like you do in your dreams

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like you do in your dreams

by voyagerforfree

Summary

> Shane pushes and struggles under him, but it’s nothing for Rozanov to yank him to the edge of the bed, head almost hanging off the mattress. When he tries to sit up, a hand presses down on the very center of his chest. Rozanov holds him in place as he unbuckles his belt. Shane’s attempts at prying him off are laughable. They’re both professional hockey players at the top of their game, but Rozanov has the advantage of being faced with a scared Shane caught completely off guard.

Shane likes giving up control. Ilya likes taking it.

Notes

a quick divergence from the heated pitt universe because i needed to get this out of my system. freak4freak hollanov until the day i'm six feet under.

all kink negotiation is off screen, but shane & ilya are 100% into this and have a system in place to stop if either of them needs it.

title from 'ankles' by lucy dacus!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane's been in a lot of hotels over the years, but the one that hosts the MLH Awards in Las Vegas is always his favorite. Everything is high end and plush and he actually loves the food, a rarity for the hotels he visits. He has gladly taken the opportunity to come back a second time this year, speaking at a convention for college hockey players.

His panel ended a couple of hours ago, and he's making the necessary rounds at the bar before he can escape upstairs. It's already so late. The only people he really recognizes are a couple of New York players, but they're starting to get rowdy, and he wants to slip out before he gets pulled into the fray.

"Shane Hollander."

He's a couple of feet to Shane's right, impeccably dressed in a custom tailored suit, golden curls styled back. One large hand slowly rotates a glass of vodka on the bar top as intensely blue eyes lock onto Shane's. That look sends a shiver down Shane's spine, even in the thick heat of the room.

"Rozanov," he says levelly.

Rozanov closes the distance between them and lifts Shane's name tag to read it. He's close enough that Shane can feel the ghost of his exhale across his face. "Presenter," he drawls. "So official."

Shane draws back a little. Rozanov's stupid expensive cologne is overwhelming him, and he's worried that if he stays this close, the tug low in his stomach will get too strong to ignore. "My mother organized it," he says. "It was just one panel. Nothing crazy."

Rozanov laughs wryly and flags down the bartender. "Everything you do is crazy," he says. He takes a slow sip of the refreshed vodka, darkened eyes falling back to Shane as he does. "Everybody wants a piece of Shane Hollander." A bolt of something distinctly dangerous shoots through Shane at the way his already gravely voice has dropped.

"Why are you down here?" Shane asks.

It might be his imagination, but he could swear Rozanov's gaze moves to his lips for a second before he says, "The view." The tension on his words weighs heavy in the air between them. Shane doesn't think there's anything he can say to diffuse it. A part of him doesn't want to try.

"I meant—I meant Vegas," Shane says. There's a waver in his words that makes him flush in embarrassment. Rozanov's lips quirk into a crooked smile at the sight.

"Mm, invited as Cup champions," he says. Shane rolls his eyes.

"You know," Rozanov says, smoothly finishing off his drink, "I've had a very bad week." Shane opens my mouth to say something, he doesn't know what, but then Rozanov is back in his space. "Very boring people, lots of bad speeches," Rozanov says. One of those capable looking hands ghosts over Shane's hip, and a humiliating little gasp escapes him. Rozanov is

so fucking close, heat radiating off of him, his eyes very obviously locked on Shane's mouth now. "Are you going to come up to my room and help make it better?" Rozanov purrs.

Shane's face is on fire. They're in a darkened corner of the bar, safely away from prying eyes, but they're still too close to the New York players for comfort. Rozanov's touch is heavy on his hip. "Fuck off, Rozanov," he says. "There are plenty of girls here for you to bother."

For a long moment, Rozanov doesn't pull back. When he does, all the air goes out of Shane in a shaky exhale. "Alright," Rozanov says evenly. "Enjoy the party. See you next season, Hollander."

Shane doesn't move until Rozanov has disappeared with his vodka. When he does, he makes his way to the elevators. There's a buzzing sort of feeling running under his skin, Rozanov's smell still clinging to him, the phantom feeling of a big, calloused hand squeezing at him over his jacket. Fuck, he needs to calm down.

He's alone in the elevator bay and all the way up to his room. The penthouse floor is quiet, and Shane finally exhales as he unlocks his room. Right before the door has a chance to close, someone slips in behind him.

He's on Shane before he has the chance to fully turn around, backing him into a corner and brazenly sliding a hand over the small of his back. "Rozanov," he says. "I don't-"

"Come on now," he says. "That suit? Look at you." His reaches up to cup Shane's face, and against his better judgement, Shane leans into the touch. "Make my bad week go away," Rozanov says. His voice is practically a rumble, felt more than heard, and it's still settling in Shane's chest when Rozanov brings their mouths together.

For a moment, the kiss is nice. His thumb sweeps down over Shane's temple, lips gently coaxing his open. Just as Shane is about to give in and ask Rozanov to stay, the hand at his lower back moves; he deftly undoes Shane's belt and fly, then dips his hand into his underwear. Shane's whole body jolts when Rozanov grabs at his rapidly hardening cock and gives an unforgiving tug.

"Rozanov," he says, breathless from the shock and the sensation.

"You're already dripping for me," Rozanov says without taking his mouth off Shane's. Shane squirms a little in his grip, but he's trapped between the corner and the insistent grip of Rozanov's hand. An odd, high sound escapes Shane when Rozanov thumbs over the head of his cock.

"We shouldn't-" Shane starts, but then he's kissing him again, his tongue silencing any protests Shane could raise.

It's so much, his fingers moving expertly over Shane's cock, his teeth pulling at Shane's lower lip, the hand not currently working between his legs moving to grab a fistful of hair at the base of his skull. He's completely surrounded by him and his touch.

"Please," Shane whimpers when he finally stops kissing him.

“Please what, sweetheart?” he asks, and try as he might, Shane can’t help but let out a needy moan.

“Not here,” he says. “Not now. Too many people we know around.”

Shockingly, Rozanov laughs a little. His mouth moves down to Shane’s neck, and he licks up to his jaw.

“I wasn’t asking.”

Before the words can sink in, he extracts himself from Shane’s pants and grabs the top of his shirt. Shane’s shock works to his advantage—he doesn’t so much as twitch when Rozanov pulls, easily ripping Shane’s shirt open and baring his chest to him in one smooth movement. Buttons scatter across the floor and Shane keens, fear starting to eclipse arousal as he starts to really process what Rozanov said.

“Fuck,” Rozanov says, grabbing at one of Shane’s pecs and running his thumb over a nipple. Barely half a second later, he ducks his head down to suck at it.

“Rozanov,” he pants. He lifts his eyes to Shane’s, tongue still flicking over his nipple.

“Ask me nicely and I’ll stop,” he says.

“P-” Shane starts, but then Rozanov releases his hair to press his hand over Shane’s mouth and switches to lick at his other nipple, cutting off the request before Shane has a chance to make it. There’s adrenaline racing through Shane, but it’s like Rozanov’s touch is a live wire rooting him to the spot.

And then Rozanov is moving him. His back comes off the wall and he’s stumbling over himself, but Rozanov is pushing him onto the bed and yanking on his pants and ruined shirt. He’s got Shane laid out in just his underwear in record time.

“Are you going to be a good boy for me?” he asks, pushing Shane’s legs apart to make room for himself and settling on top of him. When Shane presses at his shoulders, Rozanov pins his wrists down over his head. Shane can feel how hard he is as he rolls his hips forward. There’s not a thing he could do to escape him.

“Don’t do this,” Shane says, straining vainly against him. It doesn’t make a bit of difference.

“Cute,” Rozanov purrs. “Come on, pretty boy.”

Shane pushes and struggles under him, but it’s nothing for Rozanov to yank him to the edge of the bed, head almost hanging off the mattress. When he tries to sit up, a hand presses down on the very center of his chest. Rozanov holds him in place as he unbuckles his belt. Shane’s attempts at prying him off are laughable. They’re both professional hockey players at the top of their game, but Rozanov has the advantage of being faced with a scared Shane caught completely off guard.

He squeezes Shane’s face until his mouth opens, and then his cock is shoved down Shane’s throat. There’s a moan from above Shane when he inevitably gags. “Oh, fuck, Hollander,”

Rozanov says through a groan. Shane grips to the bedsheets for some kind of purchase as Rozanov fucks his face with quick, ruthless thrusts. He keeps pressing against Shane's nose, cutting off his air, and then adjusts so both hands are braced on his chest. Shane whimpers around his mouthful when he does. "Such fat fucking tits, sweetheart, God," Rozanov says, and squeezes.

Rozanov buries himself as far as he'll go and then doesn't move. One palm cracks across Shane's chest as he retches, then again, and then he's finally out of Shane's throat. Spit slides down his forehead and into his hair as he gasps and coughs and tries to catch his breath. Rozanov curses in Russian. "That's a good whore. So messy for me."

"Roz-" Shane starts, but coughs again, voice hoarse. The sound prompts Rozanov to squeeze at the base of his cock.

"Still okay?" he asks, quieter now, and much softer.

Shane nods, even as he heaves for breath. "M'okay," he says. "Keep going. Please." Ilya drops a kiss to his forehead that's far too gentle for this game, but Shane smiles a little anyway.

He's still catching his breath as Rozanov again grabs at his hair and drags Shane where he wants him. "Rozanov," he rasps. "Please. I won't tell anyone. Just-"

In a blur of movement, his underwear is ripped from his body and shoved between his lips. Rozanov's got his hands pinned down again before he can even think about removing them. "I don't need your mouth anymore," Rozanov says, "so you are going to shut up like a proper slut and let me have what I want." Shane reels back to kick him, but Rozanov catches his ankle, pulls his leg out straight, and slaps him clean across the face.

Shane's whole body goes taut, eyes rolling back in his head as he lets out a loud, choked off moan. "That is why I know you won't tell anyone," Rozanov says. "You love this. You like me using you like the slutty toy you are." He's staring down at Shane like a predator watches helpless prey.

"Legs open," he says. Shane presses his knees together, defiant and desperate. Rozanov digs his hands into Shane's hips and leans in close again, like he did at the bar. "Open your legs, or we will have a problem," he says. "I don't want to hurt you, Hollander."

The underwear still stuffed in Shane's mouth is soaked with saliva. His cock is hard between them, giving away how much he wants this. Rozanov's body weight presses him down into the mattress. All he can see are Rozanov's steely blue eyes and all he can smell is Rozanov's cologne and all he can taste is Rozanov's cock.

And then all at once, he's sitting up and forces Shane's legs apart. He kneels between them to keep Shane from shutting them again, and as Shane tries to pull away, Rozanov is grabbing his abandoned belt from the floor next to them. "Stop, Hollander," he says. "Hold still." His saying it is just a formality. He's got Shane's wrists bound in the belt in seconds.

Shane watches as Rozanov works down his body and slings his legs over his shoulders. “Mm, look at you,” he says lowly. Shane lets out another humiliating sound when Rozanov’s tongue dips between his asscheeks and laves over his hole. He thinks he says Rozanov’s name, maybe a protest, maybe a beg for more, but it’s stifled by the underwear.

Rozanov eats him out with a singular determination, gripping hard enough to Shane’s thighs to bruise. Shane writhes and thrashes under him, whining and fighting desperately against the tight coil pulling behind his belly button. He doesn’t want to finish, not yet, but he’s held inescapably in Rozanov’s hands.

“God, Hollander, so good for me,” Rozanov says. The sight of his chin shining with spit, already full lips swollen and red, makes Shane’s cock dribble out a spurt of pre cum.

Rozanov’s gaze is so intense as slowly, carefully, intentionally, he slides a finger into Shane. His whole body tightens, torn between pulling away from the sensation and grinding down onto Rozanov’s hand.

“You like this,” Rozanov says. Shane shakes his head, tears sliding down his face and into his hair. “Yes, you do,” Rozanov insists. “Look at yourself, Hollander.” Shane can’t hide the angry red flush of his cock, achingly hard as Rozanov opens him up.

“Okay?” Ilya asks. “Need a break?”

Shane shakes his head again. To drive the point home, he pushes down to force Ilya’s finger deeper. Ilya grins, his real, bright smile, not the hunter’s snarl he’s been using, and swats at Shane’s thigh. “Greedy.” A second finger pushes in alongside the first.

“What would they say?” he murmurs. “If they could see this, hm? Shane Hollander, whining and begging for it like a bitch while Ilya Rozanov takes what he wants from him.” He reaches up and pulls the soaked underwear from Shane’s mouth. Shane lets out a wet hiccup, the tears coming in earnest now.

“Please don’t do this,” he says hoarsely. “Just let me go. I don’t want it.” At that moment, Rozanov curls his fingers, lighting up that spot inside of Shane. His brow furrows and his mouth falls open, willing every cell in his body to hold back.

“Don’t want it,” Rozanov mocks with a chuckle.

Shane is fucking boneless as Rozanov removes his fingers and rustles through a side drawer. Lube hits the mattress next to Shane’s head. “Are you—?” Shane starts. Rozanov quirks up an eyebrow. “Condom?” Shane asks.

”Do you want one?” Ilya asks in Russian.

”No,” Shane says. *”Please.”* Ilya gives one small, almost imperceptible nod.

“You don’t trust me, Hollander?” he asks as he slicks up his bare cock.

Shane tries again to wriggle away, but Rozanov presses down on his hips, pinning him hard to the bed. “Been thinking about this for so long,” he says. “Shane Hollander in my bed,

getting fucked like a proper whore."

"Rozanov, please," Shane says. "Please, I'll do anything. I don't want this." Rozanov spreads his legs and lines himself up. "No," Shane says, voice rising in intensity. "No, Rozanov, please—"

He drives into Shane in one fast, brutal thrust, clapping a hand back over his mouth when he wails. "Good boy," he says. "Such a good fucking boy. Fuck." Shane's sobbing under the heavy weight of Rozanov's palm, cock slapping obscenely against his stomach as he's fucked into the mattress. The belt bites into the skin around his wrists deliciously. He's so overwhelmed and can't help but wrap his legs around Ilya's waist, pulling him in tighter.

"*Da*, that's it," Rozanov pants. "Take it. You know this is what you need. Need me to fuck you, even when you pretend you don't want it. Can't lie to me, *malysh.*"

The buildup and anticipation have dragged Shane right to the edge. He's not going to last. "You're going to come for me," Rozanov says, stating it like a fact because it's so blatantly obvious. "You're going to come while I use you. Slut. Needy slut."

"M'not," Shane protests weakly. But then Rozanov has a hold of his cock and strokes him in time with his unforgiving thrusts. His crucifix bounces off his chest, mouth half open, sweat glinting on golden skin.

"Come for me, Shane," Ilya says, and he does.

His back bows off the bed as spurts of cum cover Ilya's hand and his own chest. "Ilya," he moans, losing the thread of the game as his orgasm overtakes him.

"Shane," Ilya says. "Oh, fuck. Shane." He folds Shane's legs up to his chest and buries himself in to the hilt, moaning directly into Shane's open mouth as he comes.

Ilya collapses on top of him without pulling out and undoes the belt. Shane's hands go immediately to his hair, petting gently over the sweaty curls. Ilya peppers kisses all over his forehead. "Was good?" he asks sleepily.

"So good," Shane says. "Thank you. I know it was a lot."

Ilya shakes his head. "I'm glad I could give it to you."

Shane reaches for the side table, but his hand drops back onto the mattress, completely spent. Ilya reads his mind and retrieves his wedding ring, slipping it back onto his finger. "Mm," Shane says with a soft, uninhibited smile. "Better. Missed it."

They lie there like that for a moment, soaking in each other's warmth and coming down from the peak, Ilya rubbing and kissing over the barely there red marks from the belt. Shane feels lucky every day, but moments like these, when Ilya's taken him apart and given him what he asked for with so much love and devotion, his heart swells with it. He'd been so afraid to raise it, to ask Ilya for this. *"I want…fuck, I want you to hold me down. Make me take it, even*

if I say no." They'd talked about it at length, like they do every time they try something new, and fuck if Ilya hadn't delivered.

"We should shower," Shane says. Ilya pulls out slowly, kissing over Shane's freckles as he does, then scoops him up into his arms. "I love you," he whispers into Shane's sweaty hair.

"I love you, too," Shane says, and mentally adds this to his list of reasons why this is his favorite hotel.

End Notes

inside of me are two wolves; one of them is playing with ilya rozanov and trinity santos like paper dolls, the other is putting hollanov in filthy situations. love among the ruins part 10 is coming soon!

comments & kudos fuel me <3

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