

a valhalla of decadence

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by [allthatsings](#)

Summary

In the locker room showers after their commercial shoot, Shane doesn't say, "Not here." Ilya sees how far he will go.

Notes

Praise Kink Shane might be my favorite Shane.

title from the film Almost Famous

Shane Hollander is hard right now and Ilya can't believe it. Well, he can believe it.

Ilya had wanted, sitting on that hotel gym floor, and he thought maybe Hollander had wanted too. Here, in the showers, with the water hot and Hollander's eyes scorching up and down Ilya's entire body, he knows.

The only question that remains: How far can he get Hollander to go?

Ilya turns around slowly. Makes sure Hollander has an excellent view of his—not to be conceited—excellent ass. Rinses his hair in a slightly unnecessary manner that makes his bicep and pec pop.

He looks himself. Can't help it, not when he gets to look at something as pretty as Hollander. Hollander, who isn't even pretending to shower any more. He's standing there, letting the water run down his cheeks and stomach and the crease between hip and thigh. He's staring. And he's hard.

Ilya is hard too. His dick is extremely interested in seeing what happens next. He runs a hand down his chest, his abs, he wraps it around the base of his cock and gives it a long, smooth stroke.

Hollander's mouth drops open, just a little. His lips are pink and pouty and Ilya wants to suck one between his teeth.

"What are you—" Hollander says.

"You know what I—"

Hollander's gaze flicker around the small room of showers. "We're in public."

"Not really." Ilya keeps stroking himself. He considers getting body wash to use as lube, but doesn't. If he manages to get Hollander on his knees, he won't want soap in his mouth.

"Anyone could come in."

"No one will. Whole building closed. No one on ice but us."

Hollander looks again at the door over Ilya's shoulder, but, like a magnet, his eyes are drawn back to Ilya's dick.

Ilya tests his luck. He thinks he's about to be very lucky. "Do you want—" He doesn't finish the question. He doesn't need to.

Hollander doesn't respond for a moment. It reminds Ilya of when he has to translate English to Russian and back again before he can answer.

Eventually, he says, "Here?"

“Yes. Here.”

Hollander’s chin jerks up. Just once, but it still counts as a nod.

Ilya had suggested he and Shane share a commercial, rather than shooting separately, just for this moment. He’d thought he had a good shot at getting Hollander on his knees tonight, but he didn’t think it would be this easy. He thought it would take a bit of cajoling, teasing. Hollander protesting the semi-public setting and the two of them eventually making their way into a hotel room together.

But no. Ilya says, “On your knees,” low and growling, and Hollander does it. He just... fucking does it. Hollander is on his knees on this filthy shower floor and he’s gazing up at Ilya like he’s the answer to a prayer he didn’t even know he’d made.

Ilya takes a step forward. Another. Until Hollander is tipping forward and Ilya is running fingers up the line of his shoulder, his neck. Until he takes one final step and Hollander dips his head and wraps his mouth around the tip of Ilya’s dick.

Fuck.

Ilya angles his body so the stream from the shower isn’t hitting Hollander directly in the face. Waterboarding the guy isn’t the goal here. Then he pushes his hips forward. Slowly, slightly. A test. Hollander has never done this before, Ilya is pretty sure. He’s just sort of letting Ilya’s dick rest on his tongue. His eyes are wide and shining and looking up at Ilya like he wants praise. Or permission.

“Very good, Hollander,” Ilya says. “You know what to do.”

Hollander bobs his head forward and closes his lips tight around Ilya’s dick and elicits a loud, Russian swear. Too loud, by the way it echoes around the steamy room. But Hollander groans and Ilya can *feel* the vibration and he doesn’t care how loud he is. The entire commercial crew could walk in on them and this singular moment would be worth everything.

Ilya runs his fingers through the short hairs at the nape of Hollander’s neck. Cups the back of his head and guides him into a slow, steady rhythm. “That’s right. That’s good.”

It’s not the best blow job he’s ever received, but it is certainly the most memorable. The most desperate. The one that pushes him to the edge the fastest.

“Fuck, fuck, no.” He pulls Hollander off him and his gut twists at the way Hollander’s face crumples.

“Oh...”

“No,” he quickly reassures.

Hollander doesn’t seem to hear him. “It was... bad?”

Ilya pulls Hollander up into a searing kiss. “Opposite.” Their first kiss. “Too good.”

“You were...”

“Yes, Hollander. I was.”

“You didn’t want to?”

Ilya wants to say, *I wanted to cum all over your pretty face*, but he knows that’s a step too far. He made it this far; he’s not going to scare Hollander off now.

“I wanted to kiss you,” Ilya says and he ignores how true the words are. He kisses Hollander again. Harder. Hotter. Crowds him up against the wall. He knows the tile must be cold against Hollander’s back. A delightful counter to the warmth of Ilya and the hot water dripping off his hair and clinging to his eyelashes.

Hollander hooks his ankle around Ilya’s. Perhaps not the intended outcome, but Ilya uses this as a cue to grab Hollander’s thigh and hook it up over his own. Would it be too much to slide his hand up to Hollander’s hip, dig his nails into the round muscle of his ass, slip his fingers into his crack and find his hole and—

Yes. That would be too far.

But moving his hips like this, their cocks rubbing together and trapped between their stomachs? That’s not too far at all. That’s perfect. That gets Hollander groaning and nipping at his jaw and now *he’s* digging *his* fingers into Ilya’s ass.

Without any prompting from Ilya, Hollander sinks back to his knees. Ilya loves seeing him on his knees; Hollander seems to love being there. He takes Ilya’s dick back into his mouth. Hungrily, sloppily. No one has ever been this happy to suck cock before. Not in the history of the world has someone wanted his mouth full as much as Hollander does right now.

Ilya obliges. Of course he does, happily. He savors every moment of Hollander’s unskilled, irresistible attention.

He finishes in his own hand, a slight letdown after Hollander’s mouth. Not scaring Hollander off. Figuring out how to do this again, to get him in a bed, to get him splayed out and open and groaning as Ilya fucks him hard and fast.

Coming in Hollander’s mouth, on his face—as pretty as he would look—won’t get Ilya any closer to those goals.

Ilya pulls Hollander up by the armpits. “Good, you’re so good, that was so good.” They’re kissing and they’re exploring and touching and tasting and feeling and—

“I need...” Hollander groans.

“What do you need?”

Hollander buries his face in Ilya’s neck like he’ll find the answer there. Like if he kisses and sucks hard enough—probably giving Ilya a hickey, which isn’t the best idea, but whatever—he won’t have to answer the question at all.

Ilya grabs his chin and tips it to him. “What do you need?” he asks again.

“I need you,” Hollander says, threaded with desperation and disbelief. “I need you on your knees.”

“Ask nicely.”

Hollander’s eyes are unfocused. It’s like he’s drugged, high on Ilya’s very presence. Ilya pushes a thumb into Hollander’s mouth and, around the intrusion, he begs, “Please.”

“Good boy.” Ilya folds to his knees. Slowly. Letting his lips trail along every inch of Hollander’s neck and chest and stomach on the way down. Until he reaches Hollander’s dick and, boy, he likes what he sees there. Cock as hard as it’s possible for a cock to be; dark hair trimmed neatly; smooth, nearly hairless balls, drawn up tight. Ilya can’t resist taking one into his mouth and it’s Hollander’s turn to swear too loudly. Then gasp. Then bite down hard on his hand so he won’t make any more noises.

Ilya wants to take Hollander somewhere he can scream.

He licks a thick stripe up the bottom of Hollander’s dick, then sucks it down in one quick motion. Deep in his throat, squeezed by Ilya’s every swallow and caressed by his hums. Hollander’s fingers are tight in Ilya’s hair. Pulling, but not pulling him away, Ilya is careful to note.

Ilya pulls back, nearly off entirely. Kisses and teases the tip with his lips. Licks away drop after drop of precum. Hollander pushes his hips forward, begging for more with his body, rather than with words.

Ilya gives it to him. Gives him everything, even though now he’s being waterboarded a little bit. Gives him sucks and licks and a gentle scraping of teeth. Until Hollander’s hands are pulling harder at his hair. Scrambling, nails sharp, on his shoulders.

Ilya bobs his head faster, faster, until he can tell he’s hit the perfect rhythm. And Hollander gets closer, closer, falls right off the edge with a gasped, “Rozanov!” and hot spurts of cum that Ilya eagerly swallows down. He loves this part, the very end. Keeps his mouth around Hollander’s dick while it slowly softens, twisting his tongue around the head just as it reaches the point of oversensitivity.

He backs off then, with one last suck and a popping noise. Hollander has a hand resting on his cheek, now. Not a caress, but not far off from one.

Ilya looks up and Shane’s face is flushed. From lust, from the shower’s hot steam that still swirls around them. The haze in his eyes is starting to clear, though. Walls being reassembled brick by brick.

Ilya is still on his knees, his hands are still on Hollander’s thighs, when Hollander says, “We should— I should go.”

“Go?” Ilya says dumbly. He’s no stranger to leaving right after sex, but he usually at least has a chance to lick the cum off his lips.

“Yeah. Uh. Go.” Hollander’s eyes are darting around the showers again, as if someone could be standing two faucets down without them noticing. Perhaps Ilya would not have noticed. Hollander was very... diverting.

Hollander’s hands are shaking a little when he turns off the water. Realizes this was the showerhead Ilya was originally using. Turns off the other water too. And darts into the locker room proper. The locker room that was, Ilya is sure, completely empty.

Ilya doesn’t turn the water back on, but he does stay in the showers for another minute or two. Give Hollander a chance to calm down and catch his breath. Though, given the little he knows of Hollander, time alone may just work him up more.

Sure enough, when Ilya emerges from the steamy room with a towel wrapped tightly around his hips, Hollander is fully clothed and sitting stiffly on a bench. He immediately says, “That was a mistake.”

“That is what you really think?”

“I mean, of course.”

Ilya walks closer to him. Until he can rest his forearm on Hollander’s locker and loom over him. Ilya looks closely at Hollander. He doesn’t have a super expressive face, but his eyes are saying more than the biggest smile or frown ever could.

“You do not think that.”

“I do.”

Time to take a risk. To trust what he sees inside Hollander, rather than what is being presented to the world. “What is your room number”

“1410.” No hesitation.

“If I knock at room 1410 at, say, 9:00?”

The teeniest, tiniest of flickers at the corner of Hollander’s mouth. “I might answer.”

“I might knock.”

Ilya drops his towel as he walks back to his own locker. Hollander is watching him, he knows. 9:00 can’t come soon enough.

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