

the things your lips won't say.

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the things your lips won't say.

by [Skamtrash](#)

Summary

shane gets jealous seeing ilya kiss someone else. when he confronts him in his hotel room, ilya shows him why there's no reason to be.

Notes

I found out about this show two days ago and watched this morning and two episodes already have me in the trenches.

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

He hadn't seen Ilya in three weeks. Three excruciatingly long weeks. There was a mingling happening in the ballroom of the hotel for the players. His eyes grazed the room for him, not as subtle as he probably should be. The only person he wanted to see. The one he's been texting constantly for the past three weeks since he last saw him.

He sends him a quick text when he realizes he's nowhere to be found. Needing a breather, he heads up the stairs one flight to the roof and opens the door to the night skyline. The minute he opens the door, he feels frozen in place, as if someone just threw ice cold water on him in his sleep.

Ilya is there. Kissing someone. The two pull back and as soon as Ilya catches his gaze, Shane steps inside, letting the door shut behind him. He leans back against the railing, his mind jumping all over the place, processing what he just witnessed. How fucking dare he. After all those messages, everything Ilya said he wanted this weekend and he catches him with someone else.

The metal door swings open and Shane storms down the steps in lightning speed, "Hollander" Ilya calls after him. Shane flips him off without even looking back and heads back into the ballroom. He's standing with some of his teammates as they chatter around him as his mind numbs. His phone buzzes in his pocket,

Room 1301. Come in an hour. I have promises to live up to.

He resists the urge to roll his eyes as he tucks his phone back in his pocket. And yet, an hour later he finds himself vibrating out of his skin as he knocks on the hotel door. The minute Ilya swings it open standing there shirtless, Shane shoves him back as the door closes behind him, "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Ilya chuckles as his back is pressed up against the wall, giving Shane that fucking look. Like he wants to eat him. Get on his knees. Throw Shane on his back. "What did I do?"

"What did you do?" Shane spits. "I didn't just catch you making out with someone? You just making your way down the line of all your opponents or something?"

Despite Shane's rage and upset, Ilya continues to remain calm and collected. He stands up straight and approaches Shane, slowly backing him up against a wall, pressing his crotch into his, "It upset you?"

"Fuck off"

Ilya grips him by the neck and lifts Shane's head up to meet his eyes, "Tell me. It upset you?"

"No" Shane lies. His eyes give him away. Says everything his lips won't.

"No? You don't care? Is okay I fucked him?" He challenges. Shane rolls his eyes and shoves him back, "You're an asshole" He says, turning around to leave but Ilya quickly stops him, bracing his back up against the wall as he chuckles, "I'm kidding. I'm kidding, Hollander. So

uptight." He says rubbing his arms to calm him down, "We didn't fuck. Also, I didn't kiss him either. He kissed me. It was surprise, okay?"

Shane looks at him with a clenched jaw as they stand in a bit of silence, "Are you lying to me?"

Ilya shakes his head, "He kiss me. It was sudden. You came at the wrong time, promise. He's not my type..... He doesnt have freckles. " He teases.

Shane blushes and looks down, hiding his face from Ilya. It should be embarrassing the effect he has on him. How quickly he can turn him into puddy in his hands.

Ilya is quick to lift Shane's head back up. He can never hide in his presence. Ilya would never let him. Ilya's hand grazes up and down and around his neck, his touch teasing Shane. Rattling up his breathing as he waited for Ilya to do something. Anything. His hand tortures him until it reaches up to grip his jaw, "You jealous?"

Ilya's hand runs down Shane's firm chest and unbuckles his belt. He slides his hand into his boxers and starts stroking his semi. "I wasn't." Shane chokes out breathily.

"No? You shove me and yell at me because you not jealous?" Shane's eyes clench shut as he bites down on his bottom lip. The word *jealous* in his accent is doing something for him. Instead of a coherent reply, Shane moans at Ilyas touch.

Ilya squeezes his cock, "I asked you something. Answer." Shane's eyes flutter open as his mouth hangs agape looking at Razanov like he hung the fucking moon, "Please" He gasps. It's soft. Barely above a whisper.

"Please what?" Rozanov teases.

"I need you" Shane whines.

"But you didn't answer my question" He mocks as he strokes Shane's cock faster. Shane's head drops back as his hands fail to grip the wall behind him, his body trembling, "Shit!" He curses. "What did you ask?" He breathes out. His brain feels like it's on two different planets with the way Ilya is touching him.

Ilya smirks, having Shane exactly where he wants him. He leans in, his warm breath tickling his ear. He licks up the length of his neck and then nibbles on his ear, "You was jealous? You want me to fuck you, no one else?" He asks again, pulling back just slightly to look at Shane who's looking at him desperately. Shane finally nods as his breathing starts to get erratic.

"Tell me. Say it and I get on my knees for you and let you come in my mouth"

Shane's cock immediately twitches under Ilya's grip. "I was jealous. I wanted you to fuck me. I *want* you to fuck me. I don't want you to kiss anyone else" He spits out in between each deep and desperate exhale. "Please" He whimpers and just like that, Ilya gets down on his knees, pulls Shane's pants and boxers down to his ankles and takes his dripping cock in his mouth.

"Oh shit" Shane groans, pulling at Ilyas hair and arching his hips. "I'm gonna come" And just as the words leave his lips, Ilya slides two wet fingers inside Shane's ass, "Holy ---God" He cries out as he writhes and comes, his legs giving out on him as he falls to the floor, Ilya not letting his cock out of his mouth or his fingers from his ass. Shane's orgasm feels fucking extraterrestrial, as his body tries to withstand the stimulation. "Rozan--fuck!" He cries out as he rides out the tailend of his orgasm. Ilya pulls back with a cocky smirk on his face. "That good?"

"Fuck off!" He smiles trying to catch his breath.

Ilya stands up, picking him up from the floor and walks into the room, throwing him on the bed. Shane licks his lips, laser focused on his object of desire, awaiting his next move. Ilya gets the rest of his clothes off as Shane does the same. Ilya crawls on the bed, shoves Shane's legs back to his chest, sucks on his fingers and slips them back into his ass, "You know, you sexy when you jealous"

Shane gasps when Ilya's fingers enter him again, as he looks up at him, with hopeful and glassy eyes. "Good?" Ilya checks.

Shane nods, eyes unmoving as Ilya opens him up on his fingers. "You miss my fingers inside you?"

He nods again.

"What you miss most?? My cock or my mouth?"

"Stop talking" Shane grunts. Ilya chuckles and leans up to kiss him as he curls his fingers inside of him. He swallows the moan Shane lets out. Shane whimpers as Ilya sucks on his tongue before pulling back, their noses pressed together, "Well...?"

"I can't choose" He grimaces. "Can I...?"

"Can you what?" He asks.

Shane swallows the lump in his throat as he glances down at Ilyas erection and back up at him. Ilya raises his eyebrows at him as he thrusts his fingers faster suddenly, making Shane's eyes shoot open as he grips the sheets beneath him, "You want my cock in your mouth?"

"*Ohhh*" Shane cries out as his back arches off the bed. "Shit Rozanov" He moans as Ilya pounds his fingers. "Give me" He whines reaching for his cock. Ilya swats his hands away, "Later" He dismisses as he reaches over to grab a condom, lube them up and immediately slips into Shane who shakes under his touch. Ilya grips his jaw and kisses him deeply, "Missed you inside me" Shane mutters against his lips as he locks his legs around his back.

Ilya pushes Shane's arms above his head, gripping them at the wrists as he starts fucking him. Hips slapping into Shane's ass. Thrusting deep and hard. Fulfilling all the dirty talk they talked about the last couple of weeks. "That's fucking---" Shane's eyes roll back, "*perfect*." He gasps.

Ilya leans down to kiss and suck on his neck. It was all too much for Shane. Everything too deeply overwhelming and pleasuring. When they only get each other every couple weeks or months, every time feels like a drug hit that almost feels deadly. Euphoric, if you will.

He opens his eyes and grips the back of Ilyas neck, his finger tips in his blond curls as he whispers in his ear, "Hard, as hard as you want" He probably doesn't know what he's asking for but it's all he's craving. Wants exactly what Ilya told him two weeks ago.

I've been having a lot of dreams. Ruining you hard on my cock.

So hard you cry

You would like that?

Ilya pulls up from his neck, looking down at Shane as if asking him if he's daring Ilya to do what he just pleaded for "Yeah?" He checks.

"Yeah" Shane nods confidently.

"Turn around. Get on your knees." Ilya instructs. Shane does as told, on his hands and knees swiftly. "Arch your back" Ilya says and Shane does. Good boy!" He praises. Shane whimpers and closes his eyes, pretending like that doesn't affect him whenever Ilya says it. But Ilya knows. He sees the way Shane's cock twitch, the way he blushes when he does.

He sits Shane up on his knees as he locks his forearm around the front of his throat. He teases Shane's rim with the tip of his cock and whispers in his ear, "You be good boy for me?"

Shane's arm swats back to grip Ilyas ass and nods as his cock leaks on his stomach.

"Yeah? You listen and behave for me? Take my cock like the good boy you are?"

"Yess!!!" He grunts loudly. "Yes, fuck!!!!!" He's nearly on the verge of tears as he reaches for Ilyas cock, "Please, holy shit. I can't wait anymore." And with that, Ilya shoves him back down, Shane resuming his position like he was told, back arched and Ilya shoves his cock back inside of him. Shane's face immediately collapses into the pillow.

Shane was right. He didn't know what he was getting himself into. Ilyas cock starts ramming into him. He's hard, deep and fucking ruthless. It's something he hadn't experienced yet with him. The intensity he's in right now. The fucking high and spell he feels like he's under as Ilya pounds on his prostate over and over and over again. He does nothing but lie there and take it as he slobbers onto the pillow and grips onto the sheets for dear fucking life. His cock is dripping like a faucet against the sheets. He slides his hand underneath his body to bring himself over the edge but Ilya quickly grabs his arm, pulling it away, "No touching!"

He sits up and looks back at Ilya despite the haze over his eyes. "Good?" Ilya checks. He nods like a bobblehead. Words couldn't explain how good if he tried. French or English wouldn't be enough. Ilya shoves him back down into the sheets and starts drilling into his hole, every thrust deep and possessive, claiming him in ways Rozanov's words never would. Shane bites into the pillow when he feels his orgasm approaching. He starts wailing into the

pillow, mumbling incoherent things as Ilya brings Shane to his second orgasm tonight. He trembles on the bed and despite feeling on the verge of death, he manages to choke out, "My mouth. Rozanov, my mouth" His voice is scratchy and hoarse but Rozanov hears him. He slips out of Shane, throws the condom aside and flips Shane on his back. Shane opens his mouth eagerly and Ilya starts to get himself off. The minute he feels himself about to bust, he pushes his cock into Hollander's mouth. He grunts at the warm heat and shoots on his tongue and down his throat, "Fuck!" Ilya curses. He looks down at him once he's climaxed and Shane is still sucking him off enthusiastically, as if he hadn't just filled his mouth. He gently tries to pry him off but Shane shakes his head, sucking harder, taking him deeper in his mouth, having what he can before Ilya goes flaccid. And as good as Shane is good at sucking dick, Ilya can't get it up that quickly again so he gently pries off again, "Later" He says as he collapses beside him. "So that was hot" Ilya says.

Shane nods, leaning over and pecking his lips.

"If the sex is always good like this, I make you jealous more?"

"Fuck you!" Hollander curses with a smirk on his lips. He'll never not find Ilya being a menace completely endearing. He shows him just how endearing when he lets Rozanov fuck his mouth and come on his face an hour later.

End Notes

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