

kiss me on the mouth (and love me like a sailor)

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kiss me on the mouth (and love me like a sailor)

by [sithlordbinks](#)

Summary

Shane accidentally sends the text.

We didn't even kiss.

Notes

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

We didn't even kiss.

The cursor flashes at the end of the sentence, daring Shane with each blink to realize how stupid those words sound. And if not that, then to hopefully force him to register exactly how bad of an idea it would be to say them to Ilya Rozanov after being all but kicked out of his hotel room.

But reading it as he waits for the elevator doesn't make his desires any less true or agonizing.

In fact, it only makes Shane ache for it more.

The night had been amazing. Really. Probably the best sex he's has ever had—maybe ever *would* have. He learned a few new things about himself tonight, then more about Ilya and then explored that very satisfying place where their desires overlap. Rozanov wanted to watch him; Shane, it turns out, likes being watched. It was vulnerable, at first, being both physically and emotionally exposed, a decent edge out of his comfort zone. That is, until Shane noticed the heat in his eyes, how he hung on to Shane's every movement, savoring him just as that vodka he spoke so highly about, now forgotten in his hand. Shane's curiosity to pursue that expression won out in the end, and he was well rewarded for it.

Rozanov may have been the one who made the request in that confident tone of his, instructed Shane to remove his clothes, led him to the bedroom, and then perched in his chair like a king. But when Shane's palm smoothed down his chest where he sat on the bed, hungry eyes followed the path of his fingers, he understood that it was *him* who had the power here. Rozanov didn't look away because he couldn't.

Rozanov pretended to be unaffected, but his breath gave him away.

And it had been so *easy* to get him there. Shane was barely even touching himself but Rozanov was already completely trapped in his orbit.

Heat built in his lower stomach, and any apprehensions Shane had were quickly overshadowed by *need*.

He lost the underwear and sank his fingers inside himself as he spread his knees wider.

If Rozanov wanted to watch, he would give him a fucking show.

Shane had drawn it out, stretching himself slowly with one hand as the other worked his cock slowly. Not fast enough to bring him to the edge, but enough to get worked up, body coated in a fresh sheen of sweat as small whimpers and moans escape between his lips.

And when Shane eventually tired of this teasing game, he looked up and met Ilya's gaze through hooded eyes and sighed *I need you*.

Rozanov caved immediately.

He threw back the last of his vodka then gave Shane exactly what he wanted.

Almost.

The back of his thighs and rivets of his hips are definitely bruised, ass sore from being split open and fucked hard on Ilya's cock. It was rough, Rozanov checking in with him with a bite to his shoulder to get his attention with a whispered *okay?* Shane, nodded in quick agreement as he caught the sheets between his teeth, and arched into him even further, taking him deeper. He suspects he might ache for days. It'll be all he can think about while feeling the reminder while he's on the plane tomorrow.

It had been exciting, satisfying, so incredibly and indescribably *hot*—and yet...

Shane stares at his phone.

We didn't even kiss.

The words taunt him now.

Shane can't help but wonder if Rozanov would have kissed him if he asked. He had met all of Shane's demands eagerly—*faster, harder, right there don't stop*—would he have done this too if Shane asked? If he said please? In that moment, Shane felt like he could have asked for the world and Ilya would have found a way to give it to him. He just hadn't thought to ask.

And then after... after came quickly. It always did, whether it was Shane kicking Ilya out or the other way around. They don't share beds, they don't stay the night, and they don't linger long after sex.

Now it's too late. He's missed his chance for now. If he's lucky, maybe he'll get a chance next season.

It could be *months*.

A lot could change in that time. It might never happen again.

Shane doesn't understand this desperate plea aching between his ribs at the absence of that specific touch.

It shouldn't *matter*.

He leans his head against the wall, wondering when his phone screen turned blurry. He's being *stupid*. This thing with Rozanov is just sex. It's all it ever has been and all it will, and could, ever be. *This* reeked of feelings Shane isn't allowed to have. Leaving a hookup regretful that they hadn't kissed is entering dangerous territory.

Maybe the issue, then, is that Shane doesn't consider Ilya Rozanov a casual hookup anymore.

He shakes his head as if to clear that thought. Shane is being pathetic and he knows it. Rozanov has made it clear where he stands, so *just sex* will need to be enough for Shane too. And if he can't... then this needs to come to an end. Immediately.

Either way, it's not fair to ask for more. He walked into this both eyes fucking open, so he is not switching up now.

Shane is an adult who can hook up with someone and *not* panic about it. He will get over these weird feelings he's having about kissing Ilya Rozanov.

He goes to delete the message—

Oh.

Oh no.

Shane locks his phone in a panic as if that would stop the message from sending. He then frantically unlocks it with shaking hands, putting his passcode in incorrectly twice first, to turn on airplane mode.

He releases a breath.

You fucking idiot.

Shane delusionally lets himself hope for a moment that he was quick enough before opening his messages to confirm what he already knows.

The message sent. The small text below confirming it taunts him.

Fuck. *Fuck.*

Rozanov is never going to let him live this down. He knows Shane is new to a lot of this—sex with men, casual sex, really sex in general—which he often seems to find either alluring or entertaining. But if he teases Shane for *this*, it might actually break him. Of everything he's done tonight, those few words make him feel the most vulnerable.

Shane turns airplane mode off. Ilya hasn't responded, which is both a relief and not at the same time. He tries to think of a follow up he could send that would play this off as some sort of joke instead of the sad, miserable longing it sounds like now.

Maybe just a winking face? He types it out, stares, but it doesn't seem right.

It doesn't *feel* right.

Shane deletes it.

Next time?

No.

I miss you already.

Fuck no. That's more pathetic. Even if it's true—*especially* since it's true.

The elevator finally arrives and he can't get inside quicker. Shane leans against the back wall, feeling completely drained as he closes his eyes, mentally searching for a way to fix this and preserve whatever remains of his dignity in Rozanov's eyes.

"Hollander!" Shane's eyes fly open at his name to see a hand shooting out to stop the elevator doors from closing. They shutter to a halt then reopen.

On the other side is a messily dressed Ilya Rozanov, cheeks flushed. Only socks cover his feet, and not a single button of his shirt is in the right hole.

But none of that matters because before Shane can even ask what he's doing, Ilya steps into the elevator, cups his face, and kisses him.

Shane's mind goes blank for half a moment in shock before erupting in glee at receiving exactly what he wanted. What he *needed*.

He kisses Ilya back, hands tangling in curly hair easily to hold him close. It's hungry, desperate, but Shane knows it isn't just him fueling that. Rozanov kisses him like there was no fathomable way he could want anything else in life, like Shane's mouth was his one wish in the universe and it had just been granted on a silver platter.

If that is the case, then Shane offers himself gladly.

Shane's heart races as the kiss deepens, and his anxieties are lost. They seem so silly now when he knows now all he had to do was *ask*.

Ilya sucks his bottom lip into his mouth, teeth sharp from where they bite softly, before releasing it to kiss down the line of Shane's throat. Hands grip his thighs, then his legs are pulled up and around Rozanov's waist, holding him with ease as if Shane isn't sculpted of solid muscle.

Rozanov isn't even touching his cock directly, but he feels the static between them anyways. He has half a mind to hit the emergency button and let Ilya fuck him again.

He's not going to do that.

Regrettably.

Fuck.

They probably shouldn't be doing this at all.

But Ilya's lips return to his, and it's slower this time. Achingly sweet. Shane doesn't think he's ever been kissed like this before. It's tender, reverent, like a silent apology, but Shane can't think of anything Ilya has to be sorry for.

Something within Shane begs him to hold on and never let this go.

The ding of the elevator approaching a floor sobers them both immediately. Rozanov drops him to the ground and Shane pushes him to the other side as he takes two steps opposite,

trying to appear as casual as possible.

The doors open and Scott Hunter steps in. He eyes them both with a level of suspicion that Shane personally doesn't think either he or Ilya inherently deserve and acknowledges them with a nod. Shane returns it then dutifully keeps his gaze on his fingernails, examining the hangnail as if it became the most interesting thing on the planet.

He hopes Hunter didn't clock his kiss bitten lips, or Ilya's tugged on hair, or their wrinkled clothing, or the hickeys that are likely now on his neck—

His phone buzzes.

Lily: All better?

Shane huffs a laugh. On the other side of the elevator, Ilya smirks.

Shane: Fuck off. I didn't mean to send that

Lily: I am glad you did.

Lily: See you next season Hollander <3

End Notes

how long is this elevator ride? yes.

if you made it to the end here you have my eternal gratitude <3 !! comments and kudos always make my day 🥰🥰 would love to know if you enjoyed!

edit: also i just made a twt !! it is very fresh but if you are an adult and want to scream abt this show together lets be friends :D i def will be working on some more projects for hollanov

🥰🥰 twt: [sithlordbink](#)

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