes a show of resisting, but Ilya presses forward until his crotch is pressed against Hollander's face. He groans at the feeling, holding Hollander tightly to him while making sure he's able to breathe. Just having the slightest bit of pressure, *finally*, on his cock has him nearly coming in his pants. After a few seconds, he feels Hollander nuzzling into him, his mouth open against his clothed cock.

Ilya distinctly remembers the first time Hollander had done this. Vegas last year. Crawling towards him on the bed after he had just begged for Ilya so prettily. It had been the most erotic moment of Ilya's life.

Pulling Hollander back before he has an unfortunate accident, he tugs his pants and briefs down his thighs. His cock springs free in Hollander's face, and apparently Hollander is past pretending he doesn't want it now. He immediately takes the tip in his mouth, licking at his slit while Ilya curses above him.

"Come on, take more of me," Ilya chokes out, his control fraying at the seams. "I know you can."

At this encouragement, Hollander surges forward, as much as he can in this position. It isn't the best one for this, as good as it feels to have Hollander under him in this way. Still, Hollander takes as much of him as he can from this odd angle, and Ilya offers soft praise in response, holding the back of his head and fucking ever so slightly into his throat.

It doesn't take long before Hollander starts whimpering and looking up at Ilya with urgent, wide eyes. It's when Ilya feels his body jerk upward beneath him that he looks around and realizes Hollander is probably only seconds away from coming, his cock leaking desperately. He pulls himself out of Hollander's mouth and reaches behind him to grab the base of Hollander's cock, stemming his release.

"Fuck, *fuck*. Rozanov *please*..."

Ilya looks back and sees it then. Hollander's eyes are teary, his expression broken up, and he's practically shaking, completely docile beneath him, all the fight from earlier drained out of him. He's gone under. Ilya smiles.

"There you are, Hollander." Ilya leans down to plant a soft kiss on his mouth, one that Hollander whimpers into. "Just how I want you. So pretty like this..."

Ilya slips his tongue into Hollander's mouth and Hollander tries to respond, but Ilya can feel his desperation underlying his every move now.

"Please, *please*..." he begs against Ilya's mouth.

Ilya is close to breaking, but he holds himself back. He can wait a few more seconds. "Please what, Hollander? Tell me."

Tears streak from Hollander's eyes into his hair. "Fuck me, *please*. Need you inside me. Need you..."

Ilyas shucks his pants and briefs off. He can't get the lube from the bedside table on his fingers fast enough. He does his best to open Hollander up without stimulating him too much, avoiding his prostate as much as he can. It's an arduous task. Hollander's hips twitch upwards and he moans slightly every few seconds, and Ilya thinks the only thing stopping him from coming is his own quiet insistence that he hold off just a little bit longer.

When Ilya is sure he's done enough to keep Hollander from experiencing any unnecessary discomfort, he pulls his fingers out and slides a condom on himself, his patience hanging by a thread. But when he flips Hollander onto his stomach and Hollander shakes his head against the pillow with a small noise of protest, Ilya freezes.

"You are okay?" He leans down and kisses behind Hollander's ear. "What is it?"

"I want..." Hollander presses his lips together for a moment before carrying on, very bravely. "I want to see your face. Please."

Something in Ilya's chest swells at that. The openness of the statement, Hollander asking him so politely, looking so sweet and soft beneath him, it was all Ilya could do to not kiss him reverently into the pillows.

Instead, he flips Hollander back around and settles himself between his legs. Hollander makes a pleased noise, and Ilya tries to ignore how the sound goes straight to his cock.

Balancing himself, he places one of his hands on Hollander's, still tied over his head, and at last sinks into the tight heat of him.

"Fuck," Ilya grunts out. It's somehow always a surprise, how tight Hollander is. Ilya pushes inside inch by inch, watching every flicker of emotion on Hollander's face as he does. As much as he loved taking Hollander from behind, part of him is grateful Hollander asked for this. There is nothing quite like the look on Hollander's face as he takes all of Ilya's cock.

Hollander winces slightly when Ilya is fully inside him, but he hoists his legs up around his waist, silently asking for him to move.

Ilya is only too happy to oblige. He feels like he's been hard for hours, a special kind of torment. The evening had been bliss but he is also vaguely disappointed that he knows neither of them are going to last very long after all the preambles. Still, he can make the most of it now that they've made it here.

He releases Hollander's tied hands, and Hollander keeps them on the bed, unmoving, without Ilya even needing to tell him to. He rewards him with a kiss before he grabs hold of Hollander's thighs and pushes them up until his knees are at his ears, bending him in half. The noises Hollander is making grow far more urgent at that, the angle much sharper as Ilya pistons in and out of him.

Through it all, Hollander keeps his eyes on his face, and this pleases Ilya. This is what Hollander wanted, to be able to see Ilya as he fucks him, and he was not letting his request go to waste, watching Ilya as Ilya is watching him.

Hollander's cock is leaking between them, and by his moans, Ilya can tell he's not going to last much longer. He ups the pace, trying to drive him to that ledge before he succumbs himself.

"Fuck, *fuck*, Rozanov," Hollander babbles, barely coherent. "Can I—"

Hollander's voice breaks off his distracted stupor before he completes the thought, but Ilya knows he's asking him for permission to come. Ilya hadn't even asked him to do that. Hollander could come right now, clearly ready for it, but he wants Ilya to tell him to. *Fuck*. Ilya couldn't deny him if he wanted to.

"Yes, Hollander. Come now," Ilya says, squeezing his thighs hard. "Come on my cock."

That's all it takes to tip Hollander over the edge. Ilya feels it as he falls apart, spasming and shaking, drawn out moans ripping out of his throat. Ilya takes it all in, and notices that Hollander's eyes don't leave his for a second. His come coats both of their chests.

Ilya's own orgasm takes him by surprise. He thought he could hold out a little longer, bask in this pleasure and sink into Hollander until he was oversensitive and pleading, but it was as if Hollander's orgasm had pulled him helplessly into his own. He rides it out, buried deep inside the other, and Hollander watches his face closely as he does.

It takes a great deal of effort not to simply collapse on Hollander's chest, the weight of the whole evening bearing down on him. Hollander, for his part, is spent. His eyes desperately trying to stay open as he slowly draws his legs back down to the bed,

Ilya winces slightly at Hollander's movement, still inside of him, before he pulls out, both of them gasping at the separation. He reaches up and unties the briefs from Hollander's wrists, dropping them on the side of the bed. Hollander's arms, slightly stiff, drift down to either side of him

Hollander is not able to do anything but lie on the bed right now, as was often the case, so Ilya takes care of cleanup. He grabs some tissues from the side table and wipes down both their chests, as well as Hollander's thighs for good measure. Hollander is pliant as Ilya cleans him, shifting a bit only when Ilya nudges him to do so. They are both sweaty but less could be done about that right now.

When Ilya's decided they are clean enough, he gently pushes Hollander onto his stomach, and this time Hollander goes willingly enough, and Ilya starts rubbing him. His shoulders, his back, his ass, sometimes in slow soothing circles, and in other spots he presses down harder, trying to release some tension. He gives special attention to his ass. It doesn't look like any of their earlier escapades on the couch are still showing there (and Ilya feels a flair of mild disappointment at that) but still, Hollander may be sore, so he gently rubs him there.

They stay like that for a while. Hollander humming contentedly on his stomach as Ilya touches him. When Hollander slowly flips around onto his back, his expression is one of complete satisfaction, gaze on the ceiling as he comes back down.

"If you wanted to be spanked so bad, Hollander," Ilya says. "You could have just asked."

Hollander chuckles, eyes drifting back to Ilya. "Fuck off, Rozanov."

"Performance tonight was not necessary." Ilya still feels a prickle of annoyance over it all, Hayden Pike in particular, but he thinks he got most of the frustration over Hollander's transgressions tonight out of his system.

"Wasn't it more fun though?"

Ilya pauses at that and looks at Hollander. He can see that he's not kidding. His little show for Ilya tonight at the party did a lot for him, it's practically radiating off of his skin right now and Ilya is in awe. Time after time, this man continues to shock him, and it's like Ilya is the one that has to keep up. When did that start?

"Besides," Hollander says, bringing Ilya out of his thoughts. "That wasn't really spanking."

Ilya narrows his eyes. "What?"

"You kept my clothes on for it. Wasn't the real thing." Hollander shrugs and looks at Ilya dead-on. "But I understand if you couldn't handle it."

“If I—” Outraged, Ilya swings himself to the side, so he is hovering over Hollander again, staring down at him and his smiling mouth. “You think *I* cannot handle?”

Hollander raises his eyebrows, content with this new position as well. “*Can* you?”

Ilya lets out a breath that turns into a chuckle. “Oh Hollander, I was not always sure but am now. You *are* trouble.”

Hollander pokes Ilya’s chest playfully. “The best kind.”

End Notes

Comments and kudos always appreciated.

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